

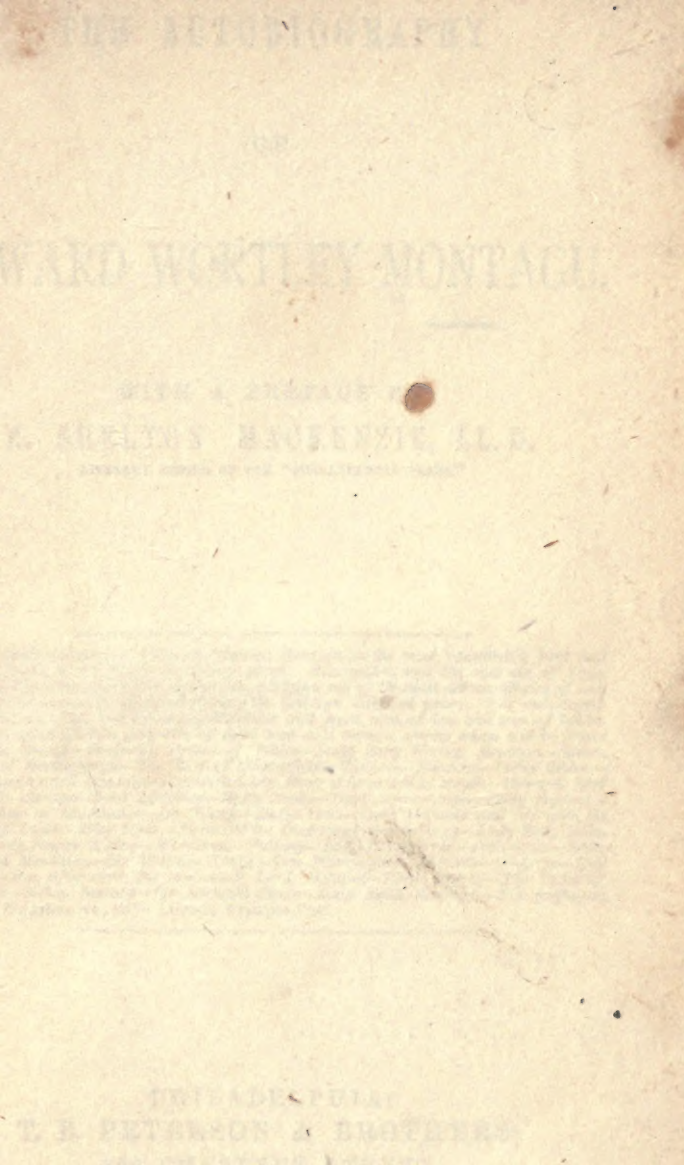
EDWARD
WORTLEY
MONTAGU

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY



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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

WARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE

WITH A PREFACE BY

K. ADOLPHUS MACELENZIE, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF THE "HISTORICAL RECORD"

NEW YORK: T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, 1894.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU.

WITH A PREFACE BY

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

LITERARY EDITOR OF THE "PHILADELPHIA PRESS."

"The Autobiography of Edward Wortley Montagu is the most remarkable book that has been given to the public for many years. The author was the only son of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose career was, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary of any woman in the annals of England during the last two hundred years. The autobiography introduces kings and princes, politicians and poets, men of law and men of letters. In fact, it gives life-like portraits of dead men and women, among whom will be found George the Second—Frederick Prince of Wales—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough—The Earl of Chesterfield—Walpole—Fielding—Colley Cibber—Pope, whose absurd love adventure with Lady Mary is described at length—Howard, Earl of Suffolk—Savage—Lord Lyttelton—Bulky Rooke—Lord Scarborough—Molly Segrave—The Duchess of Manchester—Dr. Young—Lady Vane—Lord Patmore and his wife, the Duchess of Leeds—Kitty Hyde, afterward the Duchess of Queensberry—Lady Betty Molyneux—Lady Fanny Shirley—Windham—Pulteney—Lady Bolingbroke—Dodington—Lady Archibald Hamilton—Sir William Yonge—Tom Warrington—Hogarth—Congreve—Gay—Prior—Fox, afterward the celebrated Lord Holland—Lord Hervey—The Duke of Kingston—Bishop Burnett—Sir Richard Steele—Lady Bella Bentinck—The profligate Duke of Wharton, etc., etc."—LONDON EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS;
306 CHESTNUT STREET.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU

WITH A PREFACE BY

L. SHELLTON MACKENZIE, F.R.D.

Author of "The Life of Lord Byron"

The Autobiography of Edward Wortley Montagu is an interesting and valuable work. It contains a full and complete history of the life of the author, from his birth in 1712 to his death in 1791. The work is written in a clear and concise style, and is full of interesting details. It is a valuable work for anyone interested in the life of the author, or in the history of the British Empire in the East.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE life of Edward Wortley Montagu, related in the autobiographical form which gives so much reality to a narrative, is more romantic in its incidents—many of which are historical—than most of the sensational novels of the present day. His father, who was successively a member of the British ministry, early in the reign of George I., and Ambassador to Turkey, was a man of considerable learning, and the personal friend of Swift, Steele, Addison, Congreve, and Garth. His mother, equally distinguished for beauty and talent, was eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and takes rank by her ability, accomplishments and celebrity, among the most eminent women that England can boast of. She was the first European lady who was ever allowed to visit the Seraglio of the Sublime Porte, in Constantinople, and the reports of subsequent visitors attest the accuracy of her graphic description. She was so fascinating, that Pope esteemed her as highly as he did his own poetry, which is saying much, and when she rejected his love, gave her name an amber crystallization in his severest satire.

The younger Montagu, eldest child of these bril-

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liant parents, was unfortunate, from his earliest infancy, in being disliked and ill-treated by them. His growth was one of neglect, privation, and harshness. He was left to the society of menials, and may be said to have picked up, rather than received, his education, though he was in Westminster School for a short time. His adventures, before he reached years of manhood, are related in the following pages, and are crowded with vicissitudes. Whether he followed the humble occupation of chimney-sweep, lived with gypsies in their camp, served on board ship as cabin-boy, in Spain was imprisoned by the "Holy Inquisition," his life was peculiar and romantic to a degree.

The most celebrated men and women of England, during the reign of George the First, are introduced into this work. Mr. Montagu met them frequently, knew them well, and has described them as he found them. There is no flattery of the great in his narrative; he tears the mask from the face of vice, and does not even spare his own mother! It is a picture of English society, a hundred and fifty years back—in its way, a moral panorama.

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU.

CHAPTER I.

MY mother was a wit. She wrote poetry, composed epigrams, penned the liveliest letters, and scribbled off the bitterest ballads on all her friends and acquaintances. Her tongue was always tipped with gall and bitterness; her pen was finely pointed with venom. Scandal was her great delight; her eye flashed with glee at a double meaning; a loose anecdote of one of her lady loves lifted her into Paradise for the day. Happily for her, the enchanting freedom of her female friends was such, that she was seldom without the ambrosial essence which made her blest. She kept a diary, in which she noted down, in the broadest terms, every little slip, or sally, or frail foible which her dearly beloved of the masculine, feminine, or neuter gender—and these last constitute a great proportion of what is called “the best society”—committed, or were said to have committed; and when the story was not in itself particularly piquant, she spiced and seasoned it in her own fashion, so as to render it hot, agreeable, or stimulating to the depraved taste of those in whom her heart sought comfortable fellowship. Her heart, did I say? Alas! she had no heart! What female wit ever had? There was, it is true, a globular piece of flesh somewhere between the right and left lung, and this performed the

merely animal functions of that noble organ, but resembled its prototype only as an automaton might resemble a man. It was a saddening thing to look upon so fair an outside, and reflect how base and black was all within. The asp lurking under roses, the gilded chalice filled with poison, the whited sepulchre covering rottenness—these are hackneyed images, or I would have likened her to one and all. Yet what more appropriate picture of false man or heartless woman than this last? How fine and smooth and shining is that marble exterior! the carving beautiful, the devices exquisite, the lines and curves breathing grace, elegance, and perfection! the inscription eloquent of the angel that lies beneath! We lift up the lid. Pah! an ounce, no, a ton of civet to sweeten the poisoned atmosphere. And what are these I see creeping, crawling, writhing, horrible in ghastly life, in and out the eyes, over the mouldering cheeks, through the tangled clotted hair, that once glittered like Apollo's golden tresses? Let us replace the cover, nor scan too closely that view of hell which is beheld, when human hearts or sepulchres are opened. If the gods see all hearts as I have seen some, why then I doubt if they can be happy. I would not be a god on any such condition.

Lady Mary was a duke's daughter, and I have the superlative felicity of high descent. The blood that rolls in my veins is of the noblest quintessence. It is made of the rarest claret, the finest venison, the richest turtle, the most delicious punch, and the most fragrant grapes and pine-apples. These, I think, may be said to constitute the heavenly ichor of our patricians, and of this divine food our bodies, I suppose, are made. Where our souls come from is quite a different affair.

I remember my grandfather well. He was a tall man, full of state and grandeur, so courtly, so benevolent in seeming; harder than granite in his inner essence. He

trod the earth as if it were highly honored by his foot; he looked up at the heaven to see whether the sun, the moon, and planets did not regard him with admiration. With his star on his left breast, just over the place where his heart was supposed to be, and in his ducal dress of velvet and gold and ermine, did he not look the impersonation of all that was heroic? He certainly did. That sparkling star was a symbol of the sparkling, shining, glorious heaven-descended spirit enshrined within that patrician heart, beaming with every virtue, and quite eclipsing—if it could be seen—the radiant lustre of the jewels with which the star was studded. But unluckily the spirit could not be seen. It was too fine a spirit to show itself to vile corporeal eyes; it was so like divinity in its brightness, that mere ordinary mortals would be stricken blind or dead, like Paul or Semele, if they did but behold it in its celestial effulgence. The Prime Minister of the day, therefore, who was alone conscious of its rare excellence, determined that some appropriate badge, some small faint type of that which was invisible, should be shown to the unconscious, vulgar world, to win their worship of the Beautiful. He gave him the blue ribband of the Garter.

His grace, the Duke of Kingston, was generous to a fault. His bosom overflowed with gratitude. Could there be a better proof of his virtue? He was determined not to be outdone by the First Lord of the Treasury. He at once placed at his disposal some half dozen boroughs and their independent members, then very much wanted in a House of Commons more piggish than the Minister thought right. He went farther. He gave him up his very soul. From that day he became the most obedient servant of the Cabinet. The opposition was base enough to call him a pliant tool and sycophant. He voted black white, and white black. He defended all that Ministers did, and villified all that the out-of-place purists solemnly declared they

ought to have done. He was loud in their praise even when I fear he knew that they were villians; he was chivalrous enough to take upon himself a portion of their most criminal responsibilities. He did not scruple at falsehood, if falsehood was necessary. He would not speak an untruth for a diadem; no, the aristocracy never speak lies; they only think and act them; they don't commit themselves; but his whole public life became thenceforth a living lie.

The Mussulmans say that when we are dead, and waiting to be damned, our vices assume some hideous form, and present themselves before the astonished ghost, with some such words as these, "while you lived, you rode me, now it is my turn and I will ride you," whereupon the horrid beast ascends the back of the defunct, and rides him everlastingly through the plains of hell. If this be true, and I hope it is, we shall see some queer creatures in the infernal regions. I expect to find my grandfather there with some misshapen, gigantic fox or colossal rat seated on his ducal back, spurring him through perdition, and glaring on him with vulpine eyes of fraud, cruelty, cunning, and duplicity. And both will probably lacquey after the Minister, whose monstrous rider I shall rejoice to see. I hope he will show him no more mercy than the old Man of the Mountain showed Sindbad in the Eastern tale.

My mother was—let me see, how old?—two-and-twenty when my grandfather summoned her one fine morning into his awful presence. A grand match had been proposed; it was sanctioned by the Minister, it was approved by the King. It would unite two powerful families, whose political interests conjoined would make the opposition tremble, and flaming patriots see the folly of their ways. Fifteen worthy and incorruptible boroughs would be at the immediate command of the distinguished statesman who then happily guided the destinies of England, and led in his leash the two noble and high-minded peers who were to blend their

blood in holy matrimony. The lady who was to cement this sacred triple alliance was nothing in their consideration; a majority in the Commons on a beer bill was the main and moving engine. Secure this and England was saved; lose it, and the destinies of uncounted millions, including the ministry, were forever destroyed. Any single woman, a score, a thousand, a myriad weighed against this was of course lighter than a feather or a flake of snow.

The bridegroom was sixty-five, but he was a nobleman of immense wealth, ancient pedigree, and blue blood, azure enough for the most fastidious Spaniard. He was rotten with every disorder that unbridled indulgence in the court of King Charles the Second of sacred memory and his congregated vestals was sure to entail upon the happy votary of morning, noon, and midnight pleasure; but he had high breeding, was perfectly well-dressed, and owned two castles, fifty footmen, not including his members of Parliament, who were out of livery. He had seduced in his vigorous days—alas! they were now gone forever—several scores of women, and cast them on the streets, with their and his offspring, with a philosophy worthy of the Spartans, or that venerable sage, Mr. John James Rousseau; but his plate was superb, his cooks first rate, his snuff-boxes in fine taste, and his smile when the paint was fresh looked sweet and courtly. Among his private friends—the cream of the cream, the flower and glory of the peerage—he sometimes unbent, and even condescended to give a reason for the unbelief that was in him. He had seen too many bishops, he said, to believe in God; too many patriots to believe in honesty, and too many court virgins to believe in chastity; so he lived on, mocking all three, and flourished, and was fawned upon by all who loved good feeding more than heaven, and did not care what lies they told, so that the paunch was filled and the gullet tickled with gratuitous dainties. He moved, I need not

say, in the most exalted circles of rank and fashion; he blazed in the highest spheres of light—the observed of all observers, the adored of all matrons who had fair daughters to dispose of in the slave market of Pall Mall or Grosvenor Square. The Minister always smiled on him, as Satan might on one of his imps—the courtiers, pages, and other honorable and noble lick-plates about the palace, half prostrated themselves in the dust as he appeared, for such were the commands which Gold Stick issued. The maids of honor quarrelled about him, and almost pulled caps when no superior spirit was nigh. There was scarcely a lady in the land who would not have felt herself dignified by his friendship, and would not have jumped at an offer of his white and jewelled hand, though it must be owned it trembled more than was agreeable, and was a hand that had performed many dirty operations. He was, in truth, a very noble person, and when I read an account of him the other day in the *Rev. Mr. Jacob's Peerage*, I was rather disgusted with Providence for permitting so rare a specimen of mankind to die at all. He should have been immortal; he should at all events have lived for a thousand years or two, to show poor erring, low-bred, shop-keeping human nature to what great heights it may ascend—to what splendid summits of virtue poor fallen man under circumstances like his may be raised. But peace to his name! His memory will at all events survive in Jacob's perfumed and disinterested page.

This noble lord was filled with the glorious ambition of progeniting me. Of all the fair maidens who moved in the glorious galaxy of St. James's, the fairest in his eyes was Lady Mary Pierrepont, eldest daughter of his grace, the Duke of Kingston, afterwards my esteemed mother, the Cassiopeia of Arlington street, and the toast of the kit-cats. He came in a coach and six; he saw but did not conquer. It was the lady who won the victory, but it was

a triumph for which she did not labor. She had no objection to see lovers in scores, or even in hundreds, harnessed to her chariot wheels, and dying for a smile, a glance, or a word of recognition, but then they must be at all events men. The Marquis, it must be owned, was now scarcely one. He had some trifling defects; trifling in the eyes of wisdom, I mean, but great in the estimation of a young lady, who I fear knew more than was quite correct. He rather tottered, his breath stank, his teeth were out, he had lost the sight of one eye, and the other was gummy; he often drivelled, and became a disgusting object. But his grace, the Duke of Kingston, saw only his rent-roll, and the First Lord of the Treasury considered only his boroughs. My Lady Mary cared for neither just at that time; she had another man in her eye. Scandal and Mr. Pope declare that she had two to whom she even wrote love-letters. Yet she did not disregard wealth and fame with a fine indifference. She was too sensibly brought up for any such atheistical heresy. The family maxims on this point had been of the most orthodox kind. She knew exactly what these meant; she had thoroughly calculated their real value; what they were worth and what they would bring. No lady in the land better estimated the solid contentment of heart and satisfaction with Providence and its decrees that springs from thirty thousand a year, and the possession of a little parliamentary empire, with which one can do as one likes. But she thought if a man was tacked to them, it would be on the whole a better bargain than if she got them with a monkey or an old corpse, whose very touch to a sensitive woman, and this she was then, was like pollution. Well, I think she was right.

Let me go back to that first morning, when my mother was summoned by her papa. Let me proceed to Arlington street, where my most noble grandpa is now waiting for

his charming daughter. Methinks I see him seated as if in royal fashion. The sofa is of flowered satin, and his gold-embroidered velvet coat-tails look regal and flowing, and terribly sublime on the brilliant coverlet. He is periwigged and perfumed, like Louis le Grand, and is quite enough to frighten any ordinary young lady disposed to rebel, into the most thorough sense of propriety and submission. Kneeling to him, my mother received his blessing. What a comedy for gods and men must this have been! She is motioned into a low chair which has been already placed opposite to where he sits, at the other side of the broad, finely sculptured chimney piece, over which frowned a grim family portrait, awful enough to scare even ghosts away. I am told she trembled as if half surmising the object for which she was summoned, but if she did she had spirit enough to conceal it, and she masked her face like the oldest politician of the Court. She had a will of her own also, and was fond of showing it when it was expedient. Indeed, all her friends were remarkably self-willed young ladies, and despised papa and mamma with the most well-bred air. But as they knew that papa and mamma had legacies to leave, they did not mind telling them so in public, only they made up for it by ridiculing them in private. On these maxims my lady rested, and they did not desert her now. She subsequently became bolder and more defiant, and when she had learned virtue from Pope and Congreve, modesty from Moll Skerrett and Doll Townsend, and piety from Hoadley and Lord Hervey, she did not cast down her eyes half so Quaker-like as she now did in the illustrious presence of Evelyn, the fifth Marquis of Dorchester, and Duke of Kingston.

"Molly," says my grandfather, "it is quite time that you should exhibit to the world, as the head of your own establishment, all the wit, and beauty, and accomplishments which I am happy to say you possess in a far

greater degree than any other young lady that I have the honor of knowing."

"Your grace says very true," says my mother, with a curtsy and a shy smile of self-approving love.

"Lady —— and the Duchess of ——," pursued my lord, "were neither of them so old as you when they married, and I believe they are the envy of all the fashionable world."

"Then the fashionable world," says my mother, "must have a larger superabundance of envy than I thought it had, if it can throw any away upon such a miserable pair as that."

"Why?" says my grandfather, looking quite innocent, and as if unconscious of the coming answer, though I think he guessed it.

"Why?" rejoined my lady; "because Lord A—— has lost one nose, and will never get another, and the Duke of —— is quite old enough to be his wife's grandfather, and, what is worse still, is mean enough to be her duenna."

"But, my dear Molly," says the duke, "wives don't marry for noses, but estates; and Lord ——'s property is one of the very finest in England."

"Ah," says my mother, "I don't find fault with the estate, but with the live stock that goes with it. If one could keep the estate and bury the stock, it would be pleasant enough."

The reader will judge from this that Lady Mary Pierrepont was any thing but a novice. Indeed, she could not well be, for she had already had the benefit of some lessons from Bishop Burnett, who translated Epicetus for her, and then persuaded her she had done it herself. The Duke of Kingston thought it would be as well to come to the point.

"Molly, my love," said he, "whatever mistaken notions you may entertain on these matters—and I can scarcely blame you, for you are very young—it will be as well to

conceal them; at all events, just at present, for you are going to be married."

My mother started from her seat as if she had been stung. This was an announcement she scarcely expected to hear. She knew her father's energy, but had not reckoned on its close advent. In an instant she composed herself, but there was a fiery agent at work within, of which my lord duke did not then dream. She was like the river Nile, calm and still and stately; you see it flowing grandly before you, in solemn silence and unruffled—the abode of peace and innocence. But there is a horrid alligator at the bottom of this majestic stream that will swallow you up if you come near enough to molest or even to look at him. Beware of him, oh, wayfarer! Even now his eye is upon you, and he waits for your approach; there is death in this impassive deep. Advance no further or you are undone.

"And who, my lord," inquired she, "is the distinguished stranger of whom I am to be made the happy, bewildered spouse?"

"Lord ——," says my grandfather; "Lord ——, who loves you to madness."

"I wonder your lordship has not disentombed Henry VIII and ordered me to marry him," replied my mother. "He would certainly be as agreeable to me as that loathsome old vampire, of whose madness indeed I never doubted."

"I would have done so, if I could," answered the duke; "but it could not well be managed. However, as I cannot make you Queen of England, I have done the next best thing to it, for Lord —— is certainly one of the most, if not the most, powerful man in the country."

"I am surprised to hear that," answered my mother. "I should have thought the blow of a lady's fan would have prostrated the wretched pigmy."

"A blow from *your* fan might," rejoined the duke, gallantly. And then, as if meditating, he said, half to himself, "he can't live a year, and then what may she not command? What rank too high for her to reach?"

"I trust your lordship will give me some time before I give you a final answer to this unexpected promotion—I mean proposition," says my mother, with a feigned calmness.

"Oh, certainly," answered the duke; "any time you require; only, as you are to be married on Monday next, you need not prolong your meditation beyond that period."

"Monday next!" almost screamed my mother; "and this is Thursday. Is your lordship really serious?"

"I am so serious," answered my lord, "that the marriage settlements are all drawn—they are very different from that vagabond Montagu's notions—and only wait to be signed. Velours has already got orders to make up your wardrobe. It has cost me upwards of four hundred pounds. Your bridal jewels will be the finest in the kingdom, so you will have no trouble. My lord makes an absolute settlement on yourself of ten thousand a year; and if you present him with an heir, as if you are well advised you no doubt will, he increases it to fifteen thousand pounds per annum."

"An heir!" cried my mother: "why, he is sixty-five."

"Pooh," says my lord duke; "*you* can get the old fool an heir."

And rising very gracefully, he bowed my mother out of the room, with the dignified courtesy of any king but an English one.

My lord duke now ordered his coach, and proceeded to dinner in Cavendish Square with the noble lord, his intended son-in-law. The two passed a very delightful evening at the princely town mansion of the latter, though I blush to say both got rather fuddled with frequent

toasts. The bridegroom's health, the bride's happiness, an heir to the house of —, the glorious golden days of Charles Stuart and his Saturnalian friends, &c., &c., constituted the staple of their conversation, and lent ambrosial sweetness to the Champagne, the Burgundy, and claret. My lord duke was put to bed by his two servants at one o'clock in the morning; in an hour or two afterwards my mother eloped, and was married to Edward Wortley Montagu, Esquire, second son of the Honorable Mr. Sidney Montagu, whose precious name I have now the pleasure to bear.

Thus my mother, for a whim, lost fifteen thousand pounds per annum—how nobly and splendidly that paradise income sounds—and I the satisfaction of being Lord —, with two castles, a palace in London, fifty footmen, and a dozen grinning lackeys, with M. P. tacked to their names. Such is Fate! However, I do believe I should have been happier and honester as a chimney sweep.

CHAPTER II.

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU, Esq., Member of Parliament, Ambassador Extraordinary to the Sublime Porte, and I know and care not what else, was of a descent fully equal in heavenly grandeur to that of my most patrician grandfather on the maternal side, His Grace the Duke of Kingston. The Montagus, by the most undoubted evidence of Heralds and Kings-at-Arms, traced back their pedigree to Drogo de Montagu (in Latin, de Monte Acuto) of the county of Somerset, whose arms were azure, a gryphon segreiant or; though they afterwards quartered three fusils conjoined in fess, and an eagle displayed, emerald

beaked and membered. After intermarrying with the daughters, or reputed daughters of kings, princes, earls and grandees—I will not aver that grooms or footmen never intervened to poison the pure fountains of our blood—one of them became a duke, (oh, rare!) and another, my immediate ancestor, an earl, for having faithfully betrayed the navy, with which the Commonwealth intrusted him, into the hands of His Serene Majesty, King Charles Stuart, then sojourning in Holland, and anxiously awaiting those golden pieces sent from England, which when they *did* arrive, gave such sovereign contentment to himself, his lords and ladies of degree. He was subsequently shot, or drowned, or stifled, in the sea fight at Southwold Bay, fought May 28, 1672, His Royal Highness the Duke of York having had the pleasure on that occasion of treating him with the most indecent scorn and contempt—a mark of royal favor which so preyed upon his sensitive heart, that it is supposed he threw away his noble existence in disgust, or rage, or sorrow. He certainly deserved better from one for whose family he had risked, and lost all—that is, all that honorable men value; but *sic erat in fatis*, and I suppose it was right.

The Round heads and Republicans called him a traitor, and were base enough to exult in his reward, but this did not disturb his respected shade.

His second son, Sidney Montagu, was my father's father. He was a large rough-looking man, as if he had some butcher's blood in him, with a huge flapped hat, a coarse, sensual face, a thick slobbering lip, a heavy cunning eye, and a tongue that perpetually rapped forth oaths, blasphemy, or ribald filth, the three brilliant graces which he had acquired in the Court of his royal master, whom in our pure thanksgiving to God we truly designate "our then most gracious Sovereign Lord, *thy* servant, King Charles the Second."

He married a great heiress, the greatest, perhaps, in England at that time, for whom he professed the most fervent love, and by the will of her father, Sir Francis Wortley, assumed her name in addition to his own. Thus he became Sidney Wortley Montagu, Esquire, of Wharncliffe Lodge, in the county of York, and of as many town houses as he could well like. This was a grand prize for him, but I fear it fared but sadly with the other party to this civil contract.

Like most young women who marry rakes, or hell-fire spirits, she had the worst of the bargain. The partnership was unprofitable in the extreme. She was treated like a dog, or a king's consort, for the few short years she lived under his wing, was eventually separated from her lord, and never ceased regretting or cursing her fatal jump into the Etna of holy matrimony. She had better, indeed, have gone into Tartarus at once. But thus it always is, and thus may it always be, with such accursed nuptials. Nemesis avenges them if no other person does.

My father, Edward, was the second and only surviving son of this cat and dog couple—the reformed rake, who was dissolute to the last, the happy bride who was forever miserable. His own marriage in due time was quite as comfortable and auspicious as his father's.

The way in which this last-named nuptial was brought to pass was this. My father had a sister, Mrs. Anne Montagu, whom he very much regarded, for she bore a strong personal likeness to himself, and as he loved the original very much, he could scarcely help being partial to that which was its copy. Besides, she flattered him; and worthless people are very partial to this species of luxury.

Mrs. Anne had got acquainted with my mother in some way that I have now forgotten. They presented a curious contrast; almost as different as Harlequin and Pantaloon. Sallust says that to think the same and wish the same

constitutes the basis of firm friendship. This may be true in politics—though, in politics, I don't believe friendship exists, albeit, hatred does; but it is certainly not true in ordinary life; for there we see that persons whose characters strikingly differ, are most often knit together by the strongest bonds that love, or money, or omnipotent and all-pervading self-interest can fabricate.

My Lady Mary had at an early age begun to cultivate her talent for letter writing; that means she embellished all she heard with a purple tint of fable, and penned it down to her correspondents as veritable truth. This is what all epistolizers do, as the scandalized world no doubt will one day find out if Horry Walpole's gilt-edged budgets of lies are printed by some son of Curll, for their edification. Every alternate sentence of that prince of cockle shells will prove to be either absolutely false, or horribly distorted from the fact, yet so nicely dovetailed into that which is really true, that only the wisest will not be deceived, and the general readers of the next age will form the most erroneous notions of the leaders of this; unless indeed some literary madman shall arise, and devote the whole of a frenzied life to find out that remnant of truth which will then be almost irrecoverable, and which if recovered will not be worth the paper on which it is writ.

She had run through Madam de Noyer's memoirs, and told her correspondents how insipid they were, because they did not detail intrigues. She had seen Nicolini as a naked savage strangling a lion, on which she wrote to her friends rather curiously than chastely. She romped with Nelly Willoughby, and entered into nice particulars of a tumble which Miss Hoyden got from the top of a wall, and when a fire happened at a neighbor's house she was witty on the flight *en chemise* of the frightened inmates. She poked into the New Atlantis, and knew all the secrets

of that demure riddle as well as old Mother Manley herself, and when she got or wrote any loose lampoons she communicated them freely to her lady friends and correspondents. In a word she was a most delightful living edition of Count Grammont, only that I think she was not half so guarded in her speech as that modest chronicler of the loves of St. James's. Among her cherished confidants was Mrs. Anne Wortley. Like all dull phlegmatic people, she was greatly pleased with the lively anecdotes, the touches of scandal, the vivid narrative, the neat jests and flippant double meanings, the graceful epigram in prose, which my mother flung from her with a careless inimitable air, that had all the fresh bloom of nature upon it. Of the truth or falsehood conveyed she never cared to inquire, but like all such human frogs, was pleased with what for the time enlivened her cold blood, and reduced others to her own stagnant level. She showed these light lampoons to her brother, who shared in her enjoyment, and began by degrees to feel a sort of frog-like attraction to the fair letter-writer. From this originated their first acquaintance, and Mrs. Anne was a decorous go-between, who fetched and carried messages, and nobody suspected the virgin prude to be as skilful in intrigue as the most finished abigail of the theatre.

Mrs. Anne Wortley was staid, grave, and I fear stupid; long-nosed, and lantern-jawed, like all our breed; my Lady Mary was arch, lively, bounding like Camilla in the *Æneid*, the embodiment of sprightliness and vivacity. Mrs. Anne had grave eyes, a solid chin, and a triangular face; such people never laugh. Lady Mary had an oval face, and until she lost it, the prettiest little cock-up of a nose that can be conceived. Her lips and mouth seemed made for joyousness, her eyes were bright and piercing, and full of flashing lustre. Mrs. Anne in figure was like the moving sentry-box of leaves which covers Jack-o'-the-

Green on May day; she walked like an elephant. Lady Mary was graceful in form as one of Diana's nymphs—in form I say, for in nothing else could she resemble a follower of the huntress queen. Yet, this pair were really attached to each other, as I suppose a goose and a canary-bird might be.

Mr. Montagu and Lady Mary Pierrepont accidentally met in Mrs. Wortley's room one afternoon—he sick of Addison's conceit, she panting to enchain a man. The rich heir was at once fascinated by the fair lady. She limed him with a glance, and the bird could not escape. In vain he summoned into memory all the grave lessons of caution which he had received from the right honorable Joseph, himself a hen-pecked husband and hater of the sex; they were counterbalanced by lively Dick Steele's gay pictures of wedded bliss. In vain he brought before him all that Swift had vomited about those fair deities of dirt, who then constituted the fashionable world, and shone like firework stars around its galaxy; the glittering outside of this new Calypso served but as a foil to what he for the moment regarded as the raving folly of a woman-scorning parson with a dirty cassock and a muddy face. They talked of love, money, politics, the court, and finally of Quintus Curtius. The lady declared she had never read him. This was true, and was a clever mode of announcing her knowledge of Latin. The lover was astonished to find a woman who could even read; in those Saturnian times only a few could spell. A few days elapsed and she received a superb edition of that affected writer, with these lines—for which the impassioned lover paid some Grub-street Tasso half-a-crown—neatly written on the leaf that faced the title page.

"Beauty like this had vanquished Persia shown
The Macedon had laid his empire down,
And polished Greece obeyed a barbarous throne.

Had wit so bright adorned a Grecian dame
The am'rous youth had lost his thirst for fame,
Nor distant India sought through Syria's plain;
But to the Muses stream with her had run
And thought her lover more than Ammon's son."

The affectation and silliness of these love verses was a fit and proper prelude to the whole comedy in which this noble pair subsequently played the hero and heroine. A correspondence begun in falsehood could scarcely terminate in love. An oyster, indeed, was as capable of that ethereal passion as my father; my mother could no more be inspired by it than the pearl which is that oyster's prize and canker. The acquaintance, however, ripened. Mr. Montagu was dry as tinder, and my Lady Mary as hot and fiery as ducal blood longing to burst forth upon the gabbling town in a gorgeous equipage could make her. As mushrooms grow up in a night, so did the all-powerful desire of cohesion within the beating hearts of this enamored pair. The lady longed for liberty, a town house, and a coach and six; the gentleman to own as one of his appendages, a slave in the shape of a woman who had knowledge, wit and talent, and could write a whole page without violating grammar and orthography. So scarce a bird was then an ornithological curiosity—and we know what an Englishman will give for a rarity. They met, they glanced, they talked and corresponded; each knew as if instinctively that real love had nothing to do with their commerce, yet they were attracted to each other as the amber and the thread, though every eye could see how widely the two differed. Mr. Montagu, however, with all his love, was no fool; he was as keen as a fox to all that affected his own interest. He was not so bewitched by the lady as to be blind to certain imperfections which disclosed themselves day by day; but he was one who hated to have a desire which he could not gratify. It is, indeed, a great hardship for a fine gentleman with un-

limited wealth not to be able to do what he likes; it is one of the bores of existence which Providence ought to amend—Mr. Montagu thought so. He coolly contemplated his condition, his mistress, and his heart; he surveyed them as an anatomist the body which he is about to dissect. He was not perfectly satisfied with either, and he scarcely knew what to do. The lady was desirable, but settlements were stupid, and restraint rather disagreeable. But, then—he wanted a son to inherit his enormous wealth; if it was to go anywhere, it were best to one of his own begetting; he wanted a wife to rule his house and servants, who cost him a good deal of trouble, and to give him also a little personal distinction; he could scarcely get one better suited for these worthy objects than the Lady Mary; he wanted something to fill a void in his heart which sometimes made itself felt, notwithstanding Addison's parsonical prate, and he supposed a wife would do so. He was doomed to disappointment in all these three wishes. His son was exiled from his house, and was forbidden to be the recipient of his treasures; he obtained a wife whom he separated from in a brief time, and kept at a most respectful distance all his life, who disgraced herself and the name she bore, and never gave him but one day's pleasure; he was deprived of all solid happiness through life, he lived despised, and died detested. His wealth went to the child of a villanous Scotsman who scorned him, and who was himself the scorn of mankind.

A sort of coy flirtation went on for two or three years between this accomplished pair. At the end of that time, Mrs. Wortley, the sister, died, and the lady began to write love-letters to the brother. These epistles I have seen. They breathe in every line the insincerity of the writer; the affectation of one who desires to be thought that which she is not. She lavishes praise on herself, with a pro-

fusion that exhibits the most eager desire to persuade her correspondent that she is all that can make him happiest of mortals. As Midas changed every thing into gold on which he laid his finger, so she has but to point attention to any one of her numerous qualifications, and it straight stands forth splendid and beautiful. Other women are vain, light, frivolous, deceitful; they love equipages and grandeur; they are rebellious—shameful things—against their husband's humors; she is the perfect and infallible female destined to make his life one path of roses. Nobody was ever so disinterested as she is. She is all heart, feeling, purity and truth. Her notions are modest to a nicety. She extravagant! Heaven forefend the thought! She can be content with love in the smallest cottage. She a lover of fine clothes and gilt coaches! Oh! she is above all such nonsense. Apartments, table, pin-money, jewels, a train of grinning slaves in plush are things that never enter into her head. There is only one man of sense on earth. Him she loves, venerates, adores. Who can he be? The receiver of the letter may, perhaps, faintly guess—but she will never name him—no, she will perish, sooner than divulge her passion. Does he find fault with her? Alas! he is deceived. He has entirely mistaken her character. She is a ready-made angel. But if she has any imperfections there is one man who can mould her to *his* way of thinking, until she shall outshine the Seraphim. What a mocking imp he must have been who sat and guided her pen as she wrote down all this! But was our ardent lover deceived by it? I scarcely think so. He had an immense fund of common sense, or rather that dulness which the world calls by that title: the society of wits in which he moved, and from whose light he derived a kind of borrowed lustre, had opened his eyes to all that was around him, and he was not to be taken in. The simplicity of Arcadia was scarcely then prevalent among the

shepherds and shepherdesses of Saint James's, though in theory at least it was much admired. My father was an odd compound—such only as our English soil produces. For there are no people so eccentric as we are, with all our boasted solidity. The maddest things that have been done have been perpetrated by Englishmen. Need I mention Rochester, or Peterborough, or Wharton, in proof of what I say? Need I go over the scandalous chronicles of our insanity in love and war and gambling and domestic polity? This odd jumble of characters it was which made Mr. Montagu love and scorn Lady Mary almost in the same instant, and loathe himself for not being able to emerge from her fetters. He labored hard to do so, but he failed. The fact is, she made up her mind to fascinate him, and she succeeded. He was not Ulysses enough to escape her spells, though he sailed before her with all the caution of the Prince of Ithaca. The Siren, however, prevailed over the wise man, and he was shipwrecked and drowned.

There were two things which Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu loved with a devotion that never slept. The first was his own dear self; the second was his own darling money. These two idols formed to him the whole universe. The sun might shine, and the seasons might revolve, and the heavens might speak in tones of thunder, and flash in rays of lightning the wonders of the Supreme One, but all such objects were trivial and contemptible in the eyes and ears and thoughts of this distinguished man, as contrasted with the two main splendors of the earth, himself and his money, his money and himself. He had once told Addison, who wrote him a kind of half-begging letter, complaining of the loss of his place and of his estate, that he himself "had once lived for six months on fifty pounds as pleasantly as ever he did in his life, and could have lived for less than half that sum, entertaining himself

with the speech of Ofellus in the second satire of the second book;"—an observation which coming from a man who could command the greatest wealth of any commoner then living, lets a whole flood of light in upon his true nature, and was as cool a mode of politely refusing by anticipation, that which he supposed his friend needed, as even Chesterfield himself would have applauded.

This intense love of money in so young a man became in time so absorbing that it swallowed up all minor passions, and the richest personage in England became the most greedy, covetous and mean; guarding his gold as if it were his heart's blood, and hating to think that any one should ever possess that which he valued above all earthly or even heavenly things. But why name heavenly, when it was a word expressing an idea that he knew not? Yet these two intense passions became for a period subordinate to a third, and that was a longing desire for Lady Mary, which possessed him night and day, and which, although he wrestled stoutly against it, conquered him in the end. But his liking was short-lived. The temporary appetite disappeared forever like a dream, and his true nature re-asserted dominion.

Pope, who was I think the dirtiest little dwarf of a varlet that ever hopped upon the earth, has drawn a portrait of Mr. Montagu and his wife, as they became developed in after years, when the ruling passion of both was in the ascendant, when even the pretence of liking would have sounded too absurd for either to make it, and all their bliss was placed in cursing me, and inwardly loathing each other as a pair of fiends.

"Avidlen or his wife, no matter which,
For him you'll call a dog and her—
Sell their presented partridges and fruits
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots.
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.

But on some lucky day—as when they found
A lost bank bill, or heard their son was drowned—
At such a feast old vinegar to spare
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear:
Oil though it stunk, they drop by drop impart,
But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.”

This giant avarice when my father courted my mother was not yet fully grown. It was only in its cradle, but it was even then a youthful Hercules. Accordingly when the languishing lover waited on the Duke of Kingston to solicit the fair hand of Lady Mary, that illustrious peer put one or two inconvenient questions to our Leander which disgusted all the Cupid in his heart. He was his father's sole surviving son; the immense property of the unhappy heiress of the Wortley's, who had given herself and her dominions up to the debauched old ogre with the flapped hat, was so strictly settled on the issue male, that by no possibility could the aforesaid ogre, though very much inclined, dispose of any portion of it as he wished.

My lord Marquis—he was not made a duke till three or four years afterwards—accordingly began to stipulate that if the snowy hand—he did not mention the icy heart—of his beloved daughter Mary, who would be a treasure to a prince, was made over to the eager suitor, all the property of the Wortleys and Montagus combined should be settled on the heir male of the happy union. This was the stern condition alone on which this loving parent would consent to be separated from a beloved child, the idol of his heart and home. But this condition by no means suited Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu. It seemed hard enough to him; he forgot at the moment the splendid prize he was soliciting. To part with his dearly beloved treasure, even in thought, was torture greater than any that the Inquisition had devised. Could it be recompensed by the possession of a few score pounds of human flesh and blood, even though both were highly noble? The matter was doubtful;

he rather thought it an unfair proposal. He could not endure to dwell on the fancy that his gold, the lord god of his whole nature, should ever pass out of his grasp, even on parchment, much less could he bear the sight of one, who though already not in being, (I mean my worthy self,) would probably arise at some future day, and long for his death, as ardently as he now longed for the dissolution of the cruel old cannibal who had made his wife's existence a living hell upon earth, and who hated his son and heir expectant with all the virulence of a Montagu.

The lover offered any reasonable amount of settlement upon the lady herself, for whom he had a sort of epicure's liking, or a museum maker's desire, but positively refused to endow his future offspring with a penny.

A fiery scene occurred. That the noble grandchild of a Pierrepont should be left to the caprice of a Montagu, was not to be listened to. The very suggestion was an insult, a degradation, a blow; and the father and future son-in-law parted with the most hearty hatred of each other, which, like most hatreds, went with them unextinguished to the grave and worms.

Now came my lord's turn. He had long considered Lady Mary as a bore and spy upon his actions. He shunned her eye and feared her tongue, and dreaded her letter writing. She was too big to be a toy; she was too clever to be eluded by a fine gentleman who even still followed his gallantries; she was, worst of all, too old to be agreeable to the presence of a man who was as yet in his prime, and had no particular fancy for parading himself as some score of years more ancient than he looked, as the parent of grown-up children must ever, it is to be regretted, be forced to appear. He had, besides, another spouse in view for himself, whom, indeed, he soon wedded—Lady Belle Bentinck, the youngest daughter of King William's Earl of Portland. The Minister, too, urged

him to make a profitable investment by means of his daughter; and offended pride and awakened hatred stimulated him on to snatch this golden apple from the enraptured Mr. Montagu.

He lost no time, therefore, in patching up a contract with that illustrious peer of whom I have already made honorable mention, and as he never anticipated opposition, his rage at the disappointment of his hopes when my mother eloped may be more easily imagined than described.

Which of the parties gained on the whole by the proceeding would be a curious inquiry. I rather think it was my grandfather, for he got the dukedom.

The disappointed peer did not complain much; he died soon after, to the great joy of his heir.

Mr. Montagu succeeded in *his* wish—a wife without a settlement—but soon got sick of his toy, and panted in vain for single-blessedness. The devil gave him wealth, but would not make him a widower—a very uncivil thing to do; but such things will happen.

CHAPTER III.

THE 12th of August, 1712, was a day memorable for many things, not the least of which was my mother's marriage. She came to her husband, as she said herself, with only "a night-gown and a petticoat," and she was probably agreeable enough for a few moments in these habiliments, but I never could discover that his passion survived the first four-and-twenty hours of their union.

In a month or two he sent her to a remote part of the country, while he himself wandered about to various places, now saying that he was electioneering, now engaged in

visiting friends, who were to interfere between the two rival and angry fathers-in-law, now amusing himself in London, where he received his letters at Jacob Tonson's, opposite Catharine street, in the Strand, now advertising for mortgages and young spendthrift heirs, who paid exorbitant interest for ready money. Never did any man more suddenly get cured than he did. But what discovery had he made that so suddenly sickened him of his fair bride? What damning fact transpired that put his love to flight in the hymeneal hour? Had my lady—? But no; these things can be only matter of guess. Nor is it for me to search too deeply into this abstruse inquiry. Certain it is that he would have given a large sum to be free again. He left her, and with ill-concealed scorn. She, meanwhile, boxed up somewhere in the country, far remote from civilization, and the squares in which she had so longed to glitter, sent him every day the most bitter complaints of headache, spleen, and want of sleep. But he treated all such nonsense with contempt, or with that fine stoicism which Addison, who consoled himself over a bottle for his own domestic mishaps with Lady Warwick, had taught him, and which he now for the first time felt that he could practise. He did not condescend to write even a single line, nor send one consoling message, though her peevishness increased, her melancholy augmented, and her letters grew more frequent. I was born, but even this made no change. The result, as might have been expected, was this—Lady Mary hated her husband, and cared very little what she did out of malice or revenge.

My father's cousin, Charles Montagu, having some time before this been made Earl of Halifax, Knight of the Garter—that sure badge of virtue and nobleness—and first Lord of the Treasury, our family star was at its zenith, and my father was made one of the Lords Commissioners. On the Earl's death and Walpole's succession, the embassy

to Constantinople was given to Mr. Montagu, as a special token of courtly approbation, or, as some said, a courtly mode of banishment. I don't know why he selected it, if indeed it was his own choice at all. A gentleman less imbued with orientalism never lived. But like his mad marriage, it was probably one of his eccentric crotchets, and he resolved to indulge it. The jewelled East perhaps had charms for his golden thirst. Could he have left his wife behind I have no doubt he would; why he did not I can scarcely tell. I suppose there were reasons—there always are. I wish he had, though I suppose that as accidents will arise in the best-regulated families, and with the best-conducted footmen, the same mishap which befel her afterwards in the royal seraglio would have happened had she been left alone in England.

We packed up our baggage and departed. This was in 1716, when I was not three years old. Of our adventures on the road and during our stay in Stamboul, I can, of course, personally know nothing, nor do I indeed know very much more than all the readers of Lady Mary's letters. Whatever will bear publication appears there; all that will not bear it is penned, I suppose, in another book, and will be read out in thunders on the last day—if such a horrid event should ever happen. It will be rather a startling investigation into the high-bred secrets of high-bred sinners.

My lady corresponded during the whole period with Walpole's mistress, Poll Skerrett;—received the most disgraceful love-letters from Mr. Pope; sneered at the ugly Austrian dames in paint and whalebone petticoats; had an offer made to her of his heart and person during her stay in Vienna by a young Count Somebody, which she protested she refused, poor Mr. Wortley having been consulted by neither in this little arrangement, and finally visited the seraglio of the Sultan.

The Ambassador was recalled in 1717, but out of sullenness or fear of scandal and the tongue of the wits, his dear friends, or some other eccentric English crotchet, he did not come back until 1718, when he probably thought my lady's folly had been forgotten in the five hundred similar ones that had happened in the interval. They were immediately surrounded by a gang of flatterers, knaves, authors, and fine ladies—corpses covered with pearls—who then constituted the finest ornament of fashionable society. Among these choice and faithful friends, two in particular distinguished themselves, Pope and Congreve; the former laboring with all his might to seduce my mother by his artful tongue, as he had previously laid the basis for it by his flattering pen; and the latter aiding him to corrupt her mind still more than it previously had been by her association with bishops, courtiers, and courtesans.

What fine people there were in those days, and how my heart swells as I think of them and their by-gone splendors! Providence, I suppose, had scarcely ever before collected a greater number of worthless villians, harridans, and scoundrels, without hanging or transporting more than three-fourths of them. The best deserved to be broken on the wheel. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham and Normandy, commonly called John of Bucks, was at their head; an atheist, full of the notions of Hobbes; a libertine, stuffed with the principles of Rochester; a cheat in every thing where money was concerned. Prior, vain, sensual, sordid in his intrigues, may be said to have brought up the tail. Congreve, conceited, worthless, and selfish, utterly profligate in his private life, and so great a braggart, that scarcely any thing he said could be credited; Addison, a crawling sycophant, full of envy and spleen; frantic when a friend prospered; happy only when misfortune lighted on his associates; a hypocrite who would take you by the hand, and if he heard you utter a sentiment which in his

heart he knew to be erroneous, would labor to confirm you in it with all his zeal, rejoicing in your inexperience, as Satan might exult over the fall of a young novice. Pope, who was all malice, hatred, and uncharitableness; false as a Jesuit, fickle as a fool, and mercenary as a waiting-woman. The Duke of Wharton, now in the full glory of his profligacy, at the head of his club called "Schemers," who openly avowed that the ruin of women constituted the sole tie that bound them together, and who for that reason alone were sought after, caressed, and hunted by all the silly simpletons in town. Garth, whose entire discourse was dissolute as his manners were profligate, and who laughed at all religion as a sham; Kneller, gross and vain; Cooper, afterwards Lord Chancellor, a minister of the law and a keeper of the king's conscience, who set the statutes against bigamy at defiance, and was only liable to death for felony on the prosecution of any one who could bring home the well-known charge. Townsend, the brother-in-law of Walpole, and his brazen countess—immortalized to infamy by my cousin Fielding, as Lady Bellaston in Tom Jones—with Sunderland, the knave, and Craggs, the stock-jobber, who died just in time to escape the universal infamy which fell upon all connected with the South Sea swindle. But why go through this Newgate Calendar, or enumerate the twelve tribes of villain statesmen and loathsome rakes, with Walpole for their Alpha and Omega, with whom my lady was brought perpetually into contact? Why follow her to the Prince's, where she sought to ingratiate herself with the heir apparent; and when that failed, why pursue her to the court, where she herself became half domesticated with Schulenberg and Kilmansegg, and Platen, horrible queans, who would not have been endured in any decent company, but for the protection of the hideous old sovereign? A more detestable academy for a young wife to enter cannot be imagined. It set the final seal on my

mother's principles and ruined her, and what might before have been accidental was now confirmed vice.

I have drawn a pleasing picture of aristocratic life in England sixty years ago. The colors are sombre, the tints are dark, it must be owned; but I write with the pencil of historic truth. I have shown the inside of these men whom biographers, essayists, and historians will doubtless paint with shining colors, bringing out all their prominent virtues with fine gold, and covering the gorgeous canvas with glaze and varnish, and many a parting touch of purest light. I shall be called a misanthropist. Well! I *do* hate mankind, but it is mankind constituted of rogues and rascals. I shall be denounced as a satirist. There is no reproach in the title. Far more disgraceful, it seems to me, to be like Burnet, the panegyrist of vice and corrupt power, than the dread anatomist of its horrors.

England, at the period of which I now write, was the ape of France, and as almost every crime which Juvenal enumerates, or Suetonius describes, or man imagines, was practised with open impunity by the Gauls, so it came to pass that in our own country also—ever its servile imitator—it was thought unfashionable to be decent, and good breeding to be impious. Here was a young woman, who might even yet have been virtuous, and certainly was fascinating, flung into a whirlpool from which it was almost impossible to escape, while those—her superiors in years or judgment—who might have lent her a helping hand out of it, only sought to thrust her deeper downwards into the abyss.

CHAPTER IV.

NEED I describe our grand house in Cavendish Square? We had a drawing-room and a library and a billiard-room; a public dining-room and a private dining-room, and a picture gallery, and a red saloon, and a breakfast-room, and a blue chamber, and I know not how many writing-closets and ante-rooms, and other fine places, all of which, however, looked grim and desolate, and dirty enough—vast Saharas in the heart of London. Wherever you glanced there were family portraits, hard-faced men in periwigs, and brazen-eyed men in helmets and shining breast-plates, and some in ruffs and scarfs and doublets, and horrid monsters in China, and blue jars like those that hid the band of robbers in Ali-Baba, and huge fire-places in which a fire was never lighted, and great sconces in which candles were never lit, and vast mirrors in which a smiling, happy countenance was never seen. Mould and mustiness and solitude combined to make the home a horror. For this mansion was in truth the chosen abode of Misery in the august person of my honored father, and if I were writing an allegorical poem like Ovid, I might describe it with many poetical particulars, which, as I am neither a Naso nor a Spenser, are thus forever lost to the world. The servants were wretched scarecrows, as tall and thin as the poor apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*; the blinds were usually undrawn, so that a dim, cavernous twilight pervaded the whole house; there was not even the song of a bird, the friendly footstep of a dog, or the comfortable mew of a cat heard in this great, silent labyrinth, for our ex-Lord of the Treasury was too prudent to invest money or to squander it in such idle, vain accessories as these. I only wonder that he did not scrape the gold off the frames and sell all the Indian monkeys for whatever they would

fetch, for I know he hated to look at their distorted features. I suppose he would have done so if he dared, but my lady, though as musical as any nightingale of Parnassus, had a tongue—and when she *did* speak, she could make its music ring like the baying of a pack in full cry. Yet why should she not? Were not female tongues formed for this purpose?

How well I can remember the feeling with which I used to steal about the great staircases, in the wretched twilight, half afraid of the ugly, black, begrimed male savages on canvas, who glowered like ogres of the olden time out of the dusky corners—Calibans and demons to my young imagination. Sometimes I stopped and contemplated the female portraits, as if I could receive from them that sweet music of sympathy for which my heart so ardently longed. I have gone up to them when I was unobserved, and kissed their cold red lips, and wondered why they did not open their arms to me, and why their eyes were still and lifeless, when mine flashed with tears, and my heart leaped within me for a kindred heart. But there they were, as impassive as death itself. Then I would retreat into a corner, and cry like a fool, and wonder were all other boys as unhappy and lonely and uncared for as myself, and were all other fathers and mothers such stocks and stones as mine appeared to be. There was not a single creature in the whole house with one human sympathy; for whom I cared, or who cared for me, except indeed a black named Jupiter, who often comforted me when he saw me weeping, and in his own wild way made we weep more still, for I knew that he pitied me, and this caused my tears to flow forth afresh. During my whole boyhood, or at least as much of it as I passed in this catacomb, I never remember to have heard an honest, hearty burst of laughter, or one merry song from the lips of our domestics. A cold chain of depression seemed to be thrown over the spirits of all; they went

through their work like automata. Perpetual silence reigned. My father, glum, gloomy, taciturn as a marble statue, chilled every one into torpidity; my mother did not dare to let her natural spirits flow forth, but curbed them until she visited abroad, when they ran loose, and, I fear, turbid. And every night we had prayers—but here I must stop. The recollection of this dreary farce, for such it was, makes me perfectly sick at heart.

What wretched things our breakfasts were! My father sat with a pile of papers beside him, over which he was busily engaged. There were mortgages, leases, bills, and bonds, and promissory notes, and all sorts of securities for money, wherein he held imprisoned the souls of debtors; noble lords and mighty commoners. These he contemplated with his pale eyes and yellow smile, as God might contemplate a Paradise filled with beautiful, happy spirits. They were his all; his world, his belief, his faith, his life, his religion. The stout oak boxes in which they were secured by double and treble locks were duly opened; the rich securities for gold that increased itself twenty-fold as every year revolved, were drawn forth and contemplated with an ever new feeling of delight; gorgeous visions of money, money, money, arose in the mind of the covetous man; and he seemed like Jupiter seated on Olympus, and reveling in the consciousness of strength and power. Lady Mary sat opposite, and served him with his chocolate, herself as silent as her lord; dreaming, I suppose, of new conquests or new lampoons. Between them was the writer of this, scarcely daring to lift up his eyes. To intrude upon this awful silence would be like the crime of him of old, who broke in upon the Sacred Mysteries, and was torn in pieces for his pains. The bleeding features of Medusa had not a more freezing effect than my father's presence; if, like Midas, all that he touched was changed into gold, like the head of the Gorgon, all that he looked at was

petrified into cold stone. Yet all this exquisite rapture about his money and its quick increase was not without certain drawbacks. Truly did the wise Saxon of old say, no joy without alloy—a sentiment for which I can scarcely suppose that he travelled to pagan Rome to steal it, though the sage Lucretius delivers it to us in other and more poetical language when he says that “even out of the midst of pleasure’s fountain, something bitter will arise.” This you, my dear sir, have probably yourself experienced, and why should not our Saxon ancestors? Nor do I suppose that there lives a single man at this moment whose own heart has not taught it to him as a sad truth. I know, indeed, that Miss Jones felt it, when she gave herself, sweet pretty cherub, and sixty thousand pounds to Saltash of the household troops, and found in a little time that the fascinating young Phœbus, who had appeared to her dazzled imagination something only just beneath an angel of heaven, was a heavy, stupid, sottish, self-loving fool, who cared for nothing on earth but stuffing his own paunch, and perfuming his own hair, and curling his big whiskers, and making love to all the silly nursery maids he met. And I know also that Lord John Apollo, who flew into the country, disgusted with Mayfair beauty, and sought in a sequestered hamlet in Shropshire for youth, innocence, and virgin purity, and found it, as he thought, under a very plain cottage roof, was rather amazed in a few months to discover that his sweet Amanda, who had appeared the most fairy-like, amiable, and artless of all rustic nymphs, was as cold, vain, selfish, tricky, and false hearted as the finest fashionable siren on the town. No wonder, then, that the Honorable Edward Wortley Montagu was not exempt from trials, and felt, like Alexander the Great, that he was but a mortal man, after all.

And he had them. Such trials!—alas! that it should be said of the owner of thirty thousand pounds per annum.

If rich, miserly men had only money to receive, what a splendid sphere this earth would be for them! But, ah me! in this world we not only get, but we have to give money. This is the bitter pill—the poison in our golden cup.

My father's life journey, therefore, was by no means amid roses—there were several nasty thorns in his path, which bored him immensely. Had he been single, he would have been all right. He could have passed all his days with Addison or Congreve, at Wills' or Button's; and all his nights with Steele at the theatre, for which he could have got a free admission. But he had a wife, unhappy man! with a thousand grasping wants, passions, feelings, emotions, pleasures, that must be gratified, or if they were not, why then the world must come to an end, and where would *he* be? For my lady never forgot that she was a duke's daughter, and though that was to some extent a feather in his cap, yet did it entail further and greater expenses than if she had been the child of a simple commoner, a poor unknown devil, whom the Rev. Mr. Jacob would despise. As a bachelor, a pleasant suit of chambers would have suited him admirably; a slight flirtation with one of Cibber's actresses, that would not have cost very much, would have sufficed when he was melancholy; but as a husband and father, an equipage, servants, an imposing mansion, and all the other expensive appendages of his position were absolutely needed, and sorely did they all grate against his philosophy. However, as he *had* committed the egregious folly of marriage, and as he was bothered with these abominable consequences incident to it, he resolved to make the best of his position, and to pinch, starve, screw, and save in every conceivable way, so that he might make the greatest appearance with the least possible expense. And it was this pinching, starving, screwing, and saving which made the rich man's life as

wretched as a toad's in a hole—nay, probably more so, for I believe the toad is content, but Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, senior, was not content. He had great moments of joy, indeed, and those were when he received money, which he got in bundles and bundles; but to make up for these Elysian moments, there were others of great unhappiness, and these were when he had to disburse small portions of these very bundles in the payment of his just debts.

“Madam,” he would say, “here is another milliner's bill—am I never to have done with paying for your cursed folly and extravagance? The last was—let me see—not two months ago, and I had then to pay one hundred and twenty-nine pounds three shillings and fourpence. Here is one to-day in which I find seventeen pounds charged for a ball dress, and six pounds ten for one of those silly turbans that make you look so hideous. Then I paid Flash, the Jew crayon painter, fourteen pounds for a very ugly likeness of yourself, drawn, I think, when you had the jaundice; and Flimsy, the toy man, sixty-seven pounds for some frippery, which I suppose you think sets you off like a sovereign queen. Then, madam, you have a dentist—though I don't know what for, as he cannot preserve your teeth—and a doctor, and an apothecary, and a nurse, and a shoemaker, and a hosier, and a seamstress who never seems to have done with mending and making, and a plumasier—though what you want with the peacock's feathers except to cover over your jackdaw appearance, I know not—and a glover; fifteen pounds four in one quarter of a year for gloves, and a perfumer, (I don't think cosmetics become you,) and a couple of lazy trollops who call themselves your maids; and then you have a stock-broker, and a corn-cutter, and the devil knows what besides, so that I am fairly pillaged by the train of robbers that you feed. You should remember that when you came to me

with only your smock, you never hinted that I was to pay so dearly for the pleasure of giving you my name."

Lady Mary would remain silent. She feared no one in the world but one man, and this was my father. He had thoroughly broken in and cowed her. She was tamer than a cat before him.

Then he would resume in the old strain—

"Here is Timms, writes up from Twickenham that one of the cows is dead; that is a loss of twenty pounds. What shall I do? I shall be beggared at this rate among you. And there is a new roof wanted to the stable, and one of the doors has come away from the piggery, and the scoundrels still continue poaching, and one of my best dogs was poisoned last week. But you have no sympathy for all this—you have no more feeling than a sow. You think only of your balls and beaux. I thought you were too old for such nonsense. You remind me of the proverb, madam, 'Many a fool have I seen, but an old fool like this never.' And what the deuce good is Lord Hervey to you? And the Duke of Wharton—why, he makes you his public laughing-stock. 'Old Moll,' he says, 'thinks I care for her; I should as soon think of caring for old Noll.' And then he drinks damnation to the Protector, and says, 'The king shall have his own again.' Do you know, madam, that I have not had a tailor's bill myself for the last three years, while you are dressed up every week in new finery? And I could restock my farm for half the money that you spend in Japanese ogres and four-footed demons in porcelain. I shall be beggared by you in the end, I know. Then there is this young scoundrel, a true imp of your own breeding. (This, gentle reader, referred to me.) I find he is perpetually flinging stones and breaking windows. I have had to pay five glaziers' bills for him in the last three weeks; this shows your careful training of him. But I suppose he will come to the

gallows. He has ridden two ponies to death; he knocked down a pedlar, and spoilt his box of goods, for which I had to pay three and tenpence damages; he has run up a bill at the baker's for sweet cakes, which will soon bring him under the clutches of one of your blood-sucking apothecaries, and there will be a long account sent in. How the devil, madam, can any fortune stand up against this? Only that you save three hundred a year out of the five hundred which the Chancellor allows you for keeping your lunatic sister, I don't know where we should be. You look as if you thought my bonds and speculations produced thousands. Well, they certainly do; but then they ought to produce tens of thousands, and I don't see what benefit I gain, if, while I make money with one hand, you and this imp lavish it away with another. Henceforward, madam, it is my command that you spend only a hundred a year on Lady Mar, and save all the rest; indeed, I don't see why you cannot support her well for a guinea a week, for as she lives in the garret here, there is no house-rent or servant's wages, and surely that is enough to clothe a mad woman."

Then the house steward would be called, and addressed as follows:

"Wilkins, I fear you are a regular rogue. I have been overhauling some bills, and I find I am cheated right and left. There is coals thirty-five pounds fourteen shillings and sevenpence. Why the house must be as hot as hell with all these fires. What do you mean, sir, by letting the servants go on in this way? Do you suppose I am made of money? I certainly should be so to satisfy such gross extravagance. Then I find a butcher's bill, one hundred and fifteen pounds two shillings and sixpence halfpenny. How is this? Where, when, why, how, was all this meat eaten? It is enough to feed a regiment. I suppose all the vagabonds in the neighborhood dine at my expense. And

how much of this goes into your own pocket as percentage? You're a rogue, sir, and you look like an extravagant one. Have I not told you over and over again that I will not allow the servants to cram and stuff at this rate? Why, they live on venison, I suppose—venison and claret; nothing else will satisfy their nasty bellies. There is a beer bill, forty-seven pounds nine shillings. Is all this gone in beer? The servants must be always drunk; and you, sir, look as if you were drunk at this moment. No wonder I am pillaged this way, when the person who ought to overlook these villains is himself guzzling from morning till night. Do you know what the chandler's bill comes to?—seventy-eight pounds thirteen shillings and elevenpence farthing. Soap and candles. I would contract to supply a whole barrack with both for that sum. Leave the room, sir, and go at once to every one of these ruffians and deduct five and twenty per cent. from their bills and pay them, and bring me back the receipt.

“And now, madam”—turning to Lady Mary—“what are you going to do for the day? Intent on gadding, I suppose? Gad where you like, but don't lay out money. I will stand any of your follies, madam; but I will not stand this. You know your father will not give us a penny; he spends it on his mistress. It is your duty, then, as you came to me penniless, to make up for it in thrift. But I may as well preach to a deaf man as to talk to you of saving. Have you considered what I said about your sister? She can live splendidly on a guinea a week. Let her have a mutton-chop or two now and then; fish is cheap and wholesome; she can occasionally have a pudding. Let her drink water, for this cools the brain. Any fermented liquor will only kill her. Now, madam, can you not supply her well with these articles for five or six shillings a week? Her clothes, I suppose, will be ten pounds a year; her washing about as much. What more can she

want? Oh, a servant. Well, have we not a horde of lazy servants? What can she require a servant for? Her apothecary's bill ought not to be more than a guinea or two; indeed, she will not want any drugs at all, if you feed her on plain, wholesome food. Thus, madam, you might save four hundred and fifty pounds a year, which you could have for your own pleasures—I mean your own pin money, without making these everlasting demands on me, which I am resolved I will no longer satisfy. Then why don't you win from Wharton? That is the least you may do to repay yourself for his laughter. I am sure your skill at cards is deep enough; and the fool is spending all his money on worse foibles than these. What good is he to you, unless you win his gold?"

These, the reader will say, were wretched scenes. Indeed, they were; yet they were of daily occurrence. The lessons of thrift perpetually dinned into Lady Mary's ears by a husband who almost denied himself the common necessities of life, produced their effect, and she at length became as miserly and grasping as her tutor. She hated to part with a sixpence. She would hoard and hoard small sums, and though constantly dunned for debts which she ought to have discharged long ago, she could not induce her hand to open her purse strings, but put off the wretched creditor until he was tired of asking, and often gave up the debt in despair or disgust, or forgetfulness, if it were a small sum. This, I believe, is a trick with many fine people; for tradesmen in a large way of business cannot constantly be examining their books for small balances over due; or if they can, it is not worth their while to send half a dozen times as many miles for these wretched items. Thus they are eventually forgotten or abandoned, and the miser finds himself at the year's end some four or five pounds richer, whereat he hugs himself with joy, and resolves to cheat twenty other tradesmen in the same way for the next

twelve months out of small sums. So it goes on, and at the end of twenty or thirty years he has gained by dirty plunder of this kind perhaps four or five hundred pounds, which is carefully stowed away, with all his other ill-got savings, until gaunt Death walks in and bears him off as ruthlessly as a hawk snaps up a sparrow, or the lordly gamecock picks a grub from the dunghill; and his heir, finding this five hundred among the rest, gives it to some procuress, or spends it on a single cast of faro, and it goes at once to the devil, where its first owner had preceded it, and its new master will probably follow.

Being thus perpetually tormented about economy, and having dinned daily into her impatient ears the necessity of saving, Lady Mary was obliged to get money for her pleasures how she could; for she had a truly ducal set of passions, which craved to be fed, and were very indignant when they could not be gratified. She had already half starved poor Lady Mar, and out of the five hundred pounds set apart for her support, at least saved four. This was very well, but ducal appetites need something more than this paltry food. She then took to gambling, and as she did not much care what she did, she won immensely for a short time; until at last people began to suspect that there was more than met the eye in this uncommon amount of good luck, and the wise declared off accordingly, leaving only the young fools to be her antagonists, who were glad to lose their money to a wit, a fine lady, and a duke's daughter. But this was, after all, only a precarious resource, so she began to dabble in the stocks, and here her acquaintance with Craggs was of great advantage to her. This fellow's father had been a common pander to the Duke of York or any other great lord who would pay him, and as he did not lack shrewdness, he scraped up a vast deal of money, which he freely expended in the education of his only son, hoping to see him Prime Minister, perhaps; at

all events, high in the administration of this happily governed land. And he succeeded in his wish. Young Craggs was handsome, and with a good, porter-like person. Young women about the Court took a liking to him; he had great calves, a broad back, a body like an Irish chairman, and was, moreover, not very choice about trifles; and owning a seat in Parliament, he absolutely became one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state, to the wonder of all who remembered the unhallowed trade of his revered father, but not at all to the astonishment of those who were behind the scenes, and knew the pliancy of the young gentleman, and his convenient subserviency to such people as Kendal and Kilmansegg. This man my Lady Mary greatly courted. Alas! do not blame her. Did not Pope, and Swift, and Harley, and the King, and two hundred members of Parliament, and fifty or sixty heaven-born children of the Upper House, with stars, garters, ribbons, and long pedigrees, do the same? Why, then, pour all the vials of wrath upon a weak woman? But I know you will not; you are too good-natured; you yourself despise a lord and right honorable, but you have mercy on those who adore and kneel before them. Lady Mary courted him, then, and as Craggs was always buying and selling, and scheming and speculating, and possessed, as a Cabinet Minister, means of knowledge such as no other person had, he was usually successful in his stock exchange commerce, and they to whom he gave hints were successful also. Was it wrong? Well, I don't know. The world agrees to say yes, and I suppose the world is right; but I shall not enter into the question. Suffice it to say, if it was wrong, it was pleasant. Yes, by Plutus! pleasant in the extreme. For show me the parallel on earth of that ecstatic joy which, like Venus from the ocean, is born out of cent. per cent.; the rapture with which I, who have invested a thousand pounds, suddenly find myself, without

any care, or thought, or trouble, or toil, the happy master of five thousand guineas, all bright, golden, shining, beautiful as God himself. Talk of the wedding-day and successful love, and the joy of an heir, and the rational delight felt and experienced at your rich father's sudden death, and the triumph of a successful speech in Parliament, and the rapture of intoxication born out of ambrosial Burgundy, and the joy one feels when his shrew of a wife runs away with a wealthy simpleton who can pay three thousand pounds in damages, and the ecstatic dreams of Quixotism, and the glorious uprising of a blessed spirit into the light of Paradise, and the white-robed seraphs of the celestial. All these, I suppose, are very fine; but is there one man on earth who would be donkey enough to barter these for the transporting bliss which that happy mortal feels who, having given twenty thousand guineas to his broker, wakes up next day and finds himself owner of a plum—yes, a plum value one hundred thousand solid pounds.

So felt and thought Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—so felt and thought that lively Frenchman, Monsieur Achille, Hannibal, Cæsar, Charlemagne Ruremonde, my lady's dark-eyed friend and lover. For he was both. What is the good of denying it? Ruremonde was master of ten thousand pounds; when, or where, or how acquired, only Heaven knows, and no doubt it was registered above in some awful book. But that he had it was certain; that he was a vain, volatile, conceited fool was equally matter of mathematical demonstration. He was a small, fiery man, with a big nose, ferocious, flashing eyes, a terrible big moustache; he dressed with great elegance, had a fine taste in perfumes; was ringed, curled, ringletted, scented, and even washed to perfection. He fell in love with Lady Mary. He was a Frenchman, and had but to whistle after any woman, and she was his, so he believed—but like many another frail mortal, he was deceived by his self-love. My

lady fooled him to the top of his bent; she turned him inside-out, like an old glove. She had no serious notion of breaking the seventh commandment with a Frenchman. The thing was absurd. A Frenchman dare to lift his eyes to her? Ridiculous!

She wrote Ruremonde letters that drove him mad. Here was a lovely woman dying for him—only she couldn't get away. She sent him notes that almost set fire to the paper; they certainly burned up the small remnant of brains which poor Ruremonde possessed, and lo! he was utterly lost and frenzied. Oh, how she loved him! How she adored, idolized, worshipped his dear image! But alas! flight was impossible—flight with him, her soul's darling, the treasure of her eyes, the Adonis among mankind, the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. Ruremonde was distracted. What was to be done? Should he shoot Montagu? He meditated it a long time. The fate of Count Konigsmark's friends, who had some time before performed that kind office for Tom Thynne, (Tom o' ten thousand,) butchering him like a pig in Pall Mall, rather deterred our valourous friend. Yet I think he would have risked it, had he been quite certain of my lady; but, as he was not, why, he trusted to the chapter of accidents. Meanwhile, Lady Mary was all sympathy, all soul, all anxiety about Ruremonde. He occupied her thoughts night and day—he was her dream, her passion, &c. How could she serve him? Oh, lucky thought! There was Mister. Craggs—her right honorable acquaintance and associate. She would invest his money; she would make it double, treble, quadruple—nay, she would make it reproduce itself twentyfold. Was not Craggs Secretary of State, and did he not know what was what, and did he not make the fortune of Johnny Gay and fifty others who confided in him? Why should he not do the same for Lady Mary's dearest and most trusted friend? Aye, indeed, why should he not?

And the Frenchman absolutely gave my mother five thousand pounds, and it was all lost, gone, swallowed up, no one ever knew what became of it—gone, though Craggs had advised and counselled, and revealed secrets which by oath he ought not to have revealed. So Ruremonde raved like a madman, there were frightful scenes and frightful letters, and he threatened to show her sweet billets to her husband, and she threatened to have his throat cut by the right honorable Lord Stair, and there was nothing but fire and wrath and fury and revenge between this amiable pair. How it was settled in the end I know not. My father, it was supposed, never bothered his head about it. I believe my lady disgorged two thousand pounds, but the other three were lost irretrievably. Ruremonde, I fancy, went mad. At all events, he was never afterwards heard of. I think it cured him of conceit. One can't make love to a duke's daughter without paying the piper handsomely for such a privilege. The few who were in the secret laughed at him for a dupe, but my lady dreaded to the last moment of her existence that he would some day turn up and tell all to her husband. What if he had? Was it not that worthy gentleman's own fault? Was it not the legitimate end of all his screwing, scraping, saving, and pinching? I suppose he must have heard something of it, but he was discreetly silent if he had. What was it to him? His wife had got three thousand pounds clear profit out of this transaction, and only lost what she did not value, nor he regard. Pope, also, who was now one of our dearest friends, heard some tittle tattle about it; but he was too well bred to mention a syllable of the matter to the profane vulgar at large. It was only in after years he alluded to it in the line—"Who starves a sister and denies a debt." Every one then knew who he meant, and everybody laughed and sneered when my lady's back was turned, but when she was present face to face, they all shook hands with her,

and smiled, and simpered, and flattered, as if she were the sweetest vestal since the days of Rhea Sylvia. O! England! England! thou art the land of honesty and truth and frankness; yet have I seen more humbug, falsehood, and hypocrisy practised in one day within thy golden isle, than in a month in France, Spain, or Italy, or even in the subtle Orient itself. But perhaps I ought not to avow this. It looks unpatriotic. I know that it will be called a rascally lie. Well, so be it.

CHAPTER V.

FROM all these pleasing incidents, it may be seen that my life was horribly wretched. Oh! how I longed for sympathy—for one bright beam of love, for one sweet, fond smile under whose soft and genial influence my heart might bud in flowers. But no smile, though I looked for it morning, noon, and night. I had a vague remembrance of some caresses which my mother gave me while I was yet in petticoats. I could vividly recollect those bright eyes beautified with the maternal gleam of warm affection. Her long and silken hair fell over my cheeks and brow, as she kissed and pressed me to her breast; her face assumed the likeness of an angel; her smile dwelt still within my soul, like a faint dream of Paradise. But all this was gone, and gone, I feared, never to return. As I grew up, her demonstrations of love became fainter, and even still more faint, until at last they disappeared forever. How I have lingered near her, hoping for some gentle word; how I have looked into her eyes and yearned for one sweet sunbeam of returning fondness; how I have sought by every boyish art to win her back once more to olden days when that long and dearly cherished kiss was given, and all the

mother sparkled in her look ; how I have listened at her bed-room door to hear those tones that even still were melody to my ear, dreaming that they may happily breathe of me ; how I have lain awake at night, and wept, and sighed, and thought how intensely I could love her if she only cared for me in the least—all these things, God and my own breaking heart knew. The books I thought she loved most, these I sought to master, and was proud and happy when she found me poring over them ; the flowers she regarded best I tended with all the skill that I owned, so that they were ever free from dust or weeds or insects ; and when she walked forth every bright parterre was faultless to the eye. No rewarding smile or word or token of approval did I get. To Congreve she was all brightness, life, and spirit ; her silvery laugh sounded like divinest melody ; but when I stood before her, scarcely daring to look into those eyes for that sacred love after which I pined, she was cold, severe, and silent. When Pope was near, when Wharton was by her side, gazing at her with his large and earnest eyes, how beautiful she appeared ! All her genius shone out of her spirit-face ; her features glowed with animation ; her tongue spake in softest accents, and she seemed a something more than earthly. When the visitor departed a magic change came over her—she froze, as it were, into marble ; she grew cold, still, selfish, unfeeling, capricious, and exacting. One reads in old romances of a beautiful damsel discovered in a forest by some brave errant knight ; she weeps, she prays, she smiles, she fascinates. The gallant adventurer vows to devote his life to her service ; she leads him to her bower or to some fairie castle. Something in her appearance suddenly awakens suspicion, and the noble knight clutches his good sword Excalibar within his mailed hand, and mayhap as an additional precaution lifts up a prayer to God and the Virgin. Scarcely has he done it, when a transformation is

seen—a mighty transformation indeed; the virgin disappears, and he sees only a venomous serpent looking at him with deadly eyes, as Lucifer looked on Eve, and hissing forth cold poison. Such was the difference between my mother before her visitors, and my mother with her son.

Ah me, my friend, there are many, many of these snake-women on the earth, and when I see them I know them as if by instinct; my blood congeals into stone, and I get away as quick as I can, for they awaken gloomy reminiscences, and I feel as if in the presence of something exceedingly deadly, slimy, and repellant. The depth of ice within their hearts can no man fathom; the force of energy in carrying out their cold purposes even unto death, can no man exaggerate.

You may note them by the firm compressed lip when the face is in repose, and the icicle-light that glazes over their eyes as if with a transparent gauze, and the smile that never blushes out of the heart, or returns again into that impassioned fount, but is born of the external skin, plays over it, and retires back into it, when its mechanical work is done. All these women are poisoners in their hearts. I believe that great numbers of them in reality kill their husbands, or all who stand in their way—but they can smile over them even while they murder. The falsehood of men I care not for. I am prepared for it, and I can baffle it; if I fail it is my own fault. But the falsehood and selfishness and want of feeling in women seems so utterly, so outrageously monstrous and unnatural, that when I find and experience them, I feel like one who has trodden unawares on some pestiferous serpent whose very breath is ruin. I start back aghast and in despair. My limbs quiver; my face grows pallid; my hairs stand erect. I am horror-stricken and frightened in my very inmost being. For woman was given to man to soothe, to soften, to refine, to humanize into angelic beauty; and when she

perverts this holy purpose how very dreadful must her spirit appear before her Lord and Maker!

I was not at this period able to fathom the secret of this scornful indifference, but I think I can now do so. In the first place all love between Lady Mary and her husband had long since disappeared; with her love for him, or whatever the feeling originally was, vanished also her love of his son. In the second place she was immersed in so many plots, pursuits, and occupations, that she really had no time to give the softer feelings of her heart the least chance of vitality. She was a leader in that heartless game called "fashionable life," and this absorbs a great quantity of a woman's time; she studied very hard and spent a great portion of every day among her books and papers; by no other means, I suppose, can a lady obtain and keep the renown of being

"That dangerous thing, a female wit."

She was also perpetually devising new schemes and devices to get money and to keep it when got; for my father's wretched avarice was so all-absorbing that I verily believe if he could have fed us on bran and littered us on straw he would have been but too glad to do it; and as he was perpetually railing at her extravagance she was absolutely forced into a life of meanness, shifts, falsehoods, equivocations, and dirty petty savings in order to preserve the household circle from being a perfect hell upon earth. Finally, she was so fond of admiration that she was perpetually employed in inventing new limes to captivate the wealthy or the witty; from the first of whom she won their money at the basset table, and from the second their applause in the journals or in song; so that she had really no leisure to be good or kind or loving; and when a woman's or a man's mind has all these various vanities and employments daily and hourly pressing on it, probably

you will not be surprised to hear that the result is, little feeling for any one except themselves.

If I dread one thing more than another in penning these papers, it is that I may appear unnatural in my delineation of the parents of my being. But after a long and painful meditation I must hazard this charge unless I deliberately violate the truth. Nothing, of course, could be more easy than for me to avoid all reference to these miserable transactions; to smother them up forever in night, and to plunge into the details of my own life without any lengthened reference to either Lady Mary or her husband. By doing this I should avoid great censure and spare my own heart. But would it be honest, just, and fair? Would it even be right to myself, whose character has been moulded, whose career to a great extent has been fashioned by the training which I had at home, by the examples which I there beheld, by the life which I saw there prevail? I am persuaded that it would not, and that even were there no higher motive, self-defence would require from me this anatomy. But there is a higher motive. Can I for one moment suppose that Lady Mary and her husband were the only parents who ever behaved so to their only son? It is impossible. On the contrary, have I not the best reason for believing that there are hundreds and hundreds of similar fathers and mothers who look upon their children as nuisances and enemies; freeze out of them in their earliest youth every flowing sentiment of beauty and of love, which holy Nature implanted in their souls. Yea, by Allah, they are to be counted in thousands, and to such we may attribute, in a great measure, the sad discordance which prevails in all things; the exaggerated foibles and vices and absurdities for which our young men are noted, and the general tone of affectation, selfishness, and infidelity which pervades every order of society. Therefore do I write these things that parents and guardians may see

with their own eyes a vivid picture of themselves; and may be startled by those incidents in the career of others which they themselves daily repeat, but on which their self-love has never let them cast an investigating glance.

When, therefore, O friend and reader, thou censurest me for my misanthropy, bear in mind that all my finest feelings were frozen at their source while I was yet a child; when thou arraignest me for waywardness and wilfulness, remember that from the first I never had a guiding hand, or a loving eye to restrain me in the least; when thou cavillest at my life misused, my talents thrown away, my virtues perverted into vices, my passions let loose in tempests on myself and others, pause and ask thyself what right have I to blame this man? How know I what I also may not have grown to be, had I been nurtured like him? From the first he was an outcast from the heart and centre of home; he was thrown among servants; he was exiled from all affection, from all fond solicitude, from all the melodious influences of sympathy and feeling. The most vagabond order of existence seemed to him, and was, preferable to his own home. Within his father's threshold virtue never passed, nor meek-eyed charity, nor soft forgiveness; but every thing he witnessed was hard, cold, severe, and despicable. The guests whom he saw assembled were selfish scoundrels or silly coxcombs; they who should have been purified by learning, or genius, or great and shining talent, were merely intellect without God. His father was a hardened miser, whose whole soul was in his gold and in his guineas; his mother was a vain woman of fashion, who thought wit, gallantry, and scandal the three sister graces of the earth; his only sister was a mere idiot, who never soared a thought above the existence of a grub; his tutors were harsh, unfeeling wretches, who tortured him body and soul; he never heard a noble and generous sentiment, but, on the contrary, was surrounded by a

motley crew, who laughed at all religion and virtue, and whose sole object was to get on in the world, no matter by what means or by what resources.

Let me cite, for example, one of these fellows. Congreve, the colaborer with Pope in that honorable attempt on my mother, which was followed up with so much pertinacity, and ended with so much wretchedness. Congreve was what many would call a handsome man, but he never seemed to be so in my eyes. There was an insufferable pride in every puppy feature; not the pride of nobleness, or honor, or self-conscious dignity, but a low, foppish, arrogant pride, founded on his figure, his eyes, his fine dress, his reputation as a wit, his official place, his luxurious bachelorhood, and the applause of some score of silly women of high rank, who were half crazy after "darling Will." To see him strut about the theatre was itself a sight; it reminded one of the peacock, the basest of birds, except for its plumage. To hear him lisp finely, and see him look at you with a supercilious, scornful air, as if you were unworthy to be his slave, and note in every word, and look, and gesture, that himself alone was the object of his incessant admiration, was one of the most trying ordeals to which one's temper could be put. He would lounge into a drawing-room, gorgeously dressed, and before a dozen women who ought to be virtuous, and who certainly were in the peerage books, exclaim—

"Oh! demme, I don't know what I shall do for all you women. You won't give a man a moment's peace. Like Orpheus, I shall be torn into five hundred pieces. There are fifty contending for me at the same moment. By Gad! I shall retire into a forest, or into an uninhabited island. I once thought the Rape of the Sabines was a true event; but by Gad I now think that it was the ladies themselves who ran away with the Roman vagabonds."

After this abominable scene, he would retire and repeat

it somewhere else ; the ladies—dear creatures—being enraptured with such high breeding and such choice wit.

Congreve was “the fashion,” and could do almost any thing. That he was an abandoned and dissolute rake, was a matter of course. To be so was one of the main accomplishments of a fine gentleman of the period ; and the women could not endure a man who lay under the horrid suspicion of being virtuous. He had the run of the green-rooms, and what they were, and are, and always will be, every man about them knows, and everybody not about them may guess. He raked until he got blind ; now with Mrs. Bracegirdle, now with Nan Jallett, now with Madame Berenger, now with Madame Marlborough. His middle age was cursed by the memorials of his excesses. Never shall I forget a scene which once took place at Hampton Court Palace, when I was but a child. It was a beautiful day in August, and Lady Mary took it into her head to conduct me through the gardens. We sauntered about for some time. Congreve joined us, and was elaborate in his politeness. He made use of all his wit to charm, and finally prevailed on Lady Mary to leave me near one of the fountains and walk with him alone. My heart still burns with the rage I felt when I saw them disappear. Instinct told me, poor boy—I was not more than eight years old, I think—that he meditated no good to my mother, but I knew nothing farther. Every fibre was alive and hot with fury. I ran in the direction which they had taken, but I could not find them. I called aloud. Echo repeated my words, and yet again I called, “Mamma! mamma!” In a few minutes Lady Mary appeared ; she seemed in haste ; her hair was in a slight disorder, and she hurried towards me. After her followed Congreve, with a quick step, and he seemed apologizing, beseeching, deprecating. She hurried on without taking any notice of him, and when she came up to me I was amazed to find her kiss me ; her face was flushed ;

she seemed agitated and feverish. Again I knew that something wrong was meditated, and I looked at Congreve with fury in my looks. He saw it, and gave me a bunch of roses which he had gathered, and had already vainly offered to Lady Mary. I took them and flung them in his face; he affected to smile, but there was rage and the venom of a devil in his false smile.

He spoke to her in French, a language which I knew not. I scanned him closely, and endeavored to penetrate into his meaning with my eyes. His language was supplicating; his demeanor obsequious in the extreme; he seemed entreating pardon for some involuntary offence. He spoke earnestly; she affected for a period not to listen; but the poison gradually stole into her ears and won her heart. She even answered him, a thing which she had first positively refused to do. I could see a smile of villainous triumph in his eyes. Again he led her away under an avenue of trees, and I was left alone. They had not been out of sight many moments, when I felt as if enveloped in horror; my heart again swelled with rage; lava fire seemed to thrill through me. I was under an unknown fever. I was under the influence of a mighty magnetic spell. A consciousness of evil again smote me, as if with the wing of a whirlwind, and I burst into a torrent of tears. How terribly is all this graven on my memory; now, after the lapse of more than half a century. My sobs, my loud cries were again re-echoed, and Lady Mary returned as before; but now she was filled with anger. Congreve again followed, and I could see his face pale with rage, or disappointment, or repulse. Lady Mary addressed me harshly, but I clung to her robe, and kept a firm hold of her. I entwined myself among the folds of her dress; she sought to loose me, but I would not let her go. Congreve used entreaties, threats, endearments, and finally, even force, but I kicked at him with all my strength, and

the beau's silk stockings bore vestiges of my toes. At length a sudden cloud burst overhead, thunder pealed, and lightning flashed, and rain fell in torrents, and Lady Mary and myself returned home, without Congreve, whose escort she positively declined, and who took his leave evidently chagrined, if not enraged at something that had crossed him.

This incident is slight, but I never can forget it. I have lived it over again, while I penned the last few pages; every line and feature of it was reproduced before my mind's eye. I can remember even the dripping of the rain on a certain stone which Congreve put aside with his gold-headed cane. I can remember the green leaves of a laurel tree on which the drops flashed, and from which they rebounded against my face. I can remember the momentary shelter which we took beneath a clump of trees, and my own feeling of delight that the storm had come on, and my ardent hope that the next lightning flash would strike my enemy dead at my feet. When he came near me I went to the opposite side; when he edged round again and sought to speak to me, I retreated from his odious presence, and got back to my old place. Why was he thus courting me at this moment?—he who had never before condescended even to look upon me? My heart asked itself this question; and though I can now guess his motive, I was then only a child, and could not fathom it in the least. He offered me some apples, but I flung them into the road; he presented me with cakes, but I trampled them beneath my feet. At length the temper of the man prevailed, and I think he would have broken out with something savage, but my mother or her presence restrained him. I saw him many times again, at our own house and at the houses of others; but I always hated him from that day. I could not endure his presence; I looked at him with loathing, and fled from him with aversion, until at length we grew

open foes, nor did either mask his hate from the other. When I heard he was dead I regretted it only for one reason, and that was that I had not driven a sword into his heart. The grim envoy seemed to me to have cheated me of that which belonged to me of right.

CHAPTER VI.

THOUGH the Rt. Hon. Edward Wortley Montagu grudged every penny that he expended, and parted with a guinea more sorrowfully than if it were his heart's blood, yet was he nevertheless obliged by the abominable laws and customs of society to throw his doors open occasionally for the reception of the most brilliant members of rank and fashion, whom he entertained accordingly, and whom he hated like fiends as they devoured his costly dainties and guzzled his expensive wines. He could not help himself. He and his lady wife were asked to various parties, dinners, balls, suppers, breakfasts and masquerades. To refuse the hospitable givers of these splendid entertainments would have been to make them bitter foes; to accept their invitations entailed the dire necessity of a return in kind. Had Mr. Montagu manfully resolved to live like a hermit and do nothing but reside in a wood and accumulate money, all this dreadful folly would have been avoided. But unhappily for himself he could not well do this. He was a member of parliament, and he did not like to give it up; he was a member of the high fashionable world of wits and fops, and fine gentlemen, and he could not separate himself from such exalted intercourse without such a struggle as he scarcely cared to endure; he was an aspirant for ministerial dignity, and it was only Cincinnatus who was

taken from the plough. Nobody ever heard of any hermit in England being put into the Cabinet, nor would he be so, though he possessed all the virtues of Jesus Christ, all the knowledge of Pythagoras, all the patriotism of Brutus, and all the statesmanship of Solon and Lycurgus. Therefore it was that my honored father still lived in Cavendish Square, still accepted invitations from lords and ladies, and still was forced in compliance with cruel custom to give these lords and ladies what lawyers call a *quid pro quo*.

Oh! what scenes these were! Horace it is, I think, or some other of those Roman voluptuaries, who speaks of certain debauches with ladies in loose purple robes and golden clasps—that were unclasped—and rosy garlands, and silver goblets, and soft couches, and I know not what else—perhaps it is well I do not know—and he irreverently calls them nights and suppers of the gods. But these nights I suppose of my father were *noctes cænæque diabolorum*, for not only were all the noble and right honorable company fairly entitled to that name, but Mr. Montagu himself endured such an agony of hell during the whole entertainment that it might fairly be said that he was in Tartarus itself, and enduring all the torment of that fabled, fabulous or storied region, which ever name the truly Christian reader wishes to give it. Every fresh bottle that was uncorked was a poisoned adder biting his soul; every fresh pie or pasty that was broken into by fair and delicate hands plunged him into Hades; every fragrant pine that was sliced was a cup of venom which he was obliged to gulp down with many a hidden grimace. With what a hearty and sincere hatred he detested these odious harpies; how he wished that every bit and sup might choke them as they sat; how he cursed and swore at himself, as a fool for yielding to the prevailing fanaticism of society, and blindly following in the wake of an absurd fashion. This

he did while the Saturnalia were going on. But next morning he was serene again. He was now free for another three months. The thing was over and done with. His mind was at ease. He had performed his duty, and no Englishman is expected to do more. The bills—well they *must* be paid, and they were paid with many a pang, and blasphemy, and deduction; and all went on as usual until the next necessity of the same kind.

Let me sketch one of these charming entertainments. I was at one, and only one. All the great people of London were summoned; all the fine women, all the battered rakes, dukes, marquisses, earls, viscounts, barons, with pedigrees—oh! how long, and bodies—oh! how diseased, and consciences—oh! how black with every kind of sin. Did we descend to the vulgar tribe of baronets? Well, I believe there were a few, but we asked them simply because we could not help it; Walpole was there, but he was invited not as baronet, but as prime minister. My father, indeed, despised the whole crawling crew of little barons, and as a general rule they are a contemptible body of ragamuffins. However, there were some asked, and of course they came. You will always find a baronet where there is a prime minister. Half the peerage thronged our rooms; the other half that was in patriotic opposition was not asked. The Duke of Wharton came drunk; Lord Berkeley, for a miracle, came sober. Lord and Lady Pomfret descended like a radiant vision of diamonds of the rarest price. Lady Sundon hid her cancer by a fine shawl around her throat. Lords and Ladies A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M and N, appeared in various costumes of red, white, black, blue, grey, brown, orange, scarlet, azure, pink, green, and crimson, set off with pearls, rubies, sapphires, amethysts, opals, emeralds, and gold and silver. Lords and Ladies O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z, flashed and fluttered in silk, satin, velvet, and cloth of gold; they

appeared in all the colors of the rainbow, and a great many more that the rainbow never had; their periwigs breathed the sweetest essences of perfumed powder. Talk of Araby the Blest or Sabæan odors—pooh! pooh! Their necklaces, buttons, girdles, earrings, rings, stomachers and coronets glittered with all the jewels of the East, and their faces shone with all the pigments and figments of the western world. Nothing could be, indeed, more delightful than the whole assembly; though I should be very sorry to see and smell the great majority of them just now, rotting in their coffins and half eaten up by worms. I mean, of course, such of them as did not die in the odor of sanctity, and were not embalmed in spice and frankincense, as all noble and right honorable persons ought to be; for these earth vermin are odious to think of by all who have aristocratic tastes or habits. For my own part I hope to be burned on a pyre like a phoenix, and so give the elements the benefit of my remains—stap my vitals!

There they were, and oh! how brilliant! Talk of Paradise, prate of Elysium, brag of Valhalla, expatiate on Vaikoontha, the Hesperides, Hybrazil, the Golden Islands, the heaven of Indra, the gardens of Shedad or Mohammed—the whole thing would be absurd. Never was there seen a more grand and gorgeous assembly. Lord Somers, the chancellor, left the lady with whom he was living in open defiance of the seventh commandment and came; is it not Horry Walpole who calls him “one of those divine men who, like a chapel in a palace, remain unprofaned while all the rest is tyranny, corruption and folly.” Well, this “divine man” was there, and the place was redolent of his purity and divinity. His great curly wig flowed over his heavy sensual face and great gloating eyes, and gave one any thing but an idea of divineness. But hath not Horry said it, and did not the king and parliament and twenty writers of that lie called history, proclaim it in highways

and byways, and who shall breathe dissent? Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham, was there; they called him "Dismal," and a dismal old frog he was. Being too old for politics he was making a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings, and had taken to theology. Earl of Suffolk was there, but he I think was deranged, as most of the Howards are; but he did not bring his mad work called "*Musarum Deliciæ*, ideas supposed to be written two thousand years ago by an Asiatic Poet," though I am glad to say he quoted largely from it to all whom he accosted, and thereby added greatly to the hilarity of the evening. In fact this noble bard realized to the full his own frenzied description of a beau, and I think I heard that profane wag Wharton pointing him out to half-a-dozen women, and citing his own grotesque verses descriptive of that wondrous creature called a fop. They ran something in this way, and I print them that they may be preserved, for I fear none of his Lordship's works will ever reach "Prince Posterity."

Adorned with silks and a huge flaunting wig,
 He proudly tramps and looks most vastly big;
 Struts like an actor on the Gallic stage,
 And boasts himself example of the age,
 Though by his leave there should a difference be
 Betwixt rude fops and these of high degree.
 A lord in rich embroidery may shine,
 Which for a ninny would be much too fine.
 Yet let the saucy fop gold laces wear,
 On him they will but tinsel-like appear.
 And as the learned Erasmus says, an ape
 An ape will be, though tissue clothe his shape;
 So Hewett for the beau may garments frame,
 The value of his mind is still the same.

Lord Macclesfield came up especially from Staffordshire and figured among the party. He had been found guilty of the grossest corruption, fined £30,000 and his name erased, by the King himself, from the list of Privy Counsellors; but what was that? It had been popularly said at his trial before the House of Lords, that the county

of Stafford had produced the three greatest rogues and scoundrels of the age, Jack Sheppard, Jonathan Wilde, and Lord Macclesfield; but what was that? A flea bite, nothing more. Did it exclude him from fashionable society? Oh, dear no! There he was, with plenty of money, a peerage, and I don't know what; certainly with plenty of people ready and willing to flatter him as another Cato of Utica, a Socrates wrongfully accused by Anytus, an Aristides who was ostracised only because he was so just. Lord Chief Justice Raymond, who was ready to hang any man at the bidding of Walpole or the Bishops, was there also, and a brave and noble magistrate he was. Any one who looked into his eyes could see that they were intense with roguery, sneaking, meanness, and servility; but what of that? He was Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and so, good reader, if that thou canst read, I have no doubt the wise public thought he was infallible, and he himself believed he was an archangel. But the curse of God fell upon him, as it usually does upon gentlemen of his order, and after accumulating wealth all his life by the basest means, and gaining his title by the most degrading arts, he left both to his son, who dying without issue, the peerage became extinct, and what remained of the money went to the dogs.

There was Lord King, the son of a salter in Exeter, who even then exhibited marks of the paralysis under which he subsequently died, and who bored everybody with his absurd notions, which were as shallow as a rain puddle, and not a bit more agreeable; but he eat and drank on them, as if he thought he could cheat the devil after a life of chicanery, by a finale of fanaticism;—and there was George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, who ran into the opposite extreme and was said to have written a poem on the crucifixion, in Hudibrastic verses, in which the narratives of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John were pleasantly traves-

tied *a la Scarron*. This noble lord took especial delight in hunting poor King and Dismal about like their shadows, and disgorging within their hearing some of the gay, licentious, airy blasphemies which were so fashionable a sport in the gallant era of Charles Stuart, the second of that name, King of England, France, and Ireland, and strenuous Defender of the Christian Faith. There was the Earl of Peterborough, who made you think of a comet, or a fire-work, or a quill stuck full of mercury, so wild, erratic, and eccentric were all his proceedings, and I remember well that one of his jests on this occasion was pinning the wig of His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury to the wig of that right reverend Father in God, the Lord Bishop of London, as these two holy men sat discussing the question of a pension on the Irish establishment, for one of the King's cast-off mistresses; and when they rose and moved in opposite directions great was their dismay at finding that they unwigged each other.

There was Charles Howard, Earl of Carlisle, Governor and Captain of Windsor Castle, with the cock-up nose and maudlin eye of all that breed; and Kitty Sedley, Duchess of Buckinghamshire, who fancied herself the off-shoot of King James the Second. There was Tom Paget, who was certainly insane, and Jack Hervey, whom Pope immortalized as Fanny, Sporus, and I know not what else. He wore his gold key as Vice Chamberlain to Her Majesty, and talked smut to all the ladies of rank, so that I think the old Duchess of Marlborough was not far from the mark when she called him "the most wretched profligate man that ever was born, besides ridiculous, a painted face, and not a tooth in his head"—or a truth in his heart, she might have added. There was the Earl of Gainsborough, who had just won a large wager by riding naked on a cow through a village, to the great edification of his tenantry and acquaintances, but not at all to his damage in high-

born society, or with the fair, fine women of the fashion; and there was Frances Thynne, Duchess of Somerset, a short-nosed, swarthy, ugly woman, who thought herself a poetess, and delighted to be drawn with a basket of flowers, a shepherdess's crook, a crescent like Diana, or any thing else absurd, extravagant, and as she supposed, romantic and ideal. There was the Duke of Newcastle, better known as Tom Empty, and the Earl of Northington, who spoke the language of a costermonger; and would no more use a decent word when he could find an indecent one to express his thoughts, than he would have gone to prayers on Sunday, or abstained from any of his usual vices at the request of a parson who wanted a living, and so desired to appear sanctimonious. There was the Duke of St. Albans, one of the weakest of men, and the Duke of Manchester, one of the meanest. That blundering blockhead Lord Falmouth; Lord Pembroke, who could scarcely write his own name, and could certainly not read anybody else's; and Lady Archibald Hamilton, who had an unmentionable place about the palace, and filled Carlton House with so many Scotch cousins that whenever Lord Chesterfield met any one there whom he did not know, he bowed and said, "Your humble servant, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton." But is it necessary to give a catalogue of these noble and illustrious persons? I think not. I leave it to the man who makes up the fashionable column for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, so called in irony, because I believe no gentleman yet ever had any thing to do with it.

The conversation of these high-bred and accomplished persons of quality had all the wit, humor, and variety which might be expected from their antecedents. The politicians in place got together, and devised traps for the opposition out of place; the bishops consulted about their next fat dinner and jollification in mulled claret; the lawyers considered what truckling course was most likely to advance

them a step in the peerage, or get sinecures for their sons, or commissions in the army or navy for their daughters. The simple noblemen conferred about getting their wives pensioned on the Irish establishment, which was then the general receptacle of all the infamous who were poor, but had blood.

"By my life," quoth Lord A—— to the Earl of B——, "your lordship is looking young again. You seem to have renewed your youth like the eagles, and no one rejoices more than I do at the manifest improvement in your health."

"I am honored," replied the Earl, "by your lordship's good wishes, and I certainly am glad to say that I have not felt better for the last twenty years. I am pleased also that I can return the compliment, for your lordship never looked more vigorous."

Now the real thought in Lord A.'s heart was this, though he did not choose to express it, but I could see it, for I read it in his eyes."

"Here is that loathsome old voluptuary B. How absurdly the fellow is dressed up. He apes the fashion of youth, and no doubt fancies that he exhibits all the graces of an Adonis, and is equally irresistible with the women, while he is in fact uglier than Silenus himself. I must tell the old booby I am glad, for his wines are excellent, and his cook one of the best."

And the real answer that Earl B. ought to have made was this, for no man knew the value and sincerity of Lord A.'s friendship better than he did.

"This sneaking sponge is scheming for an invitation to one of my little suppers, and I suppose I must ask him, though he has grown so silly and decrepid of late that I half fancy he will go off in a fit at one. Faith I hope he may; it would be a funny sight to see him kick his last. He makes me think of the skeleton at the Egyptian feast,

and if he changes into one at our next meeting, I shall laugh heartily."

"Ah! my dear Tom," says Lord C. to the Marquis of D., "how delighted I am to see you. What news?—what news? How is the little Laura?"

"Faith!" says the Marquis, "she was never better. She, and I, and Jack Bellamy, and Fanny Flirtaway had a glorious night of it last Wednesday. We all got drunk as owls. You should have seen how Jack tossed and tumbled like a posture master, till I thought the women would have fallen into fits. For my own part I laughed myself into convulsions."

"And what became of the harlequin?"

"Why after going through ten thousand evolutions, the last more absurd than the one preceding it, the wine got so completely the upper hand of him that he tumbled dead drunk under the table; we emptied all the heel taps over him, and having baptized the fellow in choice Burgundy, left him there."

"Exquisite—exquisite. The spectacle must have been one for gods. And how goes the affair with the Fornarina?"

"Why the unconscionable little Papist asks five thousand pounds down, an annuity for her parents, a present to the father confessor, and a commission in the Guards for her youngest brother."

"Oh! outrageous! Was ever heard of such insolence?"

"Certainly not, and that is the chief reason why I like her so well. I have consented to all her terms except the last."

"But if she persists on that point?"

"Pooh—pooh! she can't persist. By-the-by, have you seen that ugly rat Rutland here to-night? If there is any man I hate it is that fellow."

"I have not seen him. I suppose he is your rival with the Fornarina?"

"Why, yes—yes; the ungainly coxcomb is vain enough to aspire to her; but she laughs at him in the drollest way, and throws me almost into hysterics by her mimicry of his absurd grimaces. Only fancy, the fellow vows that he will leave his lawful wife and go abroad with the Fornarina, offering her a cottage and himself by the Lake of Como. She is willing enough to take the first, but the last is worse than a bolus, and so Rutland is in despair."

"And what does his wife say?"

"Why, like a sensible woman, she consoles herself with Lord Strut, and lets her liege lord blazon his folly as widely as he likes."

Here the object of this amicable conference, Rutland himself, suddenly appeared—a tall, ugly, thin man, resplendent with the blue ribbon of the most noble order of the garter. As he approached our witty acquaintances the faces of both brightened with the most loving expression of refined friendship, and the honorable marquis, who had just called him "a rat," and so cordially avowed his hatred, ran up to him, and shaking him by the hand cried out—

"My dear duke, I am enchanted to see you here. How is the charming duchess? I cannot tell you how disappointed I was at not meeting you t'other day at Court."

CHAPTER VII.

BUT I grow tired of this high life. True, it was the Elysian Garden of Lady Mary, as it is of all such people. Her husband used her as he used his parties, simply to advance his own interests; but what became of either her

body or soul did not enter much into his greedy thoughts. He knew well the kind of people with whom he was living; she knew them also, but she went into this den of serpents without the slightest heed or care as to what she was doing; and he let her do so without the least compunction in his heart whether she conquered or was crushed in the detestable battle that was waged between good and evil. They met perhaps once a quarter. As a general rule my father lived wholly in town, and my lady was banished to Twickenham to do as she liked; but when the era of balls, dinners and parties was on, she was then brought to Cavendish Square, to preside over his table, and play the amiable hostess; after which she was again scornfully dismissed to the banks of the Thames; living there on a stated allowance; saving out of her sister's annuity; and doing the duty of an obedient drudge; for resistance or rebellion against Mr. Montagu never once seems to have entered into her thoughts. Not that she wanted the will. No, by the gods! that woman dared not. He held her by some invisible iron chain. He was the master of her soul, the despot of her destiny; and though she absolutely loathed him, she trembled at his very name. He himself vegetated in London on fifty or sixty pounds a year, and never wrote to her, or seemed even to think that such a person existed, except when quarter day came, and then he was painfully reminded of her vitality. I often wonder whether he hated or despised her most; but I think the latter was his predominant feeling.

Figure to yourself, this clever, handsome, passionate woman, whom all other mortals of the male sex courted, and all other goddesses of the female sex envied, thus flung carelessly upon the world; and if you can fancy the boiling pit of Tartarus, with ten million conflicting damned souls, you can then form some idea of the seething cauldron of her heart. I don't say it was right in my father to treat

his wife so, but he had his own reasons, and he was no fool. I have no doubt he acted on the firmest conviction that he was behaving properly; and he was one of those snake-blooded people who do not make up their minds to an energetic course until after a long series of dubitations, but who when they *are* resolved are as inflexible as cold steel.

These meetings were like the clash of two ice-bergs; they parted without, on his side, even the decency of a farewell; though my lady always kept up appearances, and smiled and shook hands with apparent fervor, which did not deceive her lord, though I suppose she vainly hoped it would. He never even affected to look her in the face, but shunned her gaze as if it were something odious and repulsive. Yet she complained not. She did not venture even to remonstrate. In my own opinion he would have acted much more mercifully if he had racked or bowstrung her at once, according to approved Eastern fashion; but our rascally laws prevent this course—and why? Why, that we may torment our women to death, and make their entire lives a hell upon earth, instead of disposing of them quickly, which is the benevolent Turkish mode. Such favorites are women with the laws of England; such cruel powers are given to their husbands in that favored land.

I have described one scene with Congreve, the nature of which the wise may conjecture. We saw little of him after that. He got tired of what appeared to be a vain pursuit, and took up with the mad Duchess of Marlborough, who had her father's hot blood, without one particle of the cool judgment which guided or restrained it. To her he left his fortune, while his near relations starved in Staffordshire. Let me now paint another, and the last of these meetings which I mean to describe. It was with Pope, who still persisted in his folly, notwithstanding the repulse of his dear friend. The world has often asked itself the

cause of these terrible feuds which afterwards raged so violently between Lady Mary and the moral bard? Many suspected, many invented, none knew. But it shall be no longer ignorant. I was an accidental witness of the thing, and here it is developed and detailed.

Suppose yourself at Twickenham, O reader of a future century, in the golden autumn of 1724. We inhabit a pretty villa by the river side; the swans are sailing up and down; the silver clouds float lazily over the blue arch; the sun is bright with eastern splendor; the air is balmy with the breath of flowers. My father is, as usual, in London; he has not seen my mother for I know not how many days, or weeks, or perhaps months, though she has incessantly sought him in Cavendish Square. Pope has written her an enraptured letter, and has promised us the distinguished honor of a visit. My lady is in her best brocade, awaiting him in the garden, and I am playing with some china monsters in a room that overlooks the sparkling river. Suddenly I see a small, distorted man, with a lean, haggard, monkey face, blearing eyes, scarcely any hair, a thin, straight nose, and coarse mouth, striding with a long and splay foot up the walk; his back is bent, his body crooked, his fingers long and like a vulture's claws, his smile satirical, hollow, and sardonic, and his whole appearance that of an obscene bird of ill omen. He is dressed in a black velvet suit, and leans on a gold-headed cane. This is Alexander Pope, the great laureate of the fashionable world, the Horace of the eighteenth century, the ape-Apollo of the fair and frivolous.

My lady went to meet him, and received him with an easy grace. He bowed with all the air of a polished courier of the highest fashion; his hat was in his hand, his head bent, and his eyes expressed respect and deference. A faint smile passed over his pale features, and after a brief parley they approached the room where I was playing.

Suddenly, by some mischance, I tumbled over one of my lady's most beloved monsters; the image fell, and the head was knocked off. I almost heard the footsteps at the door. Dreading a scene such as I had more than once witnessed, and a well-boxed pair of ears, such as I had more than once felt, I picked up the broken china, and, with a heart beating quickly, took refuge behind a painted screen, which masked one of my lady's favorite corners. Scarcely had I ensconced myself than the door opened, and Lady Mary, accompanied by the cringing, flattering dwarf, whom all England delighted to honor, made her appearance. He had evidently squeezed her hand, or made some other overture, for I could see her face was more suffused than usual. He led her to a sofa, and seated himself beside her. He was silent for a few moments, and then began as follows, in a low and deep voice, which bore at least the sound of earnestness. I could see and hear from my nook; the scene impressed itself indelibly on my mind. Even then I began to look with hatred on the sickening little troll, with all his rhyming art.

"Not written, or sent, or visited," says the gentleman. "What can possibly detain him? Why is he blind to the brightest sun?"

"I suppose he is no worse than all your statesmen and politicians," answered my lady. "I scarcely ever yet knew one of them that was not an owl. They are so wrapped up in their own little dark plots that they can see nothing else in the world."

"Then it is your ladyship's opinion that love has taken refuge with poets alone?" said Pope, after a brief pause.

"I have scarcely any opinion," answered she, "about what does not exist."

"What," cries the other, "do I live to hear the most beautiful woman in England negative the existence of the universal passion?"

"I have found it a universal fable," answered she; "I have heard much of the thing, but have never seen it in actual life. I have read of it, I have been told of it—nay, why should I deny that it has even been professed to myself, with many an ardent oath; but I know that they who were most loud in their declarations sought simply their own amusement, or to indulge their vanity. I could read selfishness in their eyes, and see the hollowness of their false hearts, though they thought I could not."

"Your ladyship should not judge of all mankind," says Pope, "by such specimens of it as you saw at Paris or Vienna. There are men who truly love, and who would devote the whole of their existence to her whom they adore."

The lying pigmy! How came he to know this? Certainly not from within.

"Are there?" said my lady. "What a pity it is that they are not exhibited! The whole female world would flock to see that wonder of wonders—a faithful lover."

A faint blush passed over the sickly features of the poet. He then resumed. I could see my lady play with him as a cat plays with a mouse.

"I know a man," said he, "who loves, and loves devotedly. The woman he worships is the pride and glory of her sex. She is more beautiful than this splendid scene of stream and wood on which we now gaze; she is more bright than the sky lit with sunshine. Her wit is like the diamond; her manners enchant; her smile, her thoughts, her words are music. Unfortunately for him, another owns her, who prizes her not at all, and she has never yet given her admirer more than soft words, and, perhaps, at times a look on which he lives. Yet this man—will you tell me that he does not love?"

My lady looked at the absurd dwarf. She knew well whom and what he meant, but she remembered that she

was a duke's daughter, and that it was a linen-draper's son who ventured to talk in this mad way. She had amused herself with his folly, and played with him—poor wriggling trout—until he was fairly hooked, and thought himself secure of the gilded fly. It was a fine thing, a polite thing—and this woman was a subtle deviser—to have Alexander Pope celebrating her in prose and poetry, dangling in her train, and telling the world how beautiful, and great, and wise she was. It was convenient to use him as her flying newsman, to extend her praises, and make her loving friends grow pale with envy. But this was all my lady ever contemplated from him. Had he been a handsome lord! Well! She never dreamed the poet was so selfish as to demand a *quid pro quo* for all this fine sentiment. She now looked at him with the air of a vestal, as if she was unable to comprehend how any man could love a married woman; as if she had not that very day penned to Lady Pomfret a letter all profligacy and scandal; but her air did not deceive her companion, who was as quick and keen as a weasel or a ferret, and, indeed, at this moment he gave me a vivid idea of one or both. For I began to hate him, with a child's passion. I could feel my blood boil, and my veins throb. I longed to rush out and brain him with the broken monster, which, by the way, seemed much handsomer than this enamored minstrel.

"How can this wretch," I thought, "dare to talk in this way in my presence? Am I not her son—her guardian?"

I forgot that I was an infant, and unseen.

"And who," inquired my lady, "may this wonderful man be?"

"You see him before you," answered the poet, in a low, deep tone, and with an earnest look, that had all the appearance of reality—the devil under an angel's semblance.

"Lor! bless me!" she answered, "I never should have

thought it. I supposed that Swift and Fermor, your grotto and the muses, were all you cared for."

"Ah," said he, "you do not know my heart. Would that you did!"

But Lady Mary knew it well. She had seen into the little dirty nook; she had probed its inmost depths; she saw vanity, falsehood, scorn, and selfishness in that deep, hollow cavern, which the poet now pretended was all her own; she knew that all he was telling or had told her was a lie, gotten by heart, and repeated to half a score of silly, pretty women by this Devil on Two Sticks of a bard.

"You talk," said he, "of Swift, as if there could be any real sympathy between that misanthropist and myself. You speak of Fermor, but she thinks only of Lord Petre, who is but half a man; of the muses, but I care not for them; of my grotto, but I find no pleasure in it.

"Ah, friend! 'tis true, this truth you lovers know,
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow,
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes,
Of hanging mountains and of sloping greens;
Joy lives not here; to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes."

The hateful little hatter murmured this in a way irresistibly comical. I have no doubt he thought it would be pathetic in the extreme; but Lucretia was not more insensible to the name of Tarquin than Lady Mary was to the raptures of her misshapen admirer. She affected to listen with surprise, and still to wonder who he meant. The bard took hope. He had ventured thus far, and had not been brained with her ladyship's fan, or given over to the kicks of John Footman.

"Charming Lady Mary," he cried, "can you, indeed, be ignorant of her who is the bright morning star of my heart and love; on whom my thoughts and feelings have dwelled for years; who came before me like a radiant vision of youth in the dark Hades of London life, and filled me with

her presence like a splendor? Oh! how I have loved you, and longed to tell you so—dreamed of you when you were afar off; lived upon your image; panted to behold you once again, and to pour forth the passion of my life. Your portrait by Kneller, which I have hung up opposite to where I always sit, is but a poor substitute for her whom I adore. Give me but your heart, and believe me to be wholly yours.”

And the writhing imp absolutely fell on his knees before her.

But here an event happened, the most unromantic possible. The little man was never vigorous; he was at this time weak in health and feeble about the knees, though he professed love like Hercules himself. As he slipped gracefully to the fair feet of his princess, he fell on the floor and sprawled before her in the most undignified manner. He even rolled. It was as if Nemesis had knocked the lying little baboon on the head in pure spite. This was too much for Lady Mary. That keen sense of the ludicrous, which no woman ever possessed in greater perfection, was immediately called into play. The contrast between the impassioned poet and the sprawling, rolling manikin on the carpet, who looked all confusion and mortification, appeared so striking, that she burst into a loud fit of unfeeling laughter, which sounded in Alexander's ear like his death-knell. The woman who could thus sport with his deformity he knew at once never could be his. The blood rushed to his very eyes—not red, but black, envenomed, yellow, snaky blood. He raged and writhed like a madman. He sought to scramble to his legs, in some imp-like fashion, but failed, and his appealing glance to my lady for assistance was answered only by another burst of ringing laughter. The bell sounded, a servant entered, and with ill-concealed mockery—perhaps he had been listening—lifted up the nightingale of Twickenham. No word did

he speak—I suppose he could not. He did not bow or look farewell; but hastened out of the room with a fury gnawing his heart. My lady's clear and silvery laugh accompanied his flight, and goaded him like a poisoned arrow. Never was a love scene ended so ridiculously. As he hobbled down the garden, he could hear her singing,

“Cease, fond shepherd, cease desiring
 What you never can enjoy;
She derides your vain aspiring,
 She to all your sex is coy.
Cunning Damon once pursued her,
 Yet she never would incline;
Strephon, too, as vainly wooed her,
 Though his flocks are more than thine.”

And here her silvery scornful laughter rang again.

Pope turned round; there was a grinning devil in his face.

“Woman!” he cried out, “vile, heartless, deceitful! You shall rue this to the end of time. I will cover your name with ignominy; I will unmask your profligacy before the world. What! *you*, the woman of the seraglio, the jest of Wharton, the deceiver of your husband, the plunderer of Ruremonde, the gambler on the Exchange, with every foul conceit abiding in your heart, vicious as a Roman empress, corrupt in every thought that passes through your brain—think you that I did not know you as you are? Yea, I did, indeed; and so shall the world see.” And, shaking his fist, he turned round, while Lady Mary still laughed; but her mirth now seemed hollow and feigned.

And now all was over between this amiable pair. They never again met as friends, but always as deadly enemies, each bent as if on the ruin of the other. The poet lampooned the lady; the angry fair one libelled the poet. Pope invented lies and gave them circulation. My mother was equally fertile in calumny and cunning. Both parties were to blame; he, for laboring as he had, to withdraw a

wedded dame from her loyalty ; she for even appearing to encourage his base pursuits. An accident had foiled him, and perhaps preserved her, for the moment, at least, from *him*. The labors of years had vanished in a trice. For any one who has read his letters to Lady Mary, written while she was abroad, and after her return home, can have but one feeling, and that must be of mingled scorn and disgust for this puling hunch-back, who omitted no art of flattery or insinuation to debauch her heart and poison her mind, and make her an easy prey to his advances. I have read them over and over again, as they have been copied into one of her note-books ; and at each perusal my heart was fire. Had I been able at this moment, pitiless for his discomfiture, I could have torn him in pieces. But I was so thunderstruck at the scene that I was speechless. I suppose I made some noise, for all that I recollect next was seeing my mother stand before me, with rage in her eyes, and flame flashing out of every feature. I was covered with confusion. I pointed to the broken monster, but she evidently believed that I had deliberately concealed myself. From that moment till her death she detested me. She did not speak, she did not pause to think, but with one blow felled me to the floor.

CHAPTER VIII.

My father's house was now no more a home for me. I was sent to school, oh ! terrible reminiscence. Now began my days and nights of misery. For the silvery river, the green leasowe, the garden, wood, or bower, I was immersed in a horrid dungeon, flogged by a detestable wretch, whose name was Casey, and who as he laid the lash over my back,

grinned with a fiend's delight, till the fire leaped out of his dark eyes. Every morning regularly I was stripped to my shirt, hoisted on the back of a boy, and belabored with a cane, till my shrieks re-echoed through the long room, and I writhed in bloody agony. When I complained to my mother, I got no sympathy, but a cool assurance that if I were not so great a rascal, dunce and liar, I should fare better. I was not alone, indeed, in my misery. Our school was a field of blood. We suffered like galley-slaves under the whip, and were fiends and tyrants to one another. It was horrible to hear our cries and screams when the hour of torture came; but we might as well have attempted to melt the marble sphynx of Egypt into sympathy as this hardened cannibal, Casey, whose name I thus preserve in pickle as an example to future pedagogues.

One day, as I suppose, I had been more indolent than usual, and the master was determined to make an example of me. The fact was I was sick of my life, and I scarcely cared to learn a lesson. When I knew it well, I got no praise; when I knew it indifferently, I was mercilessly flogged. It was a lesson in English Grammar, wholly uninteresting to the mind of a boy. And I had now fed my fancy on works of imagination—"The Seven Champions of Christendom," "The History of Prince Arthur," and the marvellous adventures of "Robinson Crusoe;" so that it required something more entertaining than nouns, pronouns, or prepositions, their rise, history and use, to impress any thing about them upon my memory. Casey prepared himself for the task. He pulled up his coat-cuffs, and exposed his great heavy hands and wrists, which were not very clean. He wielded a large flexible cane, which was four feet long. I was, as usual, commanded to strip. I did so, for resistance was useless, and I was subdued and tamed into a negro's submissiveness. I was then hoisted on the back of the strongest and biggest boy in the school.

The first lash shot through my tender frame as I have seen a mighty wave leap upon a small ship, until every plank quivers with the dreadful shock, and she seems to have got her death-blow. So ran that thrill through every muscle, vein and fibre. I quivered beneath it. A fierce delight appeared to animate and nerve Casey's arm. He flogged and flogged apparently forever, until the boy on whose back I was at length flung me down, and saying he would serve no longer, escaped into a corner. I fell on the floor; Casey still struck me savagely. I clung about his legs and knees; I screamed, I implored mercy; I made a thousand promises. Frenzy seemed to seize him. He would not, or he could not cease. The whole demon was upon him.

At length I fainted; I foamed at the mouth. I remained senseless for an hour. I was subsequently told that Casey then got frightened, and bathed my head and limbs with cold water and other restoratives, but in vain. I was carried home on a litter and lay in bed for several weeks, not quite sane, as I have since heard—certainly with only a dim recollection of what I had endured. Nature took compassion on me, and dipped the horrid scene in Lethe. My mother never came near me after the first day. She said it was only what a dunce and a liar deserved, and I was left wholly to the care of servants. I verily believe she would have sent me back again when I recovered, but one of her sisters, my Aunt Evelyn, interposed; and I was rescued, almost by chance, from the fangs of this accursed wretch.

A brief interval now passed before I was again sentenced to hell. Alas! that it should have been so brief. I lingered by the sunny banks and watched the fish disporting. I wished to join them. They had no lessons, no grammar, no pedagogues among them. I did not know or think that even they had their tormentors, their Caseys in the shape of pikes. They seemed so happy in the sun that

I have often felt tempted to leap in and join in their play. Again I looked up into the sky. The birds sang; every blooming spray danced, to their delight; their whole hearts seemed bursting with ecstasy. I went over my favorite books of adventure and romance, and from their contrast with the jail from which I had been rescued, derived a novel interest. I fancied myself a hero, a knight, a prince, an enchanted wanderer in enchanted lands. What marvellous exploits I performed; what castles I besieged, what giants I slew; what royal damsels I delivered from bondage. The whole earth possessed not such a hero; the whole of Christendom resounded with my glory. I was the favorite champion of all the feeble. I was the honored guest of kings and emperors; magicians trembled at my name; the most fell enchanters owned their weakness when in my golden armor I appeared, and thundered at their brazen forts or battlements of steel. Suddenly these faerie dreams were dispelled, and I was again informed that I must prepare for school. Horror seized me. I felt like Job when that Spirit which made the hair of his flesh stand up passed before his eyes—"Fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones shake." I had five guineas in my pocket—the wealth of Cræsus to a boy—with which I immediately made a flight to Oxford. This was in 1725. I found myself in the High street. It was fair time. The place was filled with booths, puppet shows and menageries, and seemed to offer an inexhaustible source of joy. As I was gazing on these wonders, a tall youth, with a merry eye and lip, a long nose, and an arch smile, came up and said, "Hallo! Wortley, what are you doing here?"—dragged me away into one of the puppet shows. It was my cousin, Harry Fielding, then a youth, only a little older than myself, who had made a nearly similar escape from Eton, but with not so well filled a purse. We both recounted our adventures to each other,

and laughed heartily at the fancied dismay of our parents. We went from show to show, devouring ginger-bread, nuts and apples, until we were entirely gorged; Fielding drawing on me as if I were old Drummond the goldsmith, and scattering about our silver among the columbines and clowns—the former of whom he kissed and cuddled to the immense delight of the populace, while he joked with the latter in the broadest style; which produced peals of laughter from the chawbacons and their sweethearts. I think we passed the night in a round house, but we both drank so much wine that I can scarcely say with certainty. The debauch, however, was unlucky, for the constables having discovered who we were, communicated the fact to some of the dons, and we were both next day packed back to our respective houses, under the guardianship of one of the preservers of the peace, who gave us many a sage admonition on the road, to which I fear we paid no attention. My Lady Mary received me with her usual demonstration of love—a hearty flogging—I was now eleven years old—and confined me to my room on bread and water for three days, when I was removed in custody, only not handcuffed or chained, to another physician of the mind.

My new master was one Porter; he was LL.D. of some university, but I think it was Satan conferred on him his degree. He was tall, thin, and slightly gray-haired. His eye was like a piece of stone; there was a frigid light in the lower part of it which made one shudder. His mouth was hard and firm; his forehead showed self-conceit; his bearing was quick, despotic, and unfeeling. He was an accomplished man; but a most hardened scoundrel. His torture was refined; it was wholly different from Casey's. The latter was a vulgar brute, who merely tormented the body; but Porter was a subtle inquisitor; he spared your flesh, but made your heart and spirit writhe. He filled you with self-contempt, self-loathing; he looked at you as if

you were some misshapen beast; he grinned, he sneered, he curled his lip in scorn, until you felt disposed to fall on your knees, and ask the rod in mercy. Never was any wretchedness greater than that which we endured under this miscreant. We hated him, we detested ourselves; the whole world seemed one vast theatre of horror. This mental slavery was perfect in its way. I have read of a man who was put into a hollow pillar, which was gradually heated to a white glow, and the wretch expired piecemeal. In such a pillar I seemed to move and abide under this odious villain, until I quivered with affright when I heard his foot ascend the stairs, or listened to his harsh voice echo through the house. It gave me the notion of the links of a chain used only to fetter criminals, and lead them to execution. This was our classical teacher; in mathematics we were under the tuition of a fellow named Douglas, a vulpine colored knave. I hated him the moment I saw him. You will ask me why? It was not merely from a boy's impulsive instinct, but his breath stunk horribly; it was something rank, putrid, most offensive. My nerves and organs were finely constituted; this defect disgusted their delicacy, and I never could bear to go near him. Yet near him I was forced to go, and this also constituted a new and most dreadful punishment. Mathematics I hated; Euclid, algebra, arithmetic—all the horrid jargon of science were odious to me. I failed and failed, and utterly failed, until Douglas gave me up; he treated me with contempt, and telling me "I should never set the Thames on fire," he gave his worst mark, with a satirical and contumelious grin that entered into my soul. Why did he not honestly tell me that I could not learn the rubbish? Because he revelled so heartily in the suffering of others, and took such a dislike to me, from the antipathy of our two natures, that he could not bear to relinquish the power of punishment which his tutelage over me gave; and he took vengeance on me be-

cause he saw me turn away my face every time he came near and breathed balefully upon me. I would rather have borne the hardest blow at any time than have inhaled this serpent's odor. I shrank from it. He saw this. If he knew why I did so, I suppose he hated me the more; a personal defect discovered inflicts pain on the possessor of it, which he repays with an undying thirst of vengeance.

Five days in every week we were subjected to these dreadful ordeals. On the sixth day (Saturday) was our day of judgment; the marks of the whole week were then added up. We had what were called judgment books, in which all our shortcomings for all the preceding days were noted under separate heads. These were computed, and according to our approach to or retrocession from a fixed number, which was the perfect one—I think it was thirty—was our corporeal chastisement. For fancy not, O wondering reader, that bodily correction was banished from this academic grove. By no means, but it was in a different department. A man named Hamblin, who was Porter's partner in the establishment, was the executioner. Porter and Douglas, having wasted all their spite, and tormented your mind till it could endure no more, then handed you over to the hangman, who was to finish you off and dismiss you to the Sabbath-day, with a temper beautifully attuned for the Sunday lesson of charity, mildness, peace, and good-will to all men. We were paraded in a long line before Hamblin; each trembling truant with his judgment book in his hand; the minister of punishment at our head, with his long whip. Each was examined in turn, each was flogged according to his book, and then sent off with a satirical *courage, mon ami*, from the hangman, which seemed the bitterest of all. Why we did not drown, or hang, or shoot ourselves seems now a mystery to me; but it is wonderful what an amount of suffering boys will endure before they finally rebel.

All my days during this period were days of misery. Night brought me no repose. I slept in a long attic all alone, and soon discovered from the servants' talk that the house was haunted. They had the most curious tales of horror. I listened to these till my blood ran cold, and I could feel it like a frozen rivulet in my heart. Hamblin's wife had a mark under her left eye, a slight mark, like a scar, and when you looked at it but for a second, she winced under your glance as if in dread. I once asked the girl who most usually attended me what it was, and heard as follows:

"Misses's father was, they say, a parson somewhere in the north, and though one of the cloth, was as bad a man as the country held. He was covetous, too, like all parsons, and always greedy after money; so that some folks did say he was ready to sell his soul to the devil for pelf; but for my part, I do not believe that the devil is fool enough to give money for any mortal souls, when he can get so many on 'em for nothing. However this may be, there was a kitchen garden attached to his glebe house, and this garden, like a grasping old huncks as he was, he began to extend from time to time into the churchyard, which was one of great extent, and when the horses were ploughing it up they disturbed the bones, and smashed in the coffins, and broke the skulls, and knocked the dead about in the most shameful manner. And his wife, misses's mother, wept sorely, and did all she could to change the avaricious old brute; but he went on, heedless of God or man, encroaching more and more every year on the place devoted to the dead, and his eldest daughter, Mrs. Hamblin, who was most like himself, backed him up, and abused her mother, who died at last of vexation and affright. Well, when the turnips or parsnips were brought to table, they used to be full of human teeth and bits of bones, and they say the celery and cucumbers dropped blood; and at last

no one would eat, nor would any neighbor buy any thing grown in the field, and the parson got almost mad, and his daughter told him to gather up all the bones and fragments, and have them burned or thrown into the river, and then all would go well. So the parson employed a lot of men to grub 'em up, and they were cast, without a sigh, or prayer, or blessing, into the river; and that very night, as the daughter was lying in bed, an old lady rustling all in rich silks came into her bedroom, and looking proudly and fiercely at her, flung something which hit her straight under the eye. Then the old lady laughed, and misses immediately jumped up and screamed out, and the whole house was alarmed; and she told them what had happened, and the parson began to curse and swear, and said he would send the old lady to the Red Sea, and he ordered every one out of the bedroom. But from that night to the present time misses has lost the sight of that very eye, and they say wherever she goes the spirits follow her, and don't let her sleep in her bed, but are always worrying her; but how that may be no one but herself and her husband knows; but for my part I believe that nothing goes right here after midnight, and I have often thought of running away and drowning myself at the things I hear and see."

This story set me half mad. I remember well the day after the first night I heard it. I ran home in a frenzy; I rushed into my mother's presence, I fell on my knees, and pathetically implored her to take me home, or send me to another school, before I should go wholly mad, or fling away my life in disgust. My lady coolly rang for a servant, and I was conveyed back in disgrace and bondage, where a hearty thrashing awaited and rewarded me. I was then paraded before the boys, and crowned with a large goat's head and horns; on my back was pinned a paper with these words, "Liar! Coward!" and was stuck upon a stool in the most conspicuous corner of the school-room,

and remained the centre-piece of mockery and laughter, and I suppose contempt, for the remainder of the day. My heart was almost throbbless, but my brain burned like red hot embers, and a flood of hatred of life, mankind, God, my parents, my country, and every conceivable object, rushed through my entire being, drenching it with livid bitterness. I remember that day still. It was the first of disgrace I had endured. Torture and punishment I had hitherto bore without repining; indeed, I had grown vain of my back, which was perfectly callous and horny from repeated floggings, and half defied the cane of Hamblin. But this stigma now branded on me seemed indelible, and I was mad with rage and suffering.

The night that followed that day—shall it ever pass out of my mind? I was locked up in my attic, supperless and wretched. As I lay on my hard bed, I heard two deep-drawn sighs that sounded quite close to my pillow. An electric chill passed through me; I felt as if a hand of death, cold, colder than ice, was drawn over my face. I covered my head up in the quilt, I trembled, I screamed in agony; but my screams were inaudible. I seemed as if enveloped in a cloud, out of which no sound could penetrate. Darkness palpable was around me, but I could see it illuminated as if by pale light. Then a gaunt shape, all bones, with an enormous head, stood right over me, and looked out of the threatening eyes with all the force of hell and hate. I swooned, and when I woke to consciousness, found myself in the arms of the friendly domestic, who had already narrated to me some of her own experiences of this loathed mansion. She bathed my head, she soothed me with her hand, she spoke words of comfort, but I heard them not. Only a confused vision of home, and grinning eyes, and bloodless phantoms, seemed to roll in clouds before my mind's vision; but at last she lulled me into forgetfulness by a low, wild plaintive song; the

Hervey, but I did not then have the honor of his acquaintance. She looked, methought, into the very place where I was hiding; if she saw me, she took no notice of the runaway, but laughed and smiled upon her companion, who was blazing with finery, but had a languid, effeminate air, which filled me with utter scorn for the fopling. My tongue was silent, but I could feel as if my heart grew ice in her presence; I did not curse her, but I felt hatred. As to my father, I thought of him not. He had never treated or even looked at me as his son; to me his face was cold and hard; he had invariably repelled me whenever I approached him. From the first moment that I can remember we have been strangers, perhaps foes. What was there between him and me that I should seek him now?

Hitherto I had not once faltered. I now grew very faint with hunger. I looked around me and began to feel afraid. I was alone in wide London. There was no friendly home to welcome me; no warm hand to clasp mine and lead me to a shelter. Every one I saw pass by seemed to scrutinize me with curious gaze. I looked up to heaven and saw the stars, and wished to be among them. "They," I thought, "would be my friends. They are so bright, so glorious, so beneficent, they would receive and shelter me. Oh! that I could fly away to them forever. How shall I get food? I have no money to buy it—nobody seems to offer it me? Any one can see that I am hungry, and almost dead, yet no one offers to take me in. Yet one thing is clear—I shall see no ghost to-night; I shall hear no whisper from hell murmured into my ear; I shall feel no hand of Satan laid across my heart. If I wake in the morning somewhere—if ever I do wake, I shall escape a flogging and a fool's cap, and the jeers and gibes of Lane and Bennett." These were two wretches in the school who had singled me out for persecution; and added to my other torments by perpetual irritation and petty annoyance. I often felt as if I

could poignard them, but they were big, coarse boys, and a blow from either has frequently stunned me for even minutes.

While I was thus musing, a sigh or two, I suppose, escaped me. I certainly felt sorrowful enough. A hundred anxious thoughts ran through my soul. The full danger of my situation now for the first time occurred to me. I was accosted by a short, stout man, with a very square, full face, a round chin, deep, dark eyes of the most earnest expression, his own black hair, a plain brown suit, and a fine cravat, tied very loosely round his neck. He leaned on a thick walking-stick with a massive gold head. His presence was assuring, and his smile had something of a charm in it—the magic of a quick benevolence. He looked at me for some time before he spoke, as if meditating how he should begin, but he finally came up to me, and with a rich Irish accent, that was not destitute of soft melody, thus addressed me :

“How now, youngster, in the fine coat—what are you doing here at this time of night? Waiting for your mistress, eh?”

I was startled, but I had plenty of courage, so I said :

“Not waiting for a mistress, for here is no need to wait, when they pass up and down in such numbers; but wondering what I shall do with myself.”

“You are very difficult to please, I suppose, that you hesitate so much. But if you take my counsel, you will go home to your mother, and get your supper, unless, indeed, you prefer a rheumatism.”

“I like one part of your counsel, but not the other.”

“And pray which part, young gentleman, may that be?”

“That which counsels a supper, I approve; that which recommends home, I disapprove.”

“Upon my word you are a pretty youth, and I suppose

you are now hesitating between Burgundy or Champagne, Will's or Button's?"

"I never heard of either, old gentleman, but I feel hungry."

"Then step with me to the next tavern, and order what you will. I should like to sup with a youngster of your spirit."

"And pray, sir, who may you be that thus accost me, and invite yourself so freely?"

"Well, I am called by my friends Dick Steele, by my creditors Sir Richard Steele, by the literary world Steele the Scribbler. Which do you like best?"

"The first, certainly; so let us go."

"And now, sir, that I have answered your bold question, may I take the respectful liberty of asking from which of the planets you have dropped? You don't seem to know much of London, to be ignorant of Will's and Button's."

"Sir Richard Steele, that is a question I won't answer; so go your ways."

"Well, I shan't press you; but come with me; you seem a rare lad, and I should like half-an-hour's chat with you."

We entered the first tavern we saw. My host, for so he appeared to be, ordered a splendid supper, but asked me no more questions, for he saw that I was not disposed to be communicative, and he was too fine a gentleman to press me for my secret. He enjoyed the relish with which I evidently discussed the various delicacies, and entertained me with agreeable discourse, speaking to me all the time as if I were his equal in every respect, and making me laugh by his whimsical, deep, yet witty observations on all around us. He quickly put me into the most perfect good humor with myself and all the world, and I felt half tempted to tell who I was. An accident saved me. Just

as I was on the point of opening my heart, one of the drawers came up, and said :

"Sir Richard, here is a note from Mr. Montagu; he wishes to see you as soon as possible."

"Ah! Ned Montagu," says Sir Richard; "I wonder what mare's nest he has now found that he wants me so speedily. But I shall see him to-morrow. Meanwhile, young gentleman, what ails you?"

"Nothing; I was only thinking where I should get a bed."

"Now, by all the gods and goddesses of Olympus, thou art a perfectly unaccountable and mysterious youth. Why can you not sleep here, if you won't go home? Or why can't you fly back to Mercury, from which I suppose you fell?"

"Simply because the inns in Mercury are closed for the night, and I don't possess a farthing to pay for one here."

"Then, my boy, you shall come home to my house, and stay with me as long as you please; or at all events until you go back to your mother, or Mercury, or wherever else you have escaped from."

"Then I fear I shall remain for some time, as I don't feel inclined to go back at all."

"With all my heart, with all my heart; and, boy, you shall be welcome to all I can supply—welcome as my own flesh and blood. Here, drawer, discharge the reckoning."

And flinging a guinea to the man, he rose up. When he had received his change, we got into the street. Two dogged-looking fellows were lurking outside the door, and immediately came up.

"Sir Richard, I beg your pardon, but you are wanted."

"Am I, indeed? Tell your master I can't come."

"My master is the sheriff, Sir Richard, and he will take no refusal."

"At whose suit is this new invitation?"

"Flounce, your tailor, Sir Richard. The debt is—"

"Pooh, never mind." And he sighed. "Well, I suppose I must go. But, young gentleman, as you can't go home with me, for the sheriff of Middlesex wants me on pressing business, I suppose you need a couple of guineas. Would that they were twenty."

And he gave them to me, while they took him away.

I scarcely now remember whether I then knew the full meaning of all this. The impression at the time on my mind was one of deep gratitude to this unknown friend, who had thus, almost by miracle, dropped on me from Heaven, and saved me from famishing. Why was he thus compelled to leave me? to depart in the company of those two bold, shabby-looking fellows, who seemed strange lacqueys from the sheriff of Middlesex. A couple of link boys standing near, and who had seen the occurrence, soon enlightened me.

"Ah, there he goes," says one, "for the five hundredth time nabbed by the bloodhounds—the merriest man in England, and the most open-hearted. His wife will miss him for some days."

"Aye," says the other, "and I am sure he regrets it more for her sake than his own. He is a noble fellow. You remember Jack Hall. Well, when he was run over by that infernal old rogue Montagu, who has twenty millions of gold in the Bank of England, Sir Richard never ceased, night nor day, till he made him give twenty pounds to his mother, and got a promise from him that when the boy was well he would apprentice him to some trade where his hurt limb would not interfere with his calling, for he could flash a link no more."

"Aye, and that was not the only fine thing he did. There was Tom Brown——"

But here they walked on, and I heard no more. I could almost cry; but where was the good of that? I returned

to the inn and ordered a bed. But I never saw Sir Richard Steele again. He died soon after.

When I rose in the morning I scarcely knew how I should act. I was determined to seek my fortune, and go in quest of adventures. I had read "Gil Blas" in French at school, and thought I should do as well as him. The shifting variety of scenes, and circumstances, and characters; the independence, the wild gayety, the change of place and condition, fascinated me. Why should not my life also be a romance? Why should it not be narrated by some future Le Sage? Or should I go to sea, and like Robinson Crusoe find myself the monarch of some Paradise Island in the Southern Ocean, where all was sunshine and repose? Any thing was preferable to home, and school, and the cane, and the sneers and sarcasms, and the phantoms. Now that they had begun, I felt certain if I once got back again, they would haunt me forever—perhaps bear me away body and soul into perdition, and leave no trace of me behind. But whatever I did, I must resolve on straight. I was only twenty miles from my tyrants; I was not quite twelve from my mother and her myrmidons. Both would soon, no doubt, be after me, and further and more extended flight was absolutely necessary. After breakfast I left the tavern, and proceeded along the streets until I got into the high road at the other side of the Thames.

CHAPTER IX.

I now discovered that I could do nothing until I got rid of my fine clothes. I had a predilection for a vagrant life, and I resolved to gratify it. A hundred different projects crossed my mind. Should I be a soldier?—for that I was

too young; a sailor?—for that I was not big or strong enough; and though I canvassed the advantages of being a cabin boy, the ills and necessities to which it would subject me seemed to more than counterbalance the rollicking freedom which it promised. I did not much care for the toil or hardship, and I was charmed by the quick variety and change of scene into which it would lead me; but I did not like the notion of cleaning the sailors' shoes or washing up their dirty dishes. An errand boy did not promise variety enough, nor a link boy present security; for though I had half made up my mind to figure in this last-named disguise, I luckily recollected in time that as my avocations would necessarily lead me into fashionable society, I should there run the most extreme daily risk of being discovered and dragged home with ignominy. I never asked myself why it was absolutely necessary that I should be any thing but what I was; but took it for granted that it was my kismet or destiny, as the orientals call it, and obeyed unerring instinct. Of one thing I was sure, that as at home I was detested and despised, and at school flogged into fits, any condition of life was better than either of these; and as I had too much of my father's practical prosaic spirit to fling myself into the Thames, so I had enough of my mother's errant blood to drive me into odd adventures, which had, in the distance, a vague, indistinct, shadowy charm for my wandering imagination.

I once meditated a good deal upon the advisability of joining some strolling players. Here would be a variety of adventure, quite enough, I thought, to gratify my ardent longings. But on reflection I dismissed the notion. I saw no prospect of the pleasure that I desired. I was a mere stripling, and could, of course, be of histrionic use only on the rarest occasions. The fine gilded dresses and waving feathers which appeared so captivating in the distance would be forbidden fruit to me until I was some

years older, and I should also be a dependent, and wholly devoid of that wild freedom for which I panted. On full consideration it seemed to me that the business of a chimney sweep was that for which I was best suited, and which also promised the most agreeable incidents. I thought what a fine thing it would be to go from house to house, and from room to room; to-day in a nobleman's palace, to-morrow in a cobbler's lodging; this hour penetrating the interior of some old manor house, full of quaint passages and secret recesses, every one of which concealed a romance; and the next strolling into the country, and diving through the ivied walls of some rustic cot, surrounded by trees and green fields, or gazing over the wide expanse from the highest summit of some lordly castle of the feudal time. The curious in metaphysics may inquire how or why it was that I, with all my patrician blood, had these vulgar notions? I have never examined into the reason myself. It was odd, but it is true. If I were disposed to search into it, vanity would no doubt come to my aid, and I should liken myself to the glorious Caliph Harun al Raschid, who, though commander of the East, and lord of all the beauty and the splendor of his imperial post, was never more happy than when, disguised as a merchant or a slave, he strolled with his faithful Giaffar through the streets of Bagdad, and in its manifold phases of human existence forgot the cares of empire, the demands of domestic duty, and the supposed instincts of royal blood. But the truth is that these same notions about royal or noble blood are all arrant nonsense. There is no instinct after truly great or noble things necessarily among people of high descent. On the contrary, my observation of them, and I have seen them all *intus et in curte*, has convinced me that, as a general rule, the higher we ascend in the social scale the more base and ignoble is the taste. "The only steps to the favor of the Great," writes Pope to Gay, (and the

little monkey well knew it, having passed through all,) "are such complacencies, such compliances, such distant decorums, as delude them in their vanities, or engage them in their passions. *He is their greatest favorite who is the falsest*; and when a man by such vile gradations arrives at the height of grandeur and power, he is then at best but in a circumstance to be hated, and in a condition to be hanged for serving their ends." So many a minister has found it! I know half a dozen dukes and marquises, who spend all their lives in the cock-pit; and in bear-baiting, bull-dog fighting, boxing, and rat-catching, find the true Elysium of existence. I know a dozen earls and lords who roam from gaming-table to gaming-table, cursing, drinking, swearing, and talking smut with infinitely more gusto than I ever heard among the lowest members of the mob. I know scores and scores of viscounts, barons, and members of Parliament, who have no ideas beyond ale tankards and pipes, and who spend their lives in dirty little amours, and fancy that Paradise means this and nothing more. All these people are of ancient descent, and baronial pedigree, and have genealogies and rent-rolls, picture galleries, and muniment rooms, and are "gracious," "most noble," "right honorable," and so forth; but if you could see their souls, you would only behold some mean and frog-like little abortions, squatting over a pool of dirt, and wholly incapable of one generous sentiment. And so it is with their lady wives, and mothers, and daughters, whose tastes are quite as low, base, and despicable (with all their grand blood) as those that belong to their noble lords and masters.

The picture of English life and manners which I draw may appear to the inexperienced unreal, tintured with misanthropy, and over-colored by a satirical spleen. In truth it is not so; it is in all things literally accurate, historically true. Any one who will consult the memoirs of

the period can ascertain this. My mother's own Letters and Works will themselves prove all that I have written. Before my volume be condemned let those be studied, and then let who will, throw stones upon my grave. To the ignorant or weak this memoir may appear parricidal, to the base and time-serving, who know nothing of the facts, my delineation of Lady Mary may appear to be that of a matricide. In future days the partisans of Bute (who having married my sister, is now revelling in my father's ill-gotten money) will halloo against my name, and cover it with obloquy. Let them read and understand before they do so. What respect could I have for either father or mother when I knew their inner lives and odious associates? My mother herself has left Memoirs and Diaries descriptive of them; and if these should ever be seen, what will they not reveal? But that Scotch minion of the Princess and his wife will take care of that; they will burn them with zealous care. Though of high descent, my mother there confesses that she was on the most intimate terms with the infamous Kilmanseg—one of the old King's mistresses; and with Craggs, who she tells us was "in the closest engagement" with another, namely, Madame Platen. This horrid woman left her husband, and voluntarily presented herself to the doting old King to be his paramour. Her own mother had been mistress to the King's father. "She was naturally gallant," says Lady Mary, writing of Platen, and as the King could only "cut paper" in his mistress's apartments, she "pursued her warmer inclinations," and intrigued with Craggs, who was recommended by her to Majesty, and became Secretary of State for this kingdom of ours. He got engaged in the South Sea Swindle, by which he gained enormous sums, and was mixed up with Lady Mary's dabbling in lotteries, and in that odious scheme by which so many innocent thousands—widows and orphans—were reduced to ruin.

Cragg's father was originally footman to the Duchess of Norfolk. He was engaged in the same honorable employment by King James II, and the Duke of Marlborough.

In this way Craggs, senior, amassed a large fortune; got into Parliament, and was in the South Sea robbery, with his son, the Secretary; was made Postmaster-general by his infamous employer, to whom he continued to pander to the last, and, dying after his right honorable son, gave occasion to old Le Neve, the herald, to make this epitaph on him—"*Here lies the last who died before the first of his family.*" All this my mother knew and has herself related.

Yet of this man Pope had the ineffable baseness to write an epitaph, which still disgraces and pollutes Westminster Abbey, whose Dean has not the courage or decency to erase it; and where all well-bred people are compelled to read an apotheosis of a scoundrel.

Another of our intimate friends at this time was Methuen, afterwards Sir Paul, who, seeing the means by which power was to be obtained, and finding Platen pre-engaged, became the favorite of old Madame Kilmanseg. Methuen was not ashamed to be taken into the protection of this hag; by which debasement he became a Lord of the Treasury, Secretary of State, and finally Treasurer of the Household. He was one of Pope's virtuous allies; and notwithstanding his infamy, was a member of the highest circles, as the lowest wretches are commonly called. Schulenberg, another of my mother's friends, finding that her own day had gone by, and that the King no longer cared for her, (she being now three score,) actually brought over her own niece or daughter from Hanover, and offered her to the Prince of Wales—afterwards George the Second—in which she was supported by Bernstoff, "artful, avaricious, and designing, who had got his share in the King's councils by bribing his women." This fellow, intending

to keep his master wholly in his own and Schulenberg's hands, dissuaded Platen from coming to England, telling her that the English would cut her head off; but Platen was too cunning to believe him, and so she came.

Nor was it footmen only like Craggs and Stephen Fox, or their ignoble breed, who rose to power and peerages by the most ignoble means. The stream of morals flowing from the Court, ran into Leicester Fields to the Prince of Wales, whom my mother condemns for not reflecting that a high rank carries along with it a necessity of a more decent and regular behavior than is expected from those who are not set in so conspicuous a light. He was so far from being of that opinion, that he looked on all the men and women he saw as creatures he might kick or kiss for his diversion; and whenever he met with any opposition in these designs he thought his opponents insolent rebels to the will of God, who created them for his use, and judged of the merit of all people by their ready submission to his orders. He was equally well mated, his Princess having, according to the same authority, "that genius which qualified her for the government of a fool, and made her despicable in the eyes of men of sense; I mean a low cunning, which gave her an inclination to cheat all the people she conversed with, and often cheated herself in the first place, by showing her the wrong side of her interest; not having understanding enough to observe that falsehoods in conversation, like the red on the face, should be used very sparingly, or they destroy that interest and beauty which they are designed to heighten. Her first thought on her marriage was to secure to herself the sole and whole direction of her spouse; and to that purpose she counterfeited the most extravagant fondness for his person." And the highest people in the land, seeing what prevailed both with the king and his son, shaped their morals accordingly. Hence every form of corruption,

political and moral, was universal. Of the whole crew whom we were in the habit of meeting, there was only one for whom I really felt sorry; poor Sophia Howe, one of the maids of honor—a laughing, happy, charming girl, with whom I went to Farnham Church when I was a little boy. I remember well her childlike gayety, that seemed to radiate from eyes, and face, and mouth like a sunbeam. It was in answer to this poor soul's question—"What is prudery?" that Pope wrote:—

"What is prudery? 'Tis a beldam
Seen with wit and beauty seldom;
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows;
'Tis, no 'tisn't like Miss Meadows,
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old and void of all good nature,
Lean and fretful, would seem wise,
Yet plays the fool before she dies;
'Tis an ugly, envious shrew
That rails at dear Lepel and you."

lines that I feel sure did our poor Maid no good.

My good friend, you who feel inclined to censure me, what sayest thou to this picture? Can you wonder that it changed my blood to poison, when I think that such was the society in which I found myself, and to which I was expected to conform? You may ask, *cui bono* all this exposure? I answer, *cui bono* all history, if it is not to illuminate us with knowledge of the past, and of the real characters of those who are set before us as the great of the earth? Can any thing help more to make the mind philosophic, or to imbue it with content, if it should be fired by ambition, than to see how wealth and power are acquired; and that a man to get the world or its goods, must lose his own soul in the pursuit? What homily or pulpit can give me a nobler scorn of vice, by general disquisitions on the subject, than those pictures of the actual living men and women who ruled the destinies of England for a period, and who, if they dazzle us while we are igno-

rant, disgust us when the domino is removed? It may be said—"But *you* should not do it." Well, perhaps there is something in this. I can only answer that no man is capable of forming a true opinion of that, unless he has passed through the hells which I have passed, and found himself, from his childhood, an object of hatred, scorn and persecution; in his manhood, a mark of contempt and poverty; in his old age a wanderer and outcast, while a hideous Scotchman was revelling in the treasure which, by all the laws of God and man, he only should possess. And his lady mother, spiteful to the last, bequeathed him, on her death-bed, a guinea, which proved to be real gold—unlike the emerald ring which she once gave as her passage-money to a sea captain, and which proved to be glass. Yet think not that I believe that all are vicious, and that decency is not to be found among the high as well as the humble. I hold no such vain opinion. There *are* exceptions, but these exceptions prove the rule; and if we examine the annals of mankind, from Julius Cæsar and Tiberius, down to Philip of Orleans and Frederick of Wales, we shall find that persons of high descent are generally the most mean, and dirty, and small-minded animals, with low tastes, and habits, and notions, seldom rising above the meanest trifles or the grossest filth.

In saying this, I expose myself, of course, to the retort "*tu quoque*." Well! I can't help that. I have said what I believe to be God's truth, so let it remain, despite all cavil or censure. If I wrote to please I should pen very different things; but I write to teach and exhibit, at all events, my own notions, such as they are. I have no doubt a great deal can and will be said on the other side, and I shall hear of "chivalry," "knighthood," "gallantry," "the Norman blood," "the line of Plantagenet," and so on. But I never denied that these things exist, and have existed among those who call themselves the "aristocracy."

Heaven forbend that I should say that all were like those dukes and marquises whom I have seen and despised. I only illustrate by facts, that nobility of mind, though usually supposed to attend nobility of birth, is by no means a usual concomitant of that happy accident; and I do not hesitate to put myself forward as an example of the doctrine which I propound; for all my tastes have been to some extent what is called "low." Like Diogenes, I have preferred my tub to a palace, and the presence of a sunbeam to the shadow of a king. I could have rolled and revelled in wealth and pleasure if I had been a living lie. I could have eaten and drunk gold and pearls, if I had worn a mask on my face, and humored my father in his avarice, and been an assentator to my mother in her coqueties. But I was so low and vulgar a fellow that I could not do so. I preferred being a sweep or a gipsy, and I don't regret the preference. It is not the calling or the trade that is "low," but the man who is in it; and a sweep may have as high and noble a soul, and as truly gallant a spirit, as the greatest nobleman in the land. Nay, I have known sweeps who were the truly noble of nature, and noblemen who were far more vulgar than sweeps.

But let me leave all reveries of this kind to speculatists; and descending from the sphere of philosophy, let me alight again on sober facts.

A sweep, therefore, I determined to become—a falling off this from the Embassy, or the Treasury, from Carlton House and Cavendish Square—nevertheless it was so, and I lost no time in carrying out my project. I went early towards the city, resolved to change clothes with the first sweep I met. But though he was a very little one, and had never read Lilly's Latin Grammar, he had more shrewdness than myself; and he soon convinced me that as my fine clothes would be of no use to him, and his rags

would probably not fit me, our best plan was to go to Monmouth street, and equip at some Jew's shop, who would probably give us a guinea into the bargain, for my clothes were rich with lace and fine work, and were very nearly new. I readily embraced this proposal, and he showed me the way to that famous emporium of old-new garments. We soon found a Jew, to whom I mentioned my desire to see a sweep's dress.

"Ach! mein Cott," he said, "I does 'ave de finest sveep's dress dat ever vas in Engeltree, and you shall see it, and you shall veer it, and you shall be like von noble in de dress. Mein Cott, it is made exack for you, mein herr; it is."

I was soon disarrayed, and clothed anew in the honorable costume of a sweep; indeed it was only an old blanket (worth sixpence) and a cap value one penny.

"Ach! mein Cott," exclaimed the Jew, "nevare, nevare did I see von so fine a fit. Mein Cot, you do look like von fine young prince in dat fine dress. Look here, Rebecca; look at dis young gentleman sveep." And he called in his wife.

Rebecca was, of course, equally in love with "dis young gentleman sveep." In the meantime, while I was absorbed about my new raiment, the good woman very carefully put aside my old dress, and fell into fresh raptures about my blanket. At length, when I was tired of being worshipped, I asked him what he was going to give me for my clothes. The Jew's face instantly fell.

"Ach, mein Cott," he said, "vhat do I hear? vhat do I hear from you? Mein Rebecca, mein vife, vhat is dis do I hear?"

Rebecca was evidently struck dumb with surprise. She spoke, however:

"Vy, my pretty gentleman, vhat vurdher do you vwant? Is not you have de sveep's dress, and is not ve have your

old dress? A bargain is a bargain, and dis vas de bargain, my tear."

"Oh dear, no," I answered, "my good lady; there was no bargain at all of the kind; you are under a mistake. Come, hand me over the difference."

"De difference? de difference? Vhat is de difference? Me understand not dat vord."

"Why, seeing that *my* clothes are worth about ten guineas, I think you ought to give me at least five on the exchange."

"Ach, mein Cott," cried the Jew, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven. "Hear him, hear him; de exchange. Ve have exchange; vhat more do you vant?"

"I want the difference, I tell you. I will take four guineas."

"Five guineas, four guineas, de difference, de exchange. vhat is all dis? vhat is de meaning of all dis? Ah, my pretty gentleman, you laugh; you mock de poor Jew man."

I now began to get into a rage. I could not believe that the fellow's ignorance of my meaning was sincere. I saw, indeed, it was a device to cheat me.

"I tell you what, Mister Solomon," I said, "if you don't give four guineas, I shall give you back your old blanket, and put on my clothes again."

"Oh, mein Cott! mein Cott! here be one damn devil trick of dis young gentlemen. First of all you ax for de difference, den you ax for de five guineas, den you ax for de four guineas, den you ax for de exchange, den you ax to have you clothes back again, after you have changed dem vid me for dat beautiful sveep's dress. No, no, young gentleman; I am an old man, and you must not play tricks vid de old. Go your vays, go your vays." And he began to push me out of the shop.

This was a catastrophe for which I was not quite pre-

pared. I determined to resist so gross an imposition, but Rebecca now came to her husband's assistance.

"Ah, you pretty young gentlemen," she said, "go your vays quietly; go your vays, and here is a ha'penny." And she tendered me this splendid coin, still urging me towards the door. Her husband also gently impelled me. I struggled, but what could I do? I was fairly, or rather foully, thrust into the street, the old robber still crying out, "Go your vays, vagabone; go your vays, vagabone; von damn vagabone, you be; you vant to cheat poor man vid your guineas, and your four and your five, and your difference, and your exchange. I never saw so young a rogue; so deep, so deep as de river Thames. Go your vays, go your vays; you must not stay in de vay." And he slapped the door in my face, leaving me half frantic with passion.

This was a sorry prelude to the honorable profession on which I was entering. My poor little sweep companion seemed thunderstruck, but we both felt that we were powerless. With heavy hearts we departed, and I accompanied him to his master, who soon enrolled me as one of his supernumeraries without asking any disagreeable questions. There were five of us, all young sweeps with dark eyes, like Spaniards, and white teeth, and merry features, and in truth we were as gamesome as so many trout in a pond. I soon formed a friendship for them, and many were the pranks we played. I was ten times happier than I ever had been at Cavendish Square or Twickenham. Aye, I was happier than the Prince of Wales in Carleton House, or Leicester Fields, with all his Dodingtons around him.

I continued this life for some months. Many of my adventures were absurd. I had from the first made it a rule to do exactly as I pleased, and when I was sent up into one chimney I very often descended down another. Many, consequently, were the discoveries which I made. I have stolen into a room where a miser was counting his

gold, and a married woman was reading the love letters of—not her husband. I have seen the clerk making up the false ledgers which were to defraud his master, and heard the thief-catchers plotting with the ladies of Hockley-in-the-Hole to betray this or that amorous highwayman to the gallows. I have seen the vintner mixing drugs with his wines, and the grocer putting Epsom salts (deprived by fire of its medicinal qualities) into his sugar, to give it the semblance of crystallization. I have come upon a gang of coiners, (but here I narrowly escaped with life,) and have heard a bevy of ladies' maids scandalizing their mistresses with several members of the peerage.

One night, or rather morning, about four o'clock, my master sent me up a chimney at a large hotel at the West End of the town. We were thus early because it was requisite that the work should be done betimes, to give sufficient opportunity to prepare for a grand wedding-breakfast. When I had completed my chimney, I listened, and heard oaths, blasphemies, and the sound of altercations; ascending an adjacent flue, I immediately got into the chimney which led out of the adjoining room whence the sounds proceeded, and was at once cognizant of what was going on. A young and silly goose, who had just come into a large fortune, had been decoyed by some dear friends into the hotel for the purpose of spending a pleasant evening. When he was half fuddled with Burgundy, dice and cards were introduced, and with the assistance of a few kind associates he was plucked to a terrible extent. All his ready money, consisting of bank notes to the amount of nine or ten thousand pounds, had been already secured, and as he had lost about twenty more—I mean in hundreds—his companions were now getting him to put his name to bills or bonds, or some other kind of devilish security, such as my father would have understood, for the amount. But with the dawn of day the silly coxcomb

seemed to have grown sober, and was gravely protesting that he had been cheated. His companions, who had swallowed large quantities of wine when their purpose was accomplished, and who were infinitely more drunk than gentlemen of their profession usually are, were denouncing vengeance against themselves from hell and Satan, if all had not been as honorable and fair as it was possible that play could be.

Cried one, "Do you suspect our honor? May the devil," &c.

"By heaven," cried another, "I was never before so insulted as by our excellent friend here. Only that I love him as my own soul, I would wish the devil," &c.

"Nay," cried a third, "may the devil come and fetch us all if any thing could be more strictly honorable than every game we played."

At this moment a sudden thought seized me. I meant only a freak, but it ended differently. I suddenly popped down the chimney and into the room. Flinging a cloud of soot from my dress and face, I said:

"Very well; here I am, come to fetch you with me to hell; so prepare."

The scene that I now beheld was perfectly appalling. The drunken, cowardly cheats, seeing me but indistinctly in the waning candle-light, conscious of their guilt, and with nerves highly excited, rushed all together into a distant corner, and huddled into a mass. One groaned out, another cried, "It is the devil himself," a third fell down into a swoon, the others who were able made for the door, and burst out of the chamber screaming with alarm. Seeing the coast clear, I went up to the table and the cheated sot. I coolly pocketed all the bank notes, and tearing into a thousand pieces the bills and promissory notes which the deluded ninny had been asked to sign, I vanished up the chimney as suddenly as I arrived. And it was well I lost

no time, for some of the gang, having fortified themselves with brandy, immediately returned; but the coast was clear—the devil was no longer visible, neither were their notes. I escaped without difficulty; nor did I ever again return to my old master. By means of an indorsement on one of the notes, I was enabled to discover the wretched fool who had well nigh gambled himself into ruin. I called on him in a few days, and restored his lost property. I informed him of my absurd freak, and told him my suspicions that he had been robbed. He thanked me, and offered me a hundred pounds, which I refused. The next night I was at home.

How this came to pass was accomplished in the following wise: As I was leaving the young gentleman's house, a greengrocer who was in the habit of serving some of my father's servants in town came straight up to me. He looked with great earnestness at me, and I saw that I was recognized. I ran off as fast as I could, but he pursued and collared me.

"Hallo, young master," he said, "where are you going? You must come home with me."

I was thunderstruck, and could not utter a word. He called a hackney coach, into which he thrust me almost before I knew where I was. I kicked, and struggled, and pushed; but I was brought home disgracefully in captivity, and again consigned to my old jail, where I lay for some weeks. I was then sent to Westminster School, of which I entertain any but pleasing recollections. What a shame it is that in childhood, when we might all be happy as sweeps or link boys, we should be consigned over to those pedantic old scoundrels who make that period of our lives as wretched as any subsequent portion of it can ever be!

CHAPTER X.

How well do I remember my first dreams of love and beauty; with what divine sweetness and delight they revive within my withered heart! So have I seen the rose tree blooming out of the granite, and the golden hyacinth raise her head out of the broken fragments of the past. But they are nought but dreams—wild and half-forgotten dreams—glimpses of a Paradise that is gone forever. I find myself—old hackneyed, hardened vagrant as I am—sometimes weeping over them, weeping as if I were a child or a weak woman; feeling as a boy once more, and wafted back into that summer sunshine which is in the heart of all when they revert to childhood. For I was only a child, indeed, when these dreams began—alas! that I cannot be a child again and feel as then. And thus it was that these emotions had their birth.

Among the pictures which my mother had brought with her from the East was one that the moment I began to perceive and feel moved me with a strange fascination. It was only a sketch, but oh, how lovely was that sketch! It was a profile likeness of a young girl of twenty. The complexion was delicate and pure as the rainbow tint that is on an Indian shell; only that it was softer, fairer, more exquisitely bloom-like. The eyes were dark and bright, the lashes long, and like a silken vail over those crystal fountains of thought. The hair fell in loose clouds of shining brown over the neck and bosom, and one of the hands held a bunch of flowers; but these were indistinct, and had been but half touched by the artist. The eyebrows were delicately limned, and were a perfect study to contemplate. The mouth was beautiful when you viewed it closely, but when you scanned the picture at a distance there was a severe dignity about it that impressed you

with a sacred awe of her who was portrayed, and effectually checked any feeling but that of respectful admiration. It was a face to look upon and love; but it enshrined a spirit that you might also worship, nor deem that you dishonored Heaven by paying homage to one of its choicest works. No frivolity was there; all was pure, holy, refined. The thoughtful brow, the marble stillness of the features, which yet were flesh and blood, and belonged to one who had a thorough woman's heart within her, and could die for him she loved; the firm mouth, the liquid eyes that gave the face its sweetest, softest charm—never shall I forget them; and though it is sixty years since first I saw that charming portrait, still it shines fair over my memory, and flowers in beauty out of the ashes of my soul.

Well! it became my passion. I could not tear myself away from it. I was but six years old—indeed I do not think I was quite six—but in feeling I was six-and-twenty. I stole away every hour to look at it; to gaze upon it as the Guebre gazes on the sun; to worship it; to take it into my heart of hearts as if it were some holy spirit whom I longed to enshrine within. I had heard of the Guardian Angel, who with heavenly love accompanies every human being, and guards him from temptation—this, one of the most beautiful of the Popish legends, is now rejected by the priests, and laughed at as a myth. It served them in the dark ages, and now is flung aside with scorn. Yet there were moments when I half believed it, and said to my heart, “Even such as this is the Guardian Angel that watches over me.” I have caught myself bending over my shoulder, or rushing in front of a looking-glass to see whether I could not by chance get a glimpse of that invisible one of the celestials who was my appointed guide and guardian on the earth. I will see if they are alike, I said; but I never could catch the heavenly sprite. She eluded me—she would not be beheld. Yet I had no

doubt in beauty she was the counterpart of that divine portrait on which I so loved to look. Morning, noon, and night I gazed upon it; I could not tear myself away. I was a devotee. My mother saw it, knew it, and scolded me; but I did not care for this. I neglected the few elementary books that were placed before me; I cared for nothing but my picture. Thus time passed until I was at Westminster school, and sick of its restraints and rods.

One day as I was sauntering listlessly through one of the parks, looking at the sky, and wondering what fantastic form the clouds would next assume, I heard a merry laugh, which made every nerve within me quiver. It went into my very soul, and seemed to meet its echo there. I turned round, and saw a young girl with a middle-aged man. He was short, sturdy, common-place; and evidently belonged to the lower classes, as we who are so sublimely raised upon Olympian heights above them condescend to call the working members of society. I did not give him more than one glance; all my gaze was concentrated on the young girl. She seemed in beauty like my picture; only hers was of a more youthful type; for she was not more, I think, than sixteen or seventeen—probably not quite so much. She was dressed simply, but simplicity accorded with her pure, innocent, and open face; there was a frank, cheerful look about her, like a sunshiny day, that at once flashed gladness on the soul, and made you happy, you knew not why. She did not see me—she did not mark those dark and fiery eyes that gazed intensely on her—if she had, she would have burned beneath them. She continued her conversation and merry laugh, and passed on. A powerful spell moved me. I followed her; I never once lost sight of her all that day. I knew not whither they went, or what they did, or whether they sat or walked; I only saw one bright form, and that I followed mechanically. She entered a house, the door closed, and I was in darkness. Now for

the first time I looked about me. I was in a strange, unknown land. The houses were old and wretched; the locality exhibited all the symptoms of poverty. The very house into which the girl and her companion—instinct said, “He is her father”—had gone, seemed mean enough. I was bewildered—frightened; I began to wonder, for the first time, how I should get home. I was tired, also; I saw an old woman hobbling along, and asked her what place this was. She looked at me with a drunken, fixed stare; surveying my fine clothes, as if she had a mind to strip me; then seeing one or two persons approaching, she said, “This is Blackwall, my pretty dear. What brings you so far from home?” I had no mind to answer her, but calling a coach, I was driven back to Westminster, and alighted just outside the school. When I got into our dormitory that night, I could think of nothing but this lovely girl. Now for the first time occurred to me the thought, how like the picture she appeared! “This is but an image,” I said; “here is the living reality. Oh! that I could gaze on her forever.” I tossed and tumbled about; sleep was banished from my eyes. In the morning I attempted to get my lessons; I might as well have attempted to fly. The thing was impossible. I was flogged, but my dreams consoled me. The next day I tried, and again failed; I could not remember a single word. I was flogged again. No matter, I did not feel it. I did not care for it. Again a third day came, and I was dunce as before. I was flogged, sorely flogged on this occasion. “Why should I endure this,” I asked myself, “when I am free and can go away if I like?” That night I disappeared. I scarcely know how I got to Blackwall, but I found myself there next day. I had some difficulty in discovering the house, for now all the shops were open, and when I had last been there they were all closed. At length I found it. The father was behind the counter. He was a fishmonger. I had

taken the precaution of coming away in some old clothes; I now boldly went in and said:

"Master, do you want a boy?"

He looked at me with some surprise; I suppose he saw I was not designed to be a fishmonger's apprentice. He was silent for some time, as if he thought I was but making game of him, and would go away when I had my jest. I repeated, "Master, do you want a boy?"

"Get away, you young jackanapes," said he, "and let me mind my business."

"Master," I answered, "this is business; if you want a boy, take me; I want a place, and I will serve you faithfully."

He looked at me again.

"What can you do?" said he.

"Any thing you ask me to do in the way of your trade," I replied. "I will sweep your shop, sell your fish, and go your errands. I have no home, and I should like to stay with you."

The old man mused again—he was evidently surprised.

"Well," he said, "I'll try you. Who are you? Where do you come from?"

"My name is John Smith; my parents are dead, and I have just come up to London from the country to seek my fortune."

"Poor boy," says the old man, "if what you say be true, I'm sorry for you. I suppose you're hungry; come in."

I went in; he led me to a back parlor. I expected to see the radiant being there for whom I was undergoing this degradation. There was only an elderly female—she proved to be the fishmonger's wife. She was knitting with great deliberation. The fishmonger introduced me in a few words. They gave me food, sympathized with me, and took me into their employ. I was to go errands, to hawk and cry fish—but they did not know that I was sometimes

to catch a glimpse of her who was like the Angel of God to my heart. I lived with them for a year. Never man had more faithful servant.

Once or twice a-day, I saw the fair Elizabeth—such was her name. These stolen views of heaven repaid me for all. Yet I was nothing to her. I was only an errand boy—crying fish and cleaning knives. Her thoughts were far away. Was she in love? She sometimes gave me a letter to deliver, and the man to whom I delivered it was a footman, finely powdered, gilt and dressed, who waited for it at a public house near. With what trembling innocence she placed it in my hand! Her sweet eye seemed conscious of a something which showed that her heart was ill at ease. She offered no caution as to secrecy, but instinct told me that I must not mention it; and I feared that if I did, I should lose those momentary intercourses with her, so full of rapture to my soul. She must have known that I loved her, I looked at her with such an earnest and enamoured gaze, during which I felt my face flush. I quivered in my every nerve, and trembled with a wild delight, until I almost fainted away before her. But she never gave me any token of sympathy. Poor girl! Her whole heart was doubtless fixed upon one, and I was but an orphan fed by her father's bounty, and condemned to slavery all my life. There were moments when I thought I should fall before her, take her by the hand and confess all—my name, my rank, my prospects, declaring my passion with that wild eloquence which flowed from my lips, when I found myself alone, and beseeching her to wait a little longer and become wholly mine. But I was only fourteen. She was some years older, and was a woman in appearance and in feeling. The hazard was greater than I chose to risk. I said to myself, "I shall be immediately expelled from her presence as an impostor, and shall never see her again. She will be

lost to me forever. Let me wait yet—wait and work ;” and so I did.

There was a fellow named Matthews—Henry Matthews—who had been introduced into our house as accountant by Dr. Young, the author of the “Night Thoughts.” The man was worthy of the master ; they were birds of a feather. Young was a sneaking, lying, dirty sycophant, who would any day have licked the mud off the boots of any noble lord or lady who could get him a place, or give him a purse. All sense of self-respect was extinct within him. This Matthews was an animal of the same class. He was not destitute of talent ; but I detested him for his falsehood, hollowness, and selfish rascality. This miserable creature was brought up in a Jesuit school. He was a tall, awkward man, of scorbutic habit—the poisoned eruptions of disease, with a large hyena eye, a square forehead, a hideous mouth, hands, or rather talons, exactly like a vulture’s or a kite’s claws, and he had all the qualities of those fine birds ; being secretive, foul, gluttonous, sensual, cunning, and grasping. Yet he was smooth, pliant, smiling ; and the general mob of mankind, who are as blind as moles, would think him any thing but the knave he was. Mr. Wortley Montagu highly regarded him, and used him for many purposes ; and under the tutelage of this individual it happened that I spent a good deal of time. What exact duty he filled in our house I can scarcely tell. He got up statistics, and was a sort of secretary and deputy liar when ugly questions had to be answered ; kept accounts for my father, and aired my lady’s chemises and combed her lap-dogs.

I was on one of my usual errands for my master, and crying “fresh fish ! fresh fish !” with all the force of my lungs, when a sailor came up to me, and saying, “Master, let me see your wares,” detained me for some time. I showed him my goods and chattels—plaice, flounders,

lobsters, crabs, and soles, and had nearly concluded my bargain, when he suddenly said—

“Wait, wait till I ask this old gentleman about them;” and he pointed to two persons who stood close by, and whom in my eagerness to sell I had not observed before. I looked at them. In the first I at once recognized Matthews; the second was our old domestic, Jupiter, who had carried me in his arms when I was a baby, and with whom I had always been a favorite. These two had been to Blackwall on some business for Mr. Montagu, and hearing me cry out as I have above mentioned, immediately knew my voice; they saw me pass, and employed the sailor to detain me in conversation, that they might make themselves more certain. The instant I saw them I guessed their object. I left my basket and fled home. But I had scarcely got housed, when they entered; the name of my master painted on the basket had led them to his house, and there was a discovery and a row. The honest fisherman was faultless. He had behaved with humanity; nay, with great generosity. I told them so; I narrated all; but not the true cause of my flight. He gave me the best of characters, and I was again dragged home, leaving the whole family in tears for my loss, in which I also joined them with flowing eyes.

But though they brought me back to Westminster, and placed me under my former taskmasters, with the most positive orders as to close custody and strict vigilance, they forgot that I also had a will of my own, and had already evinced a resolution to carry out that will when I pleased. I now indeed began to pride myself on my numerous flights, as Jack Sheppard did of the many jails he had escaped from, and I began to find a wild charm in this varied vagabond species of existence, such as I cannot describe. The main one, I suppose, was a sense of thorough independence; there was also, perhaps, a hidden delight in

feeling that I was walking the world under a species of mask, and that I could at any time change a position apparently most lowly for that of the heir of the richest man in London. I saw, too, a most odd and diversified mode of life; and learned the ways and manners of the poor, their thoughtless follies, their improvident luxury; their existence wholly in the present, with utter heedlessness of the morrow, which are the three main sources of all their wants and miseries. The English character presents a greater mixture of eccentricity and humor than any other that I have ever examined; and I seemed to myself a sort of spectator of a real drama of life, sometimes comic, sometimes deeply tragical, but on all occasions interesting, and played, as it were, on the breathing stage of the actual world for my own particular amusement and instruction. As to Mr. Montagu, when his first rage at my disappearance had exploded, he cared very little to make any further inquiry whether I was dead or alive; and he thenceforward behaved as I always knew instinctively he would, with the most sublime indifference as to what became of me. From Matthews I, of course, received several lessons in deceit, which, though intended apparently for my benefit, operated still more in increasing the aversion in which I held that smooth-tongued schemer. In vain he suggested to me that my true policy was to humor Mr. Montagu; to attend regularly at church; to give in to his ways and crotchets in all particulars; and to be a dutiful and obedient son. "Humbug the old fool," he said; "humbug, as the grand winner of all things, and the great conqueror of men!" But I would *not* humbug. What is the good of doing so, if, when you have won all things, you scorn yourself? Matthews could not understand this. The glittering prospect of gold and power which he held forth before me as the reward and price of my subservience, had no influence whatever on my mind. That there might be a payment

for such degradation was one of the main reasons why I was always resolute in following out my own purposes. Had I been lured only by the moral beauty of filial submission to a father who had at least no active vice, as against myself, but was merely the basest of mankind in grubbing and hoarding gold from the most filthy sources, I might possibly have sunk into the level of the other honorable Toms, and Jacks, and Freds who went about the metropolis, heaping upon their absent fathers' heads all the scorn and contempt they could accumulate; while in the parental presence and in their letters home they were the most affectionate, dutiful, and obedient of sons; a little gay perhaps, but wanting in respect to their honored sires—never, oh, never.

But this course I did not choose to take. My father and mother did not care for me, nor did I feel one atom of love for them. My mother in truth hated me virulently, and made no secret of that hate; but I almost fancy my father's silent scorn was even still more biting. Matthews would not or could not understand my notions. To him the hope of a million of money would have been quite enough to make him devote a whole life to every species of infamy. In this view I do not say he was singular, for there are but few men who would not imitate him. But nature made me one of these few, and all Jesuit counsels were wasted on me. On the whole, I am not sorry that they were. I would rather be the wanderer I am than Bute, with all my father's money in his coffers; and a transmigration after death into the form of a rat, cockroach, a dog, fish, or something equally noisome and detestable.

Three months longer at Westminster sickened me of it for life. I resolved to fly at the first opportunity, and I did so. My first visit was to my old master at Blackwall. But he was a changed man—changed and altered for the worse. The sturdy frame was bent, the once keen eye was

dim; the fire within the man had burned out, and he was but the cinders of a human being. A revolution of twenty years seemed to have done its work upon him. His hair was white, his voice tremulous, his step—once so sturdy, so bold, so freeman-like—was transformed into a slipshod creep. When he saw me he burst into tears; he could not speak, but led me in silence into the little room behind the shop, which had been once his parlor. I asked for his good woman. This question renewed his grief. I looked round, but saw her not. "She is dead," he muttered. "And Miss Elizabeth?" I asked.

"Gone, gone," said the old man, "gone, and left me desolate and heart-broken."

I was stricken with horror. Could it be possible that both were dead—both in so short a period? My eyes, I suppose, questioned him, for my tongue was incapable of doing so. He shook his head; his tears broke out afresh.

"No," he said, "not dead; worse, worse, worse!"

I now began to suspect the truth. My unlucky letter-carrying was beginning to rise up in judgment against me. I learned it at length from the old man.

After I left, she had grown melancholy and silent; she was absent often from her meals; she was not communicative as of old; the frank smile vanished; the sweet, musical laugh was unheard. One night she disappeared. She left a letter on the table, saying she was gone to be married to a gentleman with whom she had long corresponded, and who loved her. In a little time she would return, and all would be well. She blessed her parents for all their love and kindness; she would be their most dutiful and affectionate daughter in her new state. In vain they made inquiry after her. No tidings could they learn. At length a letter came in a distracted handwriting—it was their daughter's. She had been deceived, betrayed, dishonored. The person with whom she fled proved to be a

married man. He was of high rank, a senator and privy councillor, and when the discovery was made he proposed to her to continue as his mistress, citing high and royal example for the iniquity. But this she spurned. She had now abandoned him, but dared not face her home. What she was to do she knew not, but she craved forgiveness of God and them. They must forget that she had ever lived. To all her kindred she was dead forever. Thus ran the wild epistle. The mother sickened and died; the old father was dying. But he wished once again to hear that voice of melody, and listen to one silvery note of love. And his tears again fell thick and fast upon his pale cheek.

I was myself also in an agony of grief and rage. But I will not venture to describe it. This incident gave me a new horror of civilized life. Thus, I said, it is, the rich are ever preying on the poor; the powerful are crushing the feeble. The coronet of my lord is glorified by the number of his victims; the chariot of the great rolls over broken hearts. Let me fly forever from these haunts of villany. What have I seen in all my life hitherto but wickedness? And what is worst of all, wickedness triumphant! Why is this good man—for good and honest he was—made miserable in his old age, his household desolated and disgraced, his wife killed, his daughter torn from him to gratify the momentary whim of some gilded coxcomb, who now probably moves in courts or senates, the observed of all observers? Let me abandon such haunts forever. Let me seek nature in the woods, the mountains, or on the ocean. Let me separate myself from those with whom vice is the daily business, and dwell apart from human kind, or at all events seek them where they are uncontaminated. Let me become a pirate on the glorious sea; a brigand in the wild green forest; an Ishmael among men; nay, a very beggar on the wayside; a tramp under the splendid arch of heaven, with the winds and

sunbeams for my friends; rather than be one among this wealthy wicked rabblement. Now know I what that Roman Kaisar meant when he wished that mankind had but one neck, that he might decapitate them all at a single stroke. It was not blood-thirstiness made him thus cry out, but that "fierce indignation," against human vice, which ate up the fiery heart of Swift, and which must have appeared to this sated wearer of the purple in its most odious and terrible aspect—surrounded as he was every moment by all the subserviency, falsehood and meanness of an imperial court. But was it more degraded than our own, as I saw it? No, no; a thousand times no! With an aching heart, I left the old man. I came back to London. By accident I found myself close by the Sussex wagon; a great lumbering affair, like a farmhouse on wheels, and drawn by four fat punches. It was going to Bredhemston, but where Bredhemston was I neither knew nor cared. I only knew that I was about to abandon civilization and its rascalities. I easily bargained with the driver for a seat as far as Bredhemston, and lost no time in getting into my berth. Of my adventures in this wonderful machine, I have nothing to relate. We rode for some days, stopping at queer inns with great fireplaces, and public houses at night. We took in and let out several odd characters. As we got deeper into Sussex, and near the seacoast, I heard a good deal of the gypsies who were encamped about the Downs of Brighthelmstone, for such I afterwards found was the original of that which our wagoner had so curiously abbreviated. And when I was at length shot out of this Noah's ark I determined to seek my fortune among those wandering people, and if that failed, to scramble on in some way to Portsmouth, and go on board ship, careless whither I was borne, so that I was wafted from home, and kindred, and companions, and the debasing influence of wealth, rank, state, and civilized

society. I looked forward with considerable curiosity to the new drama of events which I thought was opening before me; and doubted not that I should achieve rare exploits among the people of that most poetical of all gypsies—glorious John Bunyan.

CHAPTER XI.

It was a lovely afternoon in rosy summer when I got to Portslade, a little hamlet just outside of Brighthelmstone. At the side of a green lane I saw something like an encampment. A thin cloud of azure smoke rose up in waving column against a clump of elm trees, and a dog barked quick and sharp as my footstep beat against the short emerald sward. There were about a dozen tents in all, of various colors and sizes. A crowd of wagons and a troop of horses were scattered about in the adjacent open fields. As I advanced, a young girl came towards me; her eyes were jet black, with a fixed fiery star in the centre, which gazed upon you with a lurid light that seemed to petrify the very heart. She was clothed in scarlet and black, bordered with Asiatic flowers, and was crowned with a vivid red headdress, fringed with golden ornaments, set with blue stones; she wore a gold chain in triple folds around her neck, massive as a king's collar, but dark and tawny colored, from long exposure to the air. Her lips were thick, but not coarse—such as I have since seen in the mighty Indo-Egyptian idols of the past; and the nose was hooked, like that of the Memnon on the banks of the Nile. Many and many a time since have I beheld her type in Nubia, and in the mighty awful depths of the Himalayas. Her tread was light and bounding, like that which

characterizes all the wandering tribe; she was close upon you, like some wild dweller of the forest, almost as suddenly as she appeared, and ere you were aware. Seen thus, she gave me the notion of a leopardess, though at that time I had never seen one. I afterwards found I was not mistaken.

As I had determined, if possible, to dwell among these people, and make their tents my tents, their home my home for the rest of my life, I had before carefully meditated in what manner I should best make my entrance among them. The only valuable I possessed, in addition to my fine clothes, and one of the guineas which poor Steele had given me, and which I had never parted with during this long interval, was a gold watch, of curious antique workmanship, which my mother had brought from the East, and in some capricious mood, ere yet I had been witness of her shame, had hung around my neck, from which it had never parted since. On the back was chased the arms of the Montagus; the eagle displayed. The border was quaintly painted, and had about a dozen oriental characters graven on it, which no one had been able to decipher; and on which I myself set a strange value, as if it were some wondrous talisman on which my fate depended. I had often, while at school, amused myself with my fellows by pretending to accomplish various puzzling tricks through the operation of this talisman, and I had half persuaded many of them that I was the only person living who understood and could explain this mystic tablet. The chain that hung to it was of lion's hair, twisted into a thick cable of enduring strength, and there was a key, and two or three seals of agate, or some other Indian stone, on which were also cut some strange devices of far-off lands.

I now resolved to astonish the gypsy—it was a schoolboy trick, grave reader—and as she came close to me, and before she spoke, I pulled out my watch, and putting it to

my ear, I suddenly cried out, "Ziga zi." The gypsy started at the strange, unusual sound. Whether it really conveyed any idea to her mind I know not; but I could see that she marked the watch and its graven border, and scanned me with a curious eye of fear or wonder. She called out in a shrill voice, and immediately an old hag, wrinkled, dwarf-like, black, but fierce-eyed as a panther, came out of one of the tents. Her hair was dark as jet, and she wore an ebon-colored robe, girdled by a broad belt, on which I could plainly see, worked in gold thread, somewhat tarnished, three or four characters similar in formation to those on my watch and seals. Her step was slow, her glance fixed and full of surprise—for I still held my watch to my ear, and the seals, glittering in the sun and dangling about, probably made manifest to both that the bauble before them was also from the Lord of the Sun. She stood gazing fixedly at me for, I think, three or four minutes, leaning all the while on a stout staff with a quaintly fashioned head. At length she spake, but in a language which I could not understand. I shook my head to her to intimate that I did not know what she meant—and I looked at my watch, as if reading in its page some deep revelations of the future. She mused again, and whispered to the younger one. At length she said:

"Come you here, little one, on business of Egypt?"

"Aye, indeed," said I, "mother, on business of Egypt do I come."

There was something so weird, mysterious and witch-like in all these proceedings that I resolved on the instant, as if instinctively, to adapt myself to all they did and said, like an adept of their own; and this subsequently proved to be the most sagacious policy I could have devised, for my sudden apparition, as it afterwards proved, filled their wild brains with an idea that I was somehow mysteriously sent among them, and my fearlessness and cool manner

confirmed them in the thought. Had they known from what a pair of accomplished diplomatists I had descended, their surprise, perhaps, would not have been so great.

"And what business of Egypt came you upon?" asked the aged crone, regarding me with the same keen, and searching, and lightning-like glance that her companion had before bestowed upon me.

"Behold," said I, extending the watch before her, "it is written here." And pointing to the seals, "Here you, O wise queen, can doubtless read both."

The hag took the watch out of my hand; her eyes sparkled as she held the golden toy; she peered closely into both it and the seals, but she could evidently make nothing of either; I could see, however, that she was favorably impressed with my credentials, and somehow began to regard me as one of themselves, though how or wherefore sent was a puzzle that did not seem likely to be solved. This was just what I desired. I knew that a secret was the very thing to serve me with the fair. Seeing their perplexity, I asked:

"Hast thou read what is herein written, O mother?"

She shook her head, as if admitting her inability to do so.

"Then," said I, "I will do so;" and taking the watch again from her hand, I muttered some unintelligible jargon, to which they both listened with perplexed wonder; they were unable, however, to comprehend it.

It would have been much more wonderful still, if they could have done so, for it was a hash of Greek and Latin, mixed up at the moment, and which meant just nothing at all—something like our school incantation, *oxus, doxus, glorioxus, &c., &c.*

"And what, O little one of Egypt, means this message?" again asked the elder of the two women.

"This," I replied; and in a deep, solemn voice repeated, "*The heir of the Stars, the foster-child of the Queen Ser-*

pent, the beloved of the dark Goddess of the Woods, seeks a hospitable tent and soft pillow."

They scanned me again for some moments with their glittering eyes. I bore their scrutiny without flinching. The crone again took the watch out of my hand; she breathed over it, and smelled at the lion-hair guard chain. The whole thing seemed to her to be—if I might judge by appearance—the most extraordinary incident in her life. Then coming towards me, she took me by the hand, and turned the palm up, minutely inspecting the lines and intersections; occasionally, also, gazing with an inquisitive search into my eyes; and flashing out of her own the clearest light, that seemed full of a divining spirit. At length she seemed satisfied. She led me into her tent, and seated me at her right hand; she hung the watch around my neck, and stroked my hair, and head, and cheeks; her hand was soft as down, though seventy winters had revolved since first it pressed the mother's nipple. She set before me choice food, and preserved fruits of rare delicacy; she poured out of an earthen pitcher water, cool, clear, and bright as crystal; and of so sweet and pure a flavor to the palate, that it seemed to taste like ethereal wine.

As the evening gathered in and the violet-colored clouds folded over the distant hills, and the glittering stars, one by one, peered out of the transcendent arch of heaven, the men and women of the tribe gradually came in, and recounted, with many a wild sign and gesture, the varied chances of the day. I found they were exiles, or wanderers from many lands; the gipsy of England, the Bohemian of France, the Gitano of Italy, the Zingari of Spain; and that their trades or callings were even more numerous than the countries from which they came. Some forged nails and horse-shoes; some were farriers, tinkers, and braziers; others musicians, others basket-makers; all the women told fortunes, and exhibited with glee the silver fruits of

their day's adventure. When they had supped, but not until then, the old woman, who appeared to be a person in authority, presented me and my watch before the assembled group. In a few words she explained the mystery of my appearance, my words of introduction, my missive from some unknown power to their tents and households. She exhibited, with seeming awe, to some of the oldest men, the mystic watch and seals, and I could see that these made a powerful impression. After a long consultation, carried on more by signs than words, and when words were necessary, in a language which I could not understand, it appeared to be finally agreed that I was to be received among their number; and the men shook me by the hand in rotation, beginning with the oldest; and the women kissed me, ending with the youngest. This latter portion of the feast pleased me most.

It was determined that I should be solemnly initiated among the brotherhood, and a day was fixed for the ceremony. Gitanos came from all parts of the country; the soft and sunny Downs were thick with tents. There was a ruined old chapel of the bygone Papal days, close by the green lane, and in view of the blue sea; and though only the gray gable ends, and half a tower remained, still it furnished a sort of rude accommodation, well adapted for the sight that was to take place. On the twelfth day from my first visit to these strange people, the mystery began. My skin was darkly dyed all over with walnut juice, so that in appearance, at least, I was a perfect African. A new suit of clothes, half Oriental, half Spanish, was supplied by the quick fingers of the younger gypsies, who seemed to take a wild maternal glee in arraying me in this new finery. When I was brought into the chapel I was amazed to see a large idol, three-headed, black, and cross-legged, but whether of stone, metal, or wood, I do not now remember. A chain of ivory, carved into the likeness of human skulls,

surrounded the waist and neck of the idol; and in its hand it held a bunch of flowers. But no prayer was offered up, no adoration was gone through; it appeared to have been brought there merely to be present, as if nothing of so important a nature could be transacted in its absence, or without its knowledge or permission. I was led around the chapel twelve times; at the last I stood before the idol, the bunch of flowers was taken out of its hand, and placed over my heart; some strange mystical signs were then made about my head, chest, and back; my eyes and mouth were kissed, and I was dubbed by a new name, which I always thenceforth bore—namely, Zala Mayna.

After these things were done, they carried me far away, into the very heart of the Downs; we got there when the moon and stars were in their full splendor of light. It was midnight; and such a glorious midnight of blue skies, and transparent silvery brightness. I have seen such often in the east, or in the Hesperian land, or over the golden sierras of Hispania, or in the Mexican steppes; but seldom in our own clime of fogs, shop-keepers, and clouds. There was an immense tent erected, and blazing with light from brightly polished lamps; the oil was perfumed, for the fragrance was rich and exquisite. There was no table, but the supper was served on the green carpet, in plates of China, painted with a brilliancy and fire of fancy such as I had never seen, and which was worthy of the halls of kings. It was probably two hundred years old. Had it been ransacked from some royal palace? from Samarkand or Delhi? or had it travelled further still by some unexplained method of pillage or contraband from the imperial gardens of Cathay? Goblets of Venetian glass, bottles, and curiously shaped decanters, filled with Oriental wines, cool, sweet, and not intoxicating, were served round; and when the repast was over, silver ewers, of the most quaint and ancient form—probably the work of four or five hun-

dred years before—were brought in, filled with perfumed waters, in which we dipped our fingers. Then one of the most aged gypsies, rising up, commanded silence. All was still as death. He held in my hand the watch and seals, and looking on me steadily, spoke as follows :

“Blessed are the true Calore—the true Calore, who are the Sons of the Gods. There is no other race or people, equally the favored of the Powers, as the true Calore of the east. From the Sun and Moon we came; the spheres of golden fields and silver mountains; there the trees have leaves of pure emerald; diamonds, amethysts and sapphire are their priceless fruit. And every stream is pebbled with the finest gold, and every drop of dew is silver, and every blade of grass is finer than the Cashmere fleece. And these, indeed, once were ours, and ours alone—once, alas! in the days gone by, for we are the true Calore, the blessed Sons of the Gods, and the wanderers from the Sun and Moon. But when the Mighty Powers stood asunder, and discussion rose, and there was discord in the Spheres and Cycles, then the true Calore were in trouble; and they no longer dwelled in happiness; and the Sun cast them forth; and the Moon no longer embraced them in her silver hills; and we were exiles, and deep was our sorrow, and sad the pain and misery of exile. Then came an Eagle unto the true Calore, saying unto them, ‘O, Calore, why do ye lament?’ And the Calore said, ‘We lament because we are in darkness; and the Sun gives us not his golden light, nor does the Moon shed her silver beam over us.’ And the Eagle said, ‘It is fated—this is destiny; but it shall not be always so. For ye, the true Calore, are the Sons of the Gods, and your powers are above those of all other existences.’”

The old man ceased, and the assembled gypsies clapped their hands, and joy sparkled in their eyes, and they cried out—

“Good! good!”

Then the old man resumed—

“And when the Eagle spake these words, he said unto the King of the Calore, ‘Take these wings and fly and seek another place, for the Sun and Moon will receive ye no longer.’ And the King of the Calore took the wings, and he fled nine days; and at length he came unto a great land—a land of lofty mountains and green plains, and mighty forests, and vast rivers and lakes, beautiful as crystal. And the King of the Calore said: ‘This land is good; behold I will bring my people unto this land.’ And he again took the Eagle’s wings, and he flew nine days, and he came back unto his own people, and he said, ‘I have found a land, and a fair land, and there are rich plains and noble mountains, and far extending forests, and flowing rivers, and lakes bordered with trees and flowers, and there may the Calore abide.’ And they were glad; and they said, ‘Be it so.’ And he flew, and the Calore followed the King; and they sang joyfully, nor did their hearts once fail them. And this was the burden of their song—‘Happy are the true Calore—the true Calore, who are the Sons of the Gods!’”

Again the gypsies clapped their hands, crying out, “Good! good!”

“And when the Calore came unto this new land, they were a great and happy people, and they begat sons and daughters, and they feasted merrily, and they sang and played sweet music, and they danced beneath the sun and moon, and abided in the green forest, and clothed themselves in gold and jewels, and lived from year to year, as they had lived in the golden fields and silver mountains. And thus they passed ten thousand years, and there was no trouble known among the true Calore. And when ten thousand years were passed and gone, a new sect sprang up among the true Calore; but these, indeed, must have been the sons of devils, for they began to live according to new and strange customs, wholly different from those of

the true Calore—the sons and favorites of the Gods of Splendor; for they builded houses and hewed stones, and burned earth, and cut down trees, the happy everlasting homes of us, the true Calore; but these, indeed, must have been the sons of devils—for they burdened the green and beautiful earth with their abominations. And they increased, and waxed proud and fierce, and they drove the true Calore out of their much-loved forests, and hunted them like wild foxes, and killed them, and robbed them of their gold, and despoiled them of their daughters, and made them slaves and beasts of burden. And the true Calore wept, and were in great sorrow, and knew not what to do.”

Then the gypsies hung down their heads, and cried, “Ah, me! ah, me!”

“Then the King of the true Calore said, ‘Oh, golden Eagle, where art thou? Come again unto the true Calore, and counsel them what they shall do.’ And the Eagle came, and he said, ‘What seek ye?’ And they said, ‘We are wanderers, and were despoiled by these, the sons of devils; and we know not what to do.’ And the Eagle said, ‘Why will ye not live with them, and abide in houses, even as they abide?’ And the true Calore said, ‘We will not hide our heads in shame, beneath the dark screen that veils us from the Sun, and Moon, and Stars; for the Sun and Moon were once our homes, and we love to look upon them in the day, and on the Stars by night. Peradventure, if we dwell in covered places with the sons of devils, and keep not these glorious spheres ever before us, we shall forget and be forgotten by them, and shall no more return to our primal homes. Wherefore we have vowed a vow never to put a screen of wood, or stone, or tile between ourselves and these glorious organizations. And this vow we will never break—no, not though earth and heaven should clash together. But the sons of devils persecute and drive us out, and rob us of our woods and forests. Therefore is our cry

made to thee.' Then the Eagle said, 'Follow me.' And he led them into a new and fruitful land, where there were other forests, and fair hills, and fertile rivers; and the true Calore were again happy." Then the gypsies clapped their hands again, saying, "Good! good!"

"And the true Calore, the Sons of the Gods, dwelled in this new land for ten thousand years; and though it equalled not their recent country, still it was a fair dominion. And they passed their days in fields and forests, and their only roof-tree was the leafy bower of the living oak and elm and walnut, and the everlasting ceiling of the banyan, through whose blooming branches the sun glittered; and the emerald bright stars of heaven shone over them in the soft night; and their sons and daughters increased wonderfully, and their days were happiness and peace. And it came to pass that the sons of devils extended their dominion unto this fair land also, and they said unto the true Calore, 'Live ye in houses and under roof-trees even as we do, or ye shall not abide with us, neither shall ye any longer pollute this land.' But the true Calore said, 'We are the Sons of the Gods; we love to look upon the Sun and Stars; we love to feel them shining, smiling, watching over us, and we will not bar them out with lattice of stone.' And the sons of devils said, 'Depart ye, therefore; this land is no more a land for ye.' And they drove out the true Calore with fire and sword; and they devastated their peaceful bands, and slew them wheresoever they found any, and bore away their wives and daughters into slavery, and feasted in their desolated homes."

The gypsies hung down their heads, saying, "May their mothers be accursed forever; may their graves be defiled: may the faces of their fathers blacken in hell!"

"And the true Calore called again unto the Eagle; and the Eagle came at their call, and he said, 'What want ye now, O Sons of the Gods?' And the true Calore answering said,

‘Behold we are again exiles; the sons of devils have again despoiled us—nor is there any longer a resting-place on this earth for the true Calore. Wherefore have we called aloud unto thee, O Golden Eagle, for thou hast rescued us from our tribulation.’ And the Eagle said, ‘In this land there is no longer a home; but the true Calore must cross the seas.’ And the true Calore cried out, ‘O Golden Eagle, command us not to cross the seas.’ But the Eagle said, ‘It is fated—this is destiny. But this ye shall receive for recompense: knowledge of the past, knowledge of the present, knowledge of the future. In the eyes, the face, the mouth, and hands; in the form and the presence of the stranger and the friend; in the tone of the voice, in the manner of the gait shall ye read him, as if all his heart were laid before ye bare, and the tablet of his spirit opened wide before your eyes. And this shall be the gift of the true Calore, above all other dwellers of the earth; and the sons of devils shall fear ye, and be your suitors, nay, your very slaves for these things, until the end of time.’

And the gypsies clapped their hands, and sprang upon their feet, and shouted with great joy, “Good! good! Blessed be the Golden Eagle of Heaven!”

“Then the true Calore sailed over the seas, and the Sun led them in the day, and the Moon and Stars guided them in the night, and the Eagle sailed before them over the blue waters; and they came into Europe and dwelled therein; and abided there ten thousand years, until the sons of devils again followed them, and took possession of their lands and leafy homes, and drove them out. Then they became wanderers, and were broken up into tribes, and some went here, and some went there, and they dwelled beneath tents in this cold clime, but excluded not the Moon or Stars, for these indeed gleamed still through their transparent roofs. And they exercised their knowledge with wisdom, and the sons of devils came to them, and gave them gold and silver in

exchange for mystic lore ; and were their suitors and their slaves unto this end ; even as the Eagle foretold. Wherefore rejoice ye, O true Calore, and be not dispirited ; for the promise of the Eagle hath now been fulfilled for thousands, and yet many thousands of years ; and with us the divine gift shall ever abide ; so that in the eyes and the face, and the mouth and hands of the stranger, and in his voice, and in his walk ye shall read his present, past, and future unto the end of time."

Then all the gypsies rose up again, and some clapped their hands, and others clashed silver cymbals, and they cried out, "Good ! good ! all this is good."

Then the old man resumed—

"All this have I expounded, because one is now amongst us who hath brought a mystic message from the Eagle ; and behold the Signet of the Eagle is on his watch and seals ; and the Eagle hath sent him unto the true Calore—the Sons and favorites of the Gods. And the Sent of the Eagle hath delivered this message unto the true Calore : '*The heir of the Stars, the foster-child of the Queen-Serpent, the beloved of the dark Goddess of the Woods, seeks a hospitable tent and soft pillow.*' These words he hath spoken, but these words are not the words which the Eagle himself hath written on the watch—though this lad in ignorance or forgetfulness of his true message hath said it. But the words upon the watch are sacred words—and are a talisman from our most holy books. These I have deciphered, and thus do they proclaim—

'Who knows, and who shall declare
Whence and why creation took place?
He who is in the highest heaven of light
Knows this—no other.'

Blessed is he who beareth these words among us, and glad shall be his welcome among the true Calore ; for he hath come no doubt on business of Egypt, though as yet we know

it not. Wherefore it is for this we have paid him honor—for no other than one truly the favorite of the Gods could he be who beareth these words. And we have given unto him a new name—Zala-Mayna, or the Eagle-sent.

“But thou, O Zala-Mayna, shalt henceforth be welcome among our people; and whithersoever thou goest, there shall be a tent open to receive thee. I see in thine eyes and brow many tokens of the future. Thou shalt wander among many lands and achieve many adventures; thou shalt seek repose, and shalt not find it ever. Thy life will be a dim perplexity, but thou shalt discover truth and abjure error. Thou shalt be hated and loved of many; thou shalt smite and slay thine adversary, and be the sport of fierce whirlwinds; but the Eternal shall still shine before thy spirit; and thou shalt not mingle with the common herd; nor shall the sons of devils have power over thee; though many and great will be their arts of fascination. A great grief, and a dark sorrow shall steal over thee, and shall be the eclipse of thy life’s sun; it shall cling to thee, and fasten itself round about thee; it shall abide by thee unto death; it shall be the evil curse bestowed upon thee by those who gave thee birth; but thou shalt not quail or perish beneath it. Happier shalt thou be in the desert, or on the mountain, alone with Him unto whom thy spirit rises, than if thou didst tread the halls of kings, and didst behold a thousand parasites in thy train. But thine ending shall be quick and sudden—yet shall thy name not perish, nor thy wrongs be unavenged.”

Thus terminated this strange scene, enacted in the solitary heart of those silent Downs, when all the dwellers of the hamlet were buried in sleep or dream; unconscious of the drama that was being played within so short a distance. The lights were now extinguished; there was bustle and hurry; the dogs were called together; the horses were gathered in; the wagons were harnessed; the visitors departed. The stars alone saw us and them—the silent,

holy stars of heaven to which I lifted up my soul, and felt as if they were my kindred. So real, so profound, so sacred seemed the conviction that I was indeed Eagle-sent, upon the wild minds of these people, that I was in my own heart heartily ashamed of what I now felt for the first time was a species of imposture; an abuse of hospitality, an unhallowed intrusion upon the privacy of an isolated race. But what was I to do? Was I to confess all, and be driven with curses from out their circle? Nay, was I quite sure that with these passionate Children of the Sun, my life itself would be safe one moment after I had avowed the cheat? Self-preservation imperatively required that I should not follow this course. But again other thoughts succeeded, and I began perhaps to deceive myself, as most of us poor erring creatures are but too much inclined to do. Was it then *quite* certain that I was an impostor? Was it beyond all dispute clear that I was *not* divinely led among these people—conducted by some mysterious and superior influence? Was the possession of this watch, which seemed the talisman of my fate, a mere accident such as might have happened to any one else? Was my exile from my father's home, my mother's hatred, my school-boy suffering, my flight so auspiciously untracked to the present time, all mere accident; or were they not all rather links of a chain woven by destiny itself to lead me into that future life of change by land and sea, which this adventure seemed to offer? How could I tell? At all events, this was not the time, nor the most favorable opportunity for inquiring too nicely into the matter. I contented myself therefore with the present, secure at least in a home, and safety and protection among these strange dwellers of the Downs. I was given over to the especial care of one whom they called Man-asam, and in his tent I was to abide thenceforth, until I was thoroughly indoctrinated in all the lore of the tribe. He was a young man, eminently handsome, and might have

served for a model of Apollo. His eyes were bright as running streams, that dance and glitter in the sun; his tongue was sweet and musical. Well have the ancients called the voice the image of the soul, and well did the sage of old say to the silent man, "Speak, that I may know thee!" Never have I been deceived in this infallible test of man and woman; nor was I deceived in that of Manasam. A strange affinity seemed to spring up between us; he led me to his tent, and showed me a separate bed. I undressed myself, and with a parting glance at the golden lights of heaven, all resplendent in the violet arch above me, threw myself upon my heathery couch, and soon was wrapped in sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

I WAS now comparatively happy. Existence under canvas was novel; it was a delightful contrast to that from which I had so recently escaped. Like all boys, I was an intense lover of the open air. Solitary confinement at a desk or lesson had become odious to me. I had been flogged so hard under Casey and Porter, and fagged so hard at Westminster torture house, that the transition to indolence in the open country was like emerging out of purgatory into paradise. I had made a certain progress under these classic savages. If I was flogged, and kicked, and trampled on, I had, at all events, the pleasure of not having suffered for nothing. I was master of Latin and French; I knew Greek pretty well; I had a sort of smattering of Italian. I had a general knowledge of history and literature; not deep, but sufficient for all ordinary purposes. I had, besides, what is better than all, a love of books; and though I panted for a life of adventure, I

was not insensible to the exquisite enjoyment which flows from the acquisition of new truths, new information, new acquirements in the arts or sciences. May I confess that I had even scribbled poetry? But that is one of my accomplishments of which I do not intend to present my reader with a single specimen in this work. I believe I am the only rhymers that ever lived who had the modesty or decency to practice so much self-denial.

Oh! how I revelled in this new scene. I was drunken with delight. There were no bounds or limits to my joy. I sent my soul loose upon the free winds of heaven, that swept across the Downs redolent of the sea, the violet and wild thyme; the dewy breath of fragrant fields, the balm of an ethereal unknown beauty. I jumped, I skipped about, I was never tired of leaping over hedge or fence. I sang, I shouted aloud; I no longer envied the birds, for my heart was as joyous as the happiest songster of them all. The earliest beam of sunshine found me at my tent door, ready dressed; almost before a dog awoke I was out upon the hills, crossing over the valleys, vaulting over brush, and briar, and gorse, giving loose to the gushing ecstasy of my enfranchised spirit. A cold-blooded spectator, who had seen me, must have thought me mad, and in truth I was mad with the new feeling of freedom. I ran down the hares which I saw gliding through the thick fern and underwood. I rushed into the open sea, and breasted the green billows that dashed in living emerald upon the sounding beach, and seemed to speak the words of one Eternal. I stood and filled my lungs with the sweet breezes; I opened my hand and sought to grasp it, and make it all mine own. The glorious sunshine filled me with a divine feeling. I was like an immortal God, imbued with the nectar and ambrosia of the heavens. We did not always confine ourselves to one place, but wandered away far and far, making this lonely silent slade our head-

quarters, to which we generally returned after scouring all the seacoast country; sleeping in rich corn-fields, or on the warm beach when the summer sun gleamed over us with Italian glow and brilliancy; now on the Bexhill down, and Hastings, and chivalric Battle; now pursuing our course westward, and wandering like Bedoweens over the South Downs, to Arundel and Chichester, and Salisbury Plain, where amid our fathers' temples, Stonehenge and Amesbury, we camped, and heard traditionary tales of the enchanted past—ere yet a Druid dwelt in Britain, ere yet a Hebrew emerged from Oude. And mark how grandly still do they survive—these Boodhist fanes of vast gigantic architecture. They seem and are the works of a colossal race, before whom our puny modern men are but as elves. For what are all the palaces and crumbling churches of the Pagan; what are the marble fragments of Greece, or Rome, or Gaul, when compared with the stupendous reliques of our great forefathers? They are but children's toys—they are but dolls' houses—utterly mean and miserable. The Parthenon, the Pantheon, even the great Colosseum itself—oh, name them not; they are but poor, contemptible, and pigmy dust holes, if contrasted with these sublime memorials. These defy time itself; they are more ancient than the Pyramids, and will outlive them. They give a grander notion of the men who reared them by arts unknown to Euclid or Newton than all the epic strains of Hellas or Hesperia.

My companion, guide, or tutor, whichever he might be called, sympathized with my new-born rapture, and gave me golden glimpses of the Past. He repressed me not in the least degree; but himself, when he was not occupied in other pursuits, shared with me in all my sports, with the wild and savage freedom of a boy. While others poured their ancient lore into my heart, *he* taught me a variety of arts—to snare the rabbit or pheasant; to steal upon the

partridge in her nest; to surprise the nimble hare; and catch the silver tenants of the streams. Under his instruction I became a first-rate marksman with the arrow, the pistol, or the sling; I could hit a cherry with a stone from the last at a distance of a hundred yards. I had before some skill in swimming; but he instructed me in a variety of tricks, so that I could manage myself almost as skilfully as a fish in the water; nor did any feat seem too difficult for me to accomplish. He made me also a master of fence; he showed me how to wrestle and box; in a word I became an adept in all athletic sports. Two years thus pleasantly passed, and I was now seventeen. I was well-grown, tall, active, bold, quick, and daring. I feared no man; I blenched at no danger; and I had already distinguished myself by a variety of encounters with the myrmidons of the law, in which we usually came off victorious. I had become likewise a curious and keen observer of nature, and of the habits of the birds, the beasts, even the insects of the fields. I saw that they also were like human beings, with passions, feelings, emotions, vices, and virtues. I saw the strong oppress the weak; I saw the powerful destroy the feeble. Alas! when I went into the great world, I beheld the same; and could find no difference between the policy of the scorpions and the rats, and that of men and women; except that the latter were more refined and cruel in their love of power, or their lust of evil. I remember an incident which happened about this period, and which gave me a lesson not unuseful to me afterwards in my varied career.

Two swallows began to build a nest under a projecting stone of one of the old gable ends of the ruin that stood adjacent to our encampment. Every day the work advanced. At length it was complete; all that feathers, wool, and fine grass could do to make the tenement comfortable and compact had been supplied. While this labor

was proceeding, two sparrows, perched on a corn-rick close by, watched the swallows with eager, anxious eyes. When all was finished, the swallows disappeared into a garden some way off, and the sparrows quietly took possession of the nest. Conscious, however, of their guilt, they never dared to quit it together; but when one was absent gathering food, the other kept watch within, and, with beak protruded like a soldier's pike, seemed ready to do battle with all the world in defence of its ill-gotten citadel. The Duke of Austria could not be more alert in guarding one of his felonious acquisitions. Our late King William did not more vigilantly secure the crown which "he received, but did not steal."

At length the swallows re-appeared. They came as they supposed to a warm cottage ready prepared for their expected brood. But great was their dismay at finding the felons in possession. The male bird flew at the nest and attempted to expel the robber; but the stronger-beaked knave repelled him easily, and he retreated to his bride, bleeding and confused. A hasty and anxious discussion took place between them; they flew off, and all seemed tranquil.

And now a quick, sharp twitter from the triumphant sparrow recalled his mate; a consultation took place; sudden measures and precautions seemed requisite. They both flew off for a short period, and returned, laden with food. The garrison having been thus supplied, they both put themselves on their defence, and with javelins extended, made rather a formidable appearance. Their two sharp pikes stretched out beyond the nest seemed to oppose an impregnable barrier. I trembled for the luckless swallows who had thus fallen victims to these king-like spoliators. But soon the scene was altered. A shrill cry was heard in the air: I looked up and saw about thirty or forty swallows flying rapidly to the spot. I had no difficulty in

recognizing as their leaders the two outraged exiles, who like the sons of Æneas conducted this avenging army to this second Troy. They planted themselves on the corn-rick and surveyed the enemy. There was a coolness and intrepidity about their appearance that gave me great hope that poetical justice was about to be done, and that the ravishers must share the fate of their prototype, Paris. Nor was I deceived. The sparrows, indeed, remained watchful; their eyes were bold and fierce, as became a besieged party. They did not, of course, venture on a sally; but they seemed determined to die in their stronghold. And their determination was fulfilled, but in a manner on which they had scarcely reckoned. Suddenly about a dozen swallows, each laden with a pellet of mud, flew against the nest and discharged it with unerring aim. They then retreated, and made way for a fresh party, who renewed the attack; these in turn gave place to a third, who likewise fired their shot. The first battalion now returned with a fresh supply of mud, which they pierced into the very eyes of the besieged, blinding and confusing them; and the attack thus continued until the luckless sparrows were completely embedded in the soft compact, and stifled to death. All their struggles to escape with wing and beak were ineffectual. A reserve corps of swallows kept watch just over the nest, and while the others were absent, effectually plastered in the mud over the sallyport, so that flight was impossible, and the ravishers were bricked up alive. And now, how great and glorious was their triumph! As flocks of winged cranes, or long-necked swans in Asian meadows, by the fair flowing streams of Cayster, fly here and there, exulting in their wings, and settling down with noise and glee triumphant, so raised their pæans, the victorious band of swallows; as mighty eagles—but let me drop the Homeric strain, and simply say that, in a few short hours, by the united labors of all, a new nest was

constructed just over that which had been blocked up, and the reinstated birds were next day in quiet and contented possession.

Among the dwellers of our tents was an aged Indian, who, I think, must have been at least a hundred years old; yet he was not bent, nor bald, nor white haired. His eye retained its fire; his step was firm, but slow; his hand shook not, nor did his head wag. He went by the name of Akiba. He had travelled over nearly all the earth; he had sojourned among the Boodhist talapoins, and the Brahmin priests; he had visited the sacred temples of the Lama; and had penetrated the enigmas of the holy city of Benares and the more ancient fanes of Samarkand. He had been initiated into the profound philosophy of the sages of Mecca, and the hidden rites of the sect of Lao-Tseu. He had searched the mystic treasures of the Vatican—all as yet in manuscript, and carefully hidden away from profane eyes; unrevealed to the world, and never to be revealed; consulted, like the Sibylline books, by the highest order of the priests alone, and by them sought only on the most difficult occasions and emergencies. There the wealth of human wisdom and experience is hoarded up; the secret engines that moved empires; the dark intrigues that to mankind appeared so specious; the hidden causes of ruins and revolutions are laid bare; and no complication of circumstances can arise too difficult to be solved by those profound oracles of thought. This aged man became my Gooroo, or spiritual teacher. He showed me the insignificance of that knowledge which is to be derived from what we call the classical writers of Greece or Italy—the Platos, Ciceros, and other dotards who *knew* nothing; the mad, fantastic and degrading nonsense of their mythology—originally sublime and heaven-sent, but transformed by the accursed tribes of sophists and poets into a medley—so trifling and contemptible that only children could be

amused by it, while all men of sense must laugh it to scorn. He demonstrated that the Greeks, whom we in Europe absurdly venerate as the patriarchs of all philosophy, were despicable dreamers, without even the merit of originality in their shallow speculations; all of which were borrowed from an older and a greater people; but so travestied in the copy that what was primarily so sublime became, in their hands, utterly ridiculous. He enumerated their subtle distinctions and puerile definitions of God, the Soul, the Kosmos, and eternity; and distinguished between that exalted wisdom which consists in ideas as opposed to that which is made up only of words. The Greeks were, in fact, always babblers. Their taste in art was fine and pure, though delicate and small; but they were a nation of coxcombs, without any real or solid grandeur. To one who has *really* mastered Indian lore, Plato is the vainest prater of the Schools. The Romans were too much immersed in wars and politics, and the extension of their sway, to devote any lengthened period to the study of philosophy or of true religion. They were, like ourselves, a practical, money-getting race. Those of them who *did* think, drew from Greek fountains; which, originally shallow, would, of course, offer nothing greatly worthy of acceptance. Cicero was a pedant, who knew scarcely any thing of the subjects on which he professed to write. His *Nature of the Gods* reads like a burlesque. Seneca was a dabbler or a driveller—a dreary copyist of other men; Lucretius versified the pamphlets of Epicurus.

From the East all true science came; in the East only was it to be found. Thales and Pythagoras knew this, for they travelled thither and explored. The knowledge which they brought back they developed among their fellows; but the Grecian intellect, like that of Gaul, was too puny to comprehend its simple grandeur. It became diluted, weakened and effeminated, so that only a small remnant

of true Orientalism remained; but it was that remnant which gave vitality to their speculations. True science was, indeed, hoarded among the Wise, as a secret which ought not to be expounded to the common herd; and it may at least be said in defence of both Thales and his disciples, that they each had followers whom they initiated into the higher branches of the highest knowledge. But this policy defeated itself in the end. The great Monarchs of Wisdom, who committed to mere memory the vast treasures which they had acquired, the mighty conquests in the realms of thought which they had gained, trusted all to a most frail vehicle; and hence it came to pass that in the course of time, a great deal was forgotten, and, consequently, lost forever. To this may be attributed the present extension of Ignorance, and the vast twilight in which mortals wander. Had the Wise from the beginning, instead of confiding to each other, or to undecipherable tablets, their vast researches and great discoveries, committed them to writing, and published them to all the earth, the world would be ten thousand years in advance of what it is. There would be but One Religion and One System of Philosophy known among mankind; wars—the dice of hell—would cease, and confraternity universally prevail. But they kept their knowledge to a few, and hence the present wreck of all things.

Thus the old man taught me. We began at the rudiments of philosophy; we extended our inquiries into the most august speculations. He showed me how the earth of man was formed in the beginning; how it and all the planets of this solar sphere were originally thrown off, like bubbles from the sun. These bubbles condensing, became vast globes of water; a few living seeds germinated; the result gradually produced solid matter; this solid substance sank, and was attracted into one centre from all the vast circumference of waters. Hence deposits of mud, which

grew into sand; from sand to stone, from stone to all that we behold. God sent forth Vital Essences, which we call Spirits. He commanded them to animate existence, and gave them power to develop themselves as they thought proper. This, in the lower creatures, man calls instinct; but it is by this that man himself is formed. God says, "Go forth, appear in any shape that pleases thee." The spirit assumes that shape which is in harmony with its desires. If the spirit be inclined to evil, it assumes an evil shape, like that of a wolf, or tiger, or rat, with propensities cruel and cunning. If it be inclined to good, it assumes a noble development, such as the spirit of Pythagoras or Socrates assumed. God did not make Plato and Thersites. He was not, could not, and would not be so unjust. Each made himself; exactly as an insect makes its wonder-causing cells, which all the art of man could not imitate.

I asked him how it came to pass that spirits should have these propensities to good or evil, if God did not make them so inclined. And I argued that there could be no difference in the Creator making a man to be a Plato or Thersites, and making the spirit which so developed itself in Plato or Thersites, to have a propensity for the good or the evil which afterwards existed in these men. He said God not make Plato or Thersites; neither did He cause the spirits which assumed these forms to have a propensity, the one for a noble, the other for an ignoble development. God made all spirits equal in the beginning of creation, but He left them free to do as they thought fit. Hence arose a difference at once between them; for free will must ever produce variety of desire, and this variety of desire will develop itself in ten hundred thousand different ways. Remember, we are speaking of millions and millions of years that have gone by, since first our actual spirits were emanated from God; during which every spirit which is now on earth—for all living creatures are only spirits veiled in

flesh, or body of some sort—must have played innumerable parts, and passed through uncounted stages of existence. Some men now living have been archangels, and might have ever continued so, but the spirit is ever changing; confine it in one place, restrain its ever-growing desire for novelty, and it immediately becomes unhappy. God would not so restrain it; the consequence of which was, it sought some other form of being, and left its archangelic manifestation. Thus a spirit that desires to develop itself in a tree, or a rose, or a bird, three exquisite bodies, capable of great enjoyment, is permitted to do so; and this was what the Greeks meant when they filled the forests with Dryads, and gave to each particular tree a living nymph, whose existence terminated with the tree itself. If these things were not animated by an immortal essence of spirit, they could not survive a year. Cut down a tree; its life is gone, its spirit is departed, it decays and rots, and is no more. So it is with all things. Yet men see this, and deny a spirit-life to these substances, because they say they are devoid of reason, instinct, or intelligence. How know they that? Who would not rather be a tree or rose than one of the great herd of humankind who toil and drudge, and have no thought higher than that of animal existence, and the support of the gross body? In the eyes of a Supreme Being, is not the life of the tree more beautiful in all respects? It is innocent, pure and sacred. But what is the life of such a man as I have named? And what is his intelligence? and who from heaven told him that the tree has not great and noble aspirations; and that when it lifts its head beneath the sun and stars it does not see God, in and through them, and does not feel His being in its every fibre?

The reader may judge how all this entered into my soul—soured and saddened as it had been by the sensualisms and abominations which I had seen around me!

"You assume then," said I, "that the soul pre-exists; that it was an immortal essence before it animated the body?"

"I assume nothing," he answered, "I merely say what must be the fact. I do not assume that the sun shines. I see it, I feel it, I know it. In the same way I know that my father and mother did not make my soul. God made it. But when? Why millions of years ago. Then He made it, and it was worthy of His hands; then it was a great, a splendid, a divine thing, as all the works immediately proceeding from God are. Taunt not Him with creating such frail, miserable, and paltry things as human souls now be. It is they themselves, who, sinking from their primal majesty, have degenerated into their present lowliness. But mankind will not believe this. Their wretched self-love will not be satisfied with any thing but an immediate creation from the hand of the Supreme. Thus they are enabled to father on Him, the Pure and Just, all their shortcomings, sins and imperfections. God made me so, says the thief and drunkard; I can't help it; I did not make myself. Miscreant! thou liest. Thou didst make thyself. When God made thee, He formed thee all pure; but when abandoning Him, thou gavest thyself up to thine own will, then began that change in thee, which finally flowers forth in robbery and intemperance. But man, you will say, is unconscious of this pre-existence. It is not possible but that if he lived in other stages of being he must have some memory of them. This is not a sound argument. All memory is seated in the brain; destroy the brain, and though the man survives he loses all recollection of the past. The greatest philosopher of the day becomes insane; his brain softens; his memory is past and gone. Tell him that he existed twenty years ago, and he will betray no recollection of the fact. Does this prove he did not exist? You yourself, who now hear me, where were

you this day ten years? What were your thoughts, your words, your actions? You cannot tell. Does this prove you did not exist? Yet your brain is the same now as then, and I am assuming that your memory is as sound as that of ordinary men. If then the brain, and the brain alone, be the seat of memory, how can your spirit possibly recollect what happened in some prior stage, when it is separated from the brain, where all traces of that existence would be treasured up? I have shown you that even with your present brain you cannot recollect what took place ten or fifteen years since. How then is it possible that you could remember what took place ten thousand years since, unless you had the same brain now as you had then; or even *if* you had the same brain now as then, which of course it would be impossible you could have.

“Moreover, is it beyond all cavil established that we have no memory of the past? What is imagination—that power of building splendid castles in the air; of soaring into new regions and spheres; of clothing incidents with a golden brilliancy that gives to them the hues of fairy land? How know you that this enchanting fancy is not a dim recollection of other and more lovely spheres? You hear sweet music; you are fascinated; the tears roll from your eyes; your heart melts away in heavenly feeling. How know you that this also is not memory awakened by the song of happier days and times? Can the concurrence of a few notes alone produce so powerful an effect as that which I have described? I once travelled with a Dutchman through the Vale of Cashmere; at the close of a long day’s march, we rested in a beautiful plain, rich with silver rills, and flowers, and lovely trees, and sleeping as it were under a distant mountain, with varied tints of azure, pink, and violet. ‘Good God!’ said the Dutchman, ‘I have seen all this before. How well I recollect it! Every foot of ground is familiar to me,’ and he mentioned several remarkable

beauties of the place, which had not then disclosed themselves, but which we subsequently discovered. Was not this memory? What else could it be? This dull fool had never been out of Europe before; or left his stagnant pool of mud and mammon; had never before trodden that bewitching valley. Yet he knew every feature of this identical spot as well as any native."

These doctrines opened to my mind an entirely new view of Providence, and the Divine Laws, and proved incontrovertibly the necessity of human responsibility for sin. It is clear beyond all dispute, that if God made my soul as it is at present, He, not I, it is, who should be adjudged responsible for all I do. I am no free agent, for how can I go against that inclination which God himself has given me? But this in fact is blasphemy against His goodness. To preach that God makes men predisposed to evil and damns them because they commit evil, is to make him a demon, not a Divine Principle. Yet how many millions of people there are who honestly, but unthinkingly, hold this atheistical notion; and never once meditate on the awful consequence to which it leads. If, therefore, God did not make me as I am, it follows that I made myself so; and as a natural consequence I must pay the penalty of my own misdoings. This at once vindicates the ways of God to man. Milton sought, or fancied that he sought, to do this; but *his* notions of God were altogether mean, despicable, and grovelling; and the Almighty Ruler of the Heavens appears in his pages as a sort of creature with all the errors of a man, and none of the sublime majesty of a God. The devil is his true hero; and while he represents him as something above spirit, he makes God infinitely below it.

Then the old man taught me the true age of the earth, or rather, of man's existence on the earth; which he said had been considerably lessened from its real period, for the purpose of propping up certain systems. He detailed the

wonderful discoveries which the old astronomers had made, and which furnished conclusive proof that science at an early period had made gigantic progress, and that the true solar system, which we—vain puppets—suppose to have been a recent discovery, was perfectly well known to the most ancient men. In proof of this he mentioned the Cycle of the Naros, which was known thousands of years before what are called the postdiluvian ages. This cycle consists of 31 periods of 19, and one of 11 years, and is the most perfect of the astronomical cycles. It consists of 600 years of 7,200 solar months, or 219,146½ days; and this same number of 219,146½ gives years consisting each of 365 days, 5 hours, 51 minutes and 36 seconds, which differs less than 3 minutes from what its length is observed to be at this day. Supposing this cycle were correct to a second, if on the 1st of January at noon, a new moon took place, it would take place again in exactly 600 years, at the same moment of the day, and under all the circumstances. This is the most perfect cycle ever known; and how many hundreds of years must it not have taken before the first astronomers could have observed and recorded the heavenly movements so as to be able to note the time that made it up!

Next he showed me the reasonableness of the Indian Metempsychosis, which is erroneously called the transmigration of souls. Souls do not change their bodies on this earth. If a beggar dies to-morrow he is not found next day animating a dog. This is the vulgar notion, which those who get their bread by error desire to propagate. But the true Metempsychosis is this: A man has passed his whole life like Timur or Aureng-Zebe, in shedding blood; in cruel savage thoughts; in devising cunning schemes and plots. In what condition does his soul present itself before God when he dies? It bears upon it all the marks of those hideous vices. As cruelty and tyrannic power give a man's appearance, his eyes, mouth, and look, all the dread tokens

of his savage nature, so also do they imprint themselves upon his soul ; so that God when He beholds it immediately knows its nature. He casts it forth from Him ; for it cannot enter into the spheres of Purity. It wanders away in darkness ; light is hateful to its black and gloomy nature. Here it gradually suffers until its period is expired ; when it is again permitted to assume a corporeal development in accordance with its nature and propensities. This would be probably that of a hyena, or a wild cat, or a tiger, if its intellect was large ; of a weasel or a rat if its intellect was small and weak. And this truth is shadowed forth in the Hebrew Scriptures by the Story of Nebuchadnezzar, who worshipped the Bull Idol, and was changed into a wild beast of the same order.

Thus did we discourse—thus did he teach me. We traced man from his first appearance on the earth, down gradually to his present state ; we saw the various forms of existence through which successive races passed ; hunting, nomadic, warlike, agricultural, commercial. The scientific next remains. What it will develop mankind into is to be seen—but it is as yet a great way distant. We traced the various forms of religion, and identified those general features of a sublime original which all creeds possess in common. The various systems of philosophy we next examined, and found that nearly all were hollow and fantastical. The old man felt for me a paternal instinct. I suppose he was proud of the progress I made ; he was evidently gratified with the devotion which I displayed towards him, and the unmistakable zeal with which I executed his slightest wish. Those were pleasant days ! How different from the gin-horse curriculum of the schools ! Nature was our school-room ; the stars our monitors. We wandered by the mighty sea ; and in the majesty of the splendor around, before, and over us, more fully learned to appreciate the mystery that is in all things.

O Nature! O thou Supreme Heaven! How I thank thee that my soul had nerve enough to fly from man and mammon! What might I not have been had I remained forever the serf of civilization, and all its accursed crimes! I might have been like Walpole, Pelham, or Bute, Ministers of England, surrounded by the wickedest of the human race; obliged by force of circumstances to lie and fawn and flatter; to cringe to him who had six votes; to be the minion of the man who commanded twelve. I might have been forced to lie to every fool I met; to bow down to the most detestable of creatures, because they could command the ear of the many; to the most loathsome of women, because they could dispose of the passions of the King. I might have been tempted to make the most false and evil hypocrite a bishop, because he had votes and influence; and to have placed upon the bench, as administrators of law, men whose whole lives were meanness, falsehood, villany, and chicanery. And all these crimes for what? A few thousands of money; a few years of patronage to fellows whom I loathed; a few years of worship by creatures whom I scorned; a brief period of homage as false as the empty soap-bubble. Many and many a day have I wanted bread, and many a night have I asked myself where I should lie down, but never once have I regretted that I was not heir to my father's millions, or envied the lord and master of Houghton.

CHAPTER XIII.

ONE summer evening, after one of our disquisitions on these subjects, Manasam suggested to me that I should ask Akiba to narrate his history for us. The old man had a

parental—alas! what was I going to say?—I mean a truly patriarchal feeling for me, and he indulged me as a spoiled child. Indeed, I do not remember that he ever refused me a reasonable request. I was myself not a little inquisitive about what must at all events have been a varied experience. I asked him to oblige me; the old man paused for a few moments, and entering his tent, returned with a small parcel; he then resumed his seat beneath a branching tree, and began as follows:

“You ask me for a narrative of my life, and you shall have it—briefly, for I am old, and my lamp is nearly quenched; the river of my days is exhausted. My earliest recollections are of tents and plains. I was born in the desert; I am a child of the mountain and the forest; the rapid stream and the tempest-footed steed were my first companions. My father was a robber—so, indeed, were all our tribe; Belochees—whose boy dreams are tinged with blood and pillage, and terrible adventure. Strange that I, who drew my primal breath far away in the hills of the Orient, under a hot sun and fiery heaven, and in the parched and beam-reflecting desert, should sink into the earth in this cold English land, and beneath its varying skies of cloud, mist and azure; with no kindred hand to smooth my pillow, or draw the curtains of my tent when the wind blows cold and raw; and in its melancholy wail I seem to hear the spirits of my sires calling to their last descendant.

“We led a wild life, and many a village owned our sway. Our swords were sceptres; where they waved we were as kings. The flash of our turbans was like the coming of lightning; their glittering was death. Often were we hunted over the plains by omrahs fierce and bloody as ourselves—the legalized banditti of the land; but our fleet Khorassan steeds bore us safely from their fangs, and we avenged ourselves in smoking huts and rifled harems. Had we been

ten thousand strong we might have founded a dynasty, and been kings by all the laws that regulate and delude mankind, but we were never more than a few hundreds; and so we were marauders and public enemies, against whom every man's dagger was uplifted, and those lies called laws were put in force.

"We were only conquerors on a small scale, and we had not killed or robbed enough to take our place in histories, though we were celebrated by many a bard.

"It was a wild life, and yet a glorious, happy one! We were here to-day, and sixty miles away to-morrow. We spared the very poor, but had no mercy on the rich, who lorded it over slaves; and though they usually sprang from nothing, were far more proud and cruel than the hereditary nobles of the kingdom. In one night we often captured as many as sixty camels, and drove them over the plain in one long file. Oh! how we scorned the mean-eyed dwellers in cities, whose sneaking walk and fawning looks, and wincing tones of sham humility were so widely different from ours; for even the least of us when fettered, wore the independent air of a prince; and even in his dungeon flashed around the splendid fire of freedom. With our swords, shields and matchlocks, we thought ourselves a match for any equal number of men in the world; and who shall say that we were not so? Our chief was a tall, fierce fellow, with black matted hair, like so many clustering vipers beneath a ponderous turban; his eyes were strong and flaming as an eagle's; his breath was fiery, like a lion's breath. I would you could have seen him. He was of that mighty race of men who raised Carnac, Stonehenge, and the mysterious wonders of Elora; who built the Babylonian Tower, and reared the sunken splendors of Maha Bali Puram. These heroic sons of gods, or demi-gods, are departed, and in their place subsists a weak, degenerate tribe of pale-eyed, craven-hearted drudges, who love to compass gold by

trickery and deceit, rather than by the daring of the strong right hand. And they win it, but are not worthy of the prize. My soul spits at them; my heart loathes their very name. I hate to think of them—so I have betaken myself away to die amid the green hills and silent dales, where I feel freedom, and see not knaves or cowards. This was my sword,” and here the old man produced a Beloochee blade of the most exquisite temper. It was folded reverently in silk and velvet, and when he bared it to the setting sun, he kissed its glittering point as if it were some cherished relic of a fakir or saint, or holy Yogee of the fanes. On the upper part, and just beneath the hilt, was graven a sacred motto—“God gave the sword to man to save his spirit from dishonor.” And as he deciphered for me this warrior text, his eyes shone with some of their ancient lightning; and I could see that his heart beat with a stronger pulse than usual. He handed the sword to myself first, and afterwards to Manasam; and evidently enjoyed the feeling of respect which we appeared to evince as we touched this cherished memorial of past achievements.

“With that sword,” said he, “I have slain fifty men. I speak not figuratively, but an actual fact. When the fiftieth head had rolled upon the dust, then, and not till then, did I relinquish the loved companion of my youth.”

And kissing it again, he enveloped it within its gorgeous covering, and laid it by his side.

“Our robber chief was wedded—well, I suppose I must say wedded—to a daughter of Sindhia. Where he got her, no one knew. Whether she had been torn from a forest cot, or from a royal harem, was a secret. Enough for us was it that she was our Chieftain’s wife, and that her word, or even nod, was law absolute. Dark she was as starry night; dark, yet gloriously bright and lovely. When you looked into her black eyes, rolling spheres of flame beneath her white and queen-like brow; when you watched her long

raven hair, floating loosely over her neck of pure snow, as I have seen the sable clouds flying in wild disorder over the crystal heaven, or viewed her rose-like mouth, or, sweeter still, listened to the deep music of her voice, you knew that a woman of superior order was before you, and that she was made for the greatest hero in the world. She was a splendid savage—wild as a tigress, and equally untamable. You loved, yet dreaded to look upon her. Her motions were as quick as lightning flashes. She was never still; you could as easily chain the winds of heaven, or the green and ever-gliding ocean. Rest was wholly foreign to her nature. She was one of those spirits of flame that if they are still, die and are forgotten. Her lord was an uncultivated brute—strong as an elephant, bloody as a hyena, subtle as a lion, but wholly rude and ignorant. He was a mere animal. As an animal, he was perfect; for no one member of the brute creation could be compared with him; but as a man, he was inferior to many of our tribe. I have seen at Athens and Rome statues of demi-gods or heroes,—Hercules, Theseus, and Moses. Well, such in outline was Beloli. He had their mighty limbs and muscles of steel; but he had no informing soul within to give refinement or perfection to this gorgeous mass of bone and flesh, and symmetry. What sympathy could there be between him and Hamida? There was none. It was the living wedded to the dead. It was the star Venusi bound to the dark and gloomy Saturn. It was a spirit of light, chained to one of the dark spirits of clay, chafing the chain, restless and ever more unhappy.

“Upon a time it happened that she fell ill. There was no leech among our tribe. Beloli called two or three enchanters to his aid, but their nostrums were of no avail; Hamida was evidently dying. Beloli’s rage knew no bounds. The baffled magi were scourged out of the tents; they were dismissed with every mark of ignominy. In vain

they denounced curses and revenge; he heaped dirt upon them, and hunted them out of our bounds with his dogs. All was now confusion and despair. At this moment I came forward. I had always been a seeker after knowledge; though a robber and the son of robbers, I had gained many a hidden gem of science. I had been singularly fortunate also; for I had once rendered a service to an old crone on the hills, by saving her idiot son from a flogging in our tents, and she had repaid the obligation by imparting to me the secret virtues of many a lowly herb. I pledged my life for Hamida's recovery. Beloli scanned me for some time with a suspicious eye, but at length accepted my offer. "Villain," he said; "what knowest thou of the healing art? But if thou failest, thou shalt die the death." I willingly consented, and he introduced me into the tent. Hamida was there—oh, how beautiful!—how glowingly beautiful even in the flush of fever! With a simple decoction I at once produced a change; her recovery was rapid; she was well almost before it could be hoped she was convalescent. I had indeed snatched her from the jaws of death. The means were not profound, but Hamida knew that I had saved her life. This was all the reward I sought. Beloli dismissed me with thanks. He gave me a suit of armor, all gold—it had been plundered from a palace. But I cared not for it, and never wore it. Six months passed away, and I had almost forgotten what had taken place; when, as I was lying one night, alone by the river, looking at the moonbeams playing over its surface, I heard a slight noise; I started up, thinking it was a wild beast that stole upon me. I pulled out an arrow, and began to fit it to the string; when suddenly a low, sweet laugh was heard, and I was struck on the face by a piece of jasmine. I dropped my arrow and waited; no one appeared, and I lay down again. I knew that the lady—if it was a lady—would not take all this trouble for nothing;

and I determined that she should seek until she found me. All, however, remained still; I lingered there for an hour, and the moon sank, and all was darkness, and I went home to my tent, angry with myself that I had not followed up what seemed a lucky adventure. The next night, and many nights after, I sought the same retreat, but no one came. I cursed myself for a fool. I stamped with rage, and was almost tempted to destroy myself. Thus three or four weeks fled—fled, did I say?—no, crawled, crawled with leaden feet, till I was in despair and almost mad. A thousand wild, conflicting thoughts made chaos of my bosom, and I grew weak, timid, desperate and savage by turns. I no longer entered with anxiety into the measures of my companions. Many laughed at me as a poltroon, but I cared not. Yet one eye watched me during all the time.

“Well, let me come to the point. What is the use of spinning out an old man’s legend? We met, Hamida and I—how, when, or where it matters not. She it was who had stolen upon me—but she dared not follow it up then. She retreated, half frightened at what she did. But her fiery nature could not rest. Love occupied her whole being; she was wild, mad, fevered with her passion. We met—we loved—what more is needed to be said? Oh, the wild delirium of that passionate embrace! We were young—wild—dreamers—lovers. These phrases comprise every thing—they embody a whole world of romance, sentiment and recklessness. But it lasted not. Those stolen interviews were sweet, but full of danger. Beloli heard of our meetings; some of his numerous spies whispered into his ear. He dissembled well. No look or word betrayed his knowledge. One day he called me to him. ‘Akiba,’ he said, ‘great is my faith in you. I am upon an expedition to the far off hills—I shall be absent for a week. Assume my place of command, and in my absence let your word be a law unto the brethren that remain.’ He called them be-

fore him, and thus he spake, 'Brother, I depart—I go with fifty men upon an expedition. All ye who remain obey Akiba; he is my lieutenant; obey him as myself.' And they promised to do so. That evening he departed; his fifty chosen companions were with him. The watch-fires were lighted; I posted sentinels, and stole into the tent of Beloli. Hamida was there. The hours passed on golden wings; the stars rose one after the other, and walked in luminous paths across the purple heaven, and we looked out into that luminous arch of fiery beauty; and she lay upon my breast; for deeply, passionately did I love Hamida; and when the night was at its middle course, we retired into the inner tent and fell asleep. I was awakened by a strange noise. Methought I heard the distant tramp of feet, yet it was a still and stealthy tramp. I rose to look forth into the gloom. Hamida was instantly beside me. There was a magnetic sympathy between us; when *she* slept, *I* slept; when either woke, slumber fled from the brain of the other. She folded her arms around me and said, 'Dear Akiba, what is it?' I whispered to her to be still, and making a slit in the tent, we peered outwards. My heart beat—was still—and beat again. She folded her long, white, loving arms around me, saying, 'It is a dream, Akiba; be not alarmed, come.' And she half pulled me backwards. But I felt an inward monitor, more powerful even than Hamida to my heart and spirit, and the monitor said, 'Watch!' Suddenly, quicker than I can speak the words, the tent was surrounded. I saw a body of armed men gather about us. All was darkness, all was silence; but there was a cool resolve about their movements that seemed the prelude to a dreadful deed. Then a loud voice spake, 'Akiba, come forth!' It was the voice of Beloli. It shot through me like an arrow of death; not for my own sake, but for the sake of Hamida. I knew not what to do, but silence seemed the wisest course I could adopt. Beloli

waited for some moments; at length, finding that there was no answer, he advanced, armed, towards the tent. His men followed him. 'Stand back!' he cried, in a voice of thunder. I feared him not. Why should I? He was a ravisher of this fair woman. He had dragged her from her home; he had forced her to be his. Her heart she never gave him—nay, she loathed his very presence. In giving herself up to me she had broken no pledge, she had committed no breach of faith; she had violated no vow. Beloli had destroyed—I had saved her. Towards him all her feelings were those of hatred; to me she felt gratitude, and where a woman gives her grateful heart we know that she gives all. Therefore did I fear him not. I knew that I had done him no wrong. I blushed not in the least. I trembled not before him. I advanced and pulled open the tent. I had drawn my sword. 'Here I am,' I said, 'what wantest thou with me, Beloli?' He started back; terrible in his strength though he was, he did not hope that I should confront him. 'Villain!' he said, 'thou shalt die, and thou shalt not die alone!' Then he turned to his men and cried, 'Fire!' but before they could do so Hamida was at my side. Her eyes flashed; she flung herself before me; the stars gleamed over her with their splendid light; never had she looked so beautiful. Her night robe only was on her, and half her magnificent form could be seen. The robbers started back; the majesty of her appearance, the glorious spirit which she evinced, abashed, appalled, transfixed them with a mighty awe. 'Fire!' she said, 'fire, oh, friends! but let every shot be aimed at me, for I alone am guilty—if guilt there be. This youth is innocent of wrong.' And she again presented herself like a buckler in my front, so that if they discharged their pieces, they must have destroyed her. I was so utterly confused and paralyzed with fear for her that I knew not what to do—otherwise I believe I should have rushed forward upon Beloli's sword.

‘Fire!’ he said again, with a ferocious cry, but they would not fire. Beloli himself moved not. In a moment the tent pole was removed, and we were enveloped in its folds. ‘Fly,’ said she, ‘fly to the hills, the hills, and I will follow.’ I easily escaped; but when I looked she was not near me. I hid myself under a hillock where a clump of bushes grew, and waited for her with a beating heart; but she came not. I stole down towards the camp again. Before I had gone half way, a fierce light rose up around the fallen tent; the thick black felt ignited rapidly; a fearful blaze was seen of dry and green wood, and round the burning centre were the robbers and Beloli, making a horrible outcry to the noise of tom-toms and sitarrs. My blood ran cold; Hamida had died to save me; she had sacrificed herself for me—most worthless. In that moment, in that humiliating thought, I died a hundred times. Yet was my heart filled with admiration for this noble woman. I had still my matchlock in my hand, that trusted tube, whose aim had never failed. The flame, and smoke, and sparks of death now rose higher and higher. No cry was heard from beneath the blazing tent. She had either perished instantly, or else that haughty heart disdained to weep. Beloli laughed; he ran round the fire with fierce exultation; his companions seemed pleased that at all events they had not shed the blood of their mistress. The distinction between shooting and burning her to death was a nice one; I suppose it satisfied the casuists among them. At all events, they looked on and did not interpose, while Beloli heaped thicker and thicker the blazing brands. Then he raised his sword and waved it over his head, but in that instant he fell dead into the very fire himself had raised, and the echo of my matchlock rang among the hills.”

Here the old man was silent—he remained so for a considerable interval. Suddenly he flung himself upon the ground—he moaned aloud; his agony was dreadful to behold.

The big tears coursed each other down his cheek and beard; his bosom shook with an internal agony too great for words. He moaned, he cried, he beat his breast; he struck his head against the earth. I almost feared that he was about to destroy himself. Never have I seen grief more violent. It was dreadful in so old a man. "O Hamida," he exclaimed, "form and beautiful spirit of my first, my last, my only love, look upon me from the sphere of light and beauty, where I know thou art enthroned—look upon me with thy sweet fond eyes, and know by all the agonies I have endured and still endure, that none but thou hast had my heart. Thou hast gone before me—for me indeed hast thou sacrificed thy life; yet was not thy love greater than mine, and could I by ten thousand deaths bring thee back once more to earth and life, ten thousand deaths would I endure in proof of what I feel. Fair woman! noble heart! oh, hear me! A wanderer have I been—a wild and wayward sinner; unworthy of a love so great, so high, so holy and exalted, as thine. Oh! what am I that thou shouldst die for me?—a weak, wretched worm. Yet do I love thee—I dare to love thee who art all splendor and beauty. Pray for me, O Hamida—pray for me to the Supreme—to thee will Alla hearken, for thou art of the spirits whom He loves; but as for me, poor miserable outcast, I dare not lift my voice to Him. O God, O Father, for *her* sake grant that we may meet again—Thy heaven were a void to me if I had not Hamida."

We did all we could to soothe the old man, but success was impossible. He would not listen—perhaps he did not hear. He lay in terrible suffering, and would not be comforted. We commended him to the care of one of the women, and took our leave. We did not see him for several days. When we met, it was by chance amid the hills. The old man seemed to have grown older; the lapse of a week had apparently added twenty years to his head. He did not seem to notice us; he was absorbed in deep meditation.

We did not obtrude upon him; his grief was too sacred to be disturbed. A month elapsed, and we again met. He introduced the subject himself. We sat under the ruined church. The sun was sinking, and there was a golden valley of light in the west.

"Zala-Mayna," said Akiba, "look upon yonder sunset. Like it are the dreams and hopes of youth. You see a gorgeous valley, a castle of pure gold, with battlements of silver, and a purple lake of waters. It seems the abode of heavenly spirits. The green waters smile in sunny brightness beneath; the East is darkened as if with violet lines; but they are tinged with golden brilliancy. If any earthly scene can give you an idea of celestial beauty, now you may behold it. But like all terrestrial things, this is an unreal spectacle. Even while you gaze upon it, the valley darkens, the castle melts away into an orange colored mist, the silver battlements fade into a dim twilight, and the lake of purple water grows into dim cloud. So it is with all that is on earth. Every thing we see is Maya; a faint and transitory illusion. The skeptical in my country say that God also is Maya; but the truly sage know that He alone is real, but that all else is the Maya of the fancy. Follow and adore Him, therefore, through all vicissitudes; all else but He is vapor."

We conversed until the Evening Star arose. Our themes were high and holy. When we were wrapped in darkness, Akiba said,

"Let me resume my story where I broke off; yet all the rest is plain prose. This was the epic of my life, and no man has two epics. You must be content for the remainder with the dull lees. I vowed revenge, and fulfilled my vow. There was not one of those fifty bandits who thus surrounded the tent and destroyed Hamida, that I did not follow up, and, in the course of time, destroy. It took me nearly six years before I had completed my purpose, but at

the end of that time I had fifty dried scalps of my companions. No man can ever know what pains, what toils, what strange disguises it required before I could accomplish this glorious vengeance. But at the end of that time the great object of my life had been gained. I was at peace. I carried the scalps to the place where we encamped on that fatal night; and on the very spot where stood Beloli's tent, and the remains of Hamida reposed, I made a funeral pile, and sacrificed them to her manes. I then fled into a distant part of the country, and for a while sojourned in the woods. I lived with nature, and gave a respite to my passions. But after a year all the ardor of my nature again broke forth. I longed for action. I panted once again to mingle in the fiery struggles of life. Shah Jehan was now involved in troubles; the sceptre of Hindoostan trembled in his feeble grasp. Addicted to his pleasures he was unable to reduce his sons to order; he lived only in his past glories; luxury and magnificence were all his care. But his four sons—they were perpetually fomenting strife and discord. The fiercest hatred burned in their hearts. Dara, the oldest and noblest, had been invested by his father with a share of the sovereign power; but Aureng Zebe had long marked out the gorgeous crown of India for himself, and the better to assure success, he had assumed the mask of religious zeal and holiness. His austerities were the themes of applause, but only a few were cognizant of the ambition of his soul. He gathered partizans from all sides; he was profuse in promises; he was lavish also in rewards. Inferior in figure and manner to his two elder brothers, Dara and Sooja, and in true nobility of heart to his younger brother Morad, he outshone them by an appearance of solidity and gravity, which gave weight to all he said and did. He was plausible, false, and dissimulating; and could sow dissension among the most intimate friends, without himself appearing to be aught except the mutual confidant of both. When the Mogul fell

ill, and Dara had half assumed the sovereignty, Soojah rebelled, but was speedily overthrown. Morad, the youngest son, now took the field. He wrote to Aureng Zebe, and solicited his assistance. This crafty prince was delighted at the proposal. He well knew that if with Morad's help he could destroy the predominant power of Dara, he would have no difficulty of getting rid of Morad himself, as soon as he had served his purpose. He sent an answer, accusing Dara of weakness, and Soojah of infidelity; both were consequently unworthy of the crown. 'As for me,' said he, 'I have long since dedicated myself to the service of God; I desire only that safety and tranquillity which suit the fervency of my devotion. But I will, with my poor abilities, assist Morad to take possession of a sceptre which the united wishes of the people of Hindoostan have already placed in his hands. Morad may then think of his faithful Aureng Zebe, and assign him a quiet retreat, that he may pass the remainder of his life in the austerities of religion, and in communion with God.' Morad was utterly deceived; he levied troops, and among his new recruits I was one. We crossed the Nerbudda, and having joined the forces of Aureng Zebe, tried our strength against the Maha Rajah. A terrible battle ensued. We were on the right flank; Aureng Zebe occupied the left. After a bloody conflict we succeeded. The Maha Rajah fled, and we entered Ugein in triumph. Great was the consternation now at the Court of Shah Jehan. The Emperor himself resolved to take the field; a step that would have destroyed the power of Aureng Zebe in one day, so greatly was Shah Jehan still adored by all the soldiers; but Darah dissuaded him and went in person against the two rebel leaders. We met in the plains of Guzerat. Darah himself led on the troops. Never was there a more desperate fight, but the fall of Rustum in the beginning of the battle destroyed the expectations of Darah. With the life of his bravest general ended all further chance

of victory. His troops fought like lions, but his evil star prevailed. A variety of untoward accidents intervened; and at the very moment when he should have led his soldiers against the wearied forces of his brothers, his elephant driver retreated in a panic, and all was lost. Aureng Zebe succeeded almost by a miracle. Never was a more extraordinary combination of lucky accidents than those that won for him that eventful battle.

“Of the subsequent fate and fall of Morad, why need I speak? That brave prince became a victim to the treachery of his brother. Aureng Zebe assumed the imperial crown at Delhi, and Shah Jehan became his prisoner. With the fall of Morad, his soldiers were transferred to the new monarch, and I now swore fealty to Aureng Zebe. But he was not destined to sit beneath the imperial umbrella without perpetrating other crimes. Soliman, the son of Dara, was yet in arms. Dara himself was at the head of a large army. Aureng Zebe marched forth to meet him. We arrived on the banks of the Suttuluz, but there was no opposing foe. Disunion was in the councils of Dara; his camp was full of spies sent by the usurping emperor, who sowed suspicion and dissension. In the night preceding our arrival he fled. We pursued him rapidly. Our scouts informed us that he had taken the direction of Moultan, and thither we advanced. But news was brought to Aureng Zebe that Sooja now was in the field, and was marching on Delhi. The emperor left the main army with some chosen troops, and went to meet his brother. We, in the meantime, followed. Dara again fled. He pursued various routes, but at length made a final stand at Ajmere, where he fortified his camp. Aureng Zebe having, in the meantime, destroyed the forces of Sooja, now rejoined us with his victorious troops. But the ramparts of his brother dismayed him. He prepared to outwit him. When the rigor of the lion availed not, he knew how to put forth the subt-

lety of the fox. Two of his generals had formerly served under Dara, but had fled from him as his star began to wane. These Aureng Zebe now employed in one of those crafty devices which never fail pretenders to religion. They sent a letter to Dara, craving forgiveness, and offering assistance, provided he would leave the gates of his camp open for their reception. Dara fell into the snare. Before the day dawned all our troops were in arms; we were drawn up behind the tents, and hidden from the view of Dara. The pretended fugitives issued forth in a large body; we pursued them, and fired our cannon on their rear, but it was only blank cartridge. Dara was wholly deceived. He came forth himself to welcome his repentant friends. They bore down all before them, and took possession of his camp. We followed, and the fate of India was decided in half an hour. Dara now fled with his family into the burning deserts. Every one deserted him; his own soldiers plundered and robbed him. The petty nobles hunted him from among them. At length he was betrayed by Sooja, whose life he had twice saved, but who now received an immense bribe from Aureng Zebe, the price of his brother's blood.

“We brought him to Delhi; even we, when we saw him meanly dressed, and bound in chains, pitied the eldest son of Shah Jehan. But it was Fate—and who can resist? He was carried through the city, which he had so often paraded with royal pomp, on an old decrepit elephant, with tattered housings; he was clothed in coarse linen; his turban was ragged; his hair had grown gray during his misfortunes. The lowest among the rabble pitied when they saw him; the women burst into tears. Dara retained his dignity, but his young son was weeping by his side. He was conducted to Chizarabad, and his death decreed. In the dead of the night Aureng Zebe despatched the assassins. They rushed into the cell where Dara and his son were

prisoned. They tore them asunder and prepared to strangle him. But the blood of the descendant of Timour arose against this infamous death. Dara stabbed one of the villains with his penknife. They immediately fell upon him with their swords. His son, though in chains, rushed into the cell, and saw them in the act of beheading his father. The assassins left him with the decapitated trunk, and carried the bloody memorial to Aureng Zebe. That monarch had been in dreary expectation all the night for their return. When the murderers arrived, they were immediately admitted to his presence. The bloody head was presented, but the features could not be recognized. He ordered a charger of water to be brought, and when he had wiped away the clotted gore with his handkerchief, he saw that it was indeed his brother's head. 'Alas! unfortunate man,' he exclaimed; but Aureng Zebe was more to be pitied than his victim. For a few short years of grandeur he bartered his everlasting hopes of heaven. Where is he now? And what avails his villany?

"I saw him sit upon the peacock throne, the greatest wonder of art that man has ever seen; before which the pageantry of Alexander, Xerxes, or Cambyzes fade into dirt. The ceiling of the Dewann Khan, in which it was set, and which was the chamber set apart for royal audience, was incrustured with silver foliage, massive, rich, and shining; columns of white marble, adorned with inlaid flower-work of beautiful stones, supported the roof. Around the cornice, in Persian letters of gold, was written, 'If there be a paradise upon earth, this is it—'tis this, 'tis this.' The pillars themselves were hung with tapestries of purified gold, having the ground of gold, and for the roof of the hall there was nothing but great canopies of flowered satin, fastened with red silken cords that had big tufts of silk, mixed with threads of gold, hanging on them. The throne was formed of solid gold, incrustured over with diamonds,

rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. Two peacocks stood upon it, with their tales expanded, which were studded with various jewels to represent the life. Between the peacocks stood a parrot, of the ordinary size, cut out of one emerald. There were also two nosegays, consisting of various sorts of flowers, all of beaten gold enamelled. The twelve columns that upheld the canopy were set round by rows of pearl; and at each side of the throne were two umbrellas, the handles of which were eight feet high, covered with diamonds; the umbrellas themselves were of crimson velvet, embroidered and fringed with pearl. And I saw Aureng Zebe sitting on this throne, splendidly apparelled in white satin, flowered with the finest gold. His turban was of cloth of gold, having a bird wrought upon it like a heron, whose feet were covered with diamonds of an extraordinary bigness and price, with a great Oriental topaz which may be said to be matchless, shining like a little sun. A collar of large pearls hung about his neck to his stomach, and a transparent jewel, with a diamond appendant to it, as large as an egg, encompassed with rubies and emeralds, was so suspended from the canopy that it always met his eye wheresoever he looked. Around him were his Omrahs, glittering with jewels innumerable, offering presents of fine golden vessels set with precious stones, or basins filled with pearls, diamonds, emeralds, or rubies. And I said unto myself, 'Verily, these are fine hours with thee, O King; but behind thy majesty and magnificence I see death and dim corruption; and even at this moment before thine eye, in place of yon diamond, it is thy brother's bloody head thou seest; and in thine ear, in place of all these sounding flatteries, it is thy prisoned father's sighs and groans that ring. And in a few years all shall pass away, and thou shalt be carried forth a stiff corse, and in the hour of death thou shalt curse the energy that raised thee to command, through heaps of murdered men, and over heaps of broken

oaths. Then shalt thou know that all these scenes are hollow as a human skull, and thou shalt sup full on sorrow and despair. Thou shalt cast thine eye backward, and it shall be met with blood; thou shalt cast thine eye forward, and thou shalt perceive darkness and despair. And they who now surround thee would not give a moment of their own days to protract thine; albeit they now profess entire submission, and are ready with their lives to prove their fealty to thy person.' And as I thought these things a mist came over my eyes."

Here Akiba was again silent; his gaze was fixed on vacancy; the expression of his features was rapt, and as if inspired. A wild gleam glittered in his eyes; he seemed awed and daimon-moved.

"Yes," he cried, "I see it all. This gorgeous glittering villany hath within it the essence of its own ruin. Yet a few years more, and all will be overwhelmed. Thou also, O Delhi, which now towerest royally over the plains, shalt be destroyed; and the peacock throne of Shah Jehan shall be broken into fragments. The gardens of Shalimar, now splendid with their cypress avenues and sparkling fountains, their rose-bowers thick with nightingales, their jewel-crusted caves that shelter from the heat, their cedars shielding out the sun, shall be a waste and a desert, and their owner shall recognize them no longer. Methinks I stand upon the lofty summit of Mejnoon, and gaze downward over that dazzling city; its thousand minarets of marble, its thousand cupolas of polished metal, mirrored in the shining waters of the Jumna, and by the grand canal on which King Feroze squandered millions. I see the gay procession pass of princes and rajahs, followed by corsleted and bucklered crowds that glow in polished steel and gold, while camels, elephants, and horses move in all the pride of purple housings and silver knots. But a cloud arises, and all is tempest—tempest, lightning, and the voice of

thunders. The stately tower of Kootoob is wrapped in night, and the marble resting home of Humayoon is gathered in the thick folds of many mists. Midnight wreathes the Jumna Musjid which Aureng Zebe himself erected, to diffuse through Ind and Europe his sanctified renown; and to purge himself from shame or sin, for an aged father prisoned in his palace, and a gallant brother butchered like a wolf. Within it kneels the king himself, clothed in rags—his purple robes are laid aside, and thus he prays to heaven for forgiveness. But a bolt smites him, and he is no more; his palace passes, his family is destroyed; the crown obtained with so much treachery and blood is transferred into another's hand; and all that remains of Aureng Zebe is the memory of his crimes, and the lesson of his retribution; the folly of the guilty, and the unerring justice of the Supreme.

“The fate and fall of Dara worked a wonderful change in my temper. I said to myself, ‘This life suits me not.’ Years began to exercise their humanizing effect on me. I left the ranks when I was not yet thirty years old, and became a pilgrim. I visited all the sacred shrines of India; I cared not whether they were dedicated to Brahm, to Alla, or to Hormuzd—so long as they were consecrated to God, I paid them veneration. Soumanth and Benares, Sri Saila and Maha Kala, Om-Kara and Tryambaka, had equal claims for me; and I became gradually initiated into sacred lore, learning equally from Buddhist and from Brahmin, the most recondite mysteries of their respective creeds. At length, having traversed India, I penetrated China, and made the pilgrimage of that most wonderful land, seeing all that could be seen, and learning the theology of that most ancient people, who are the lineal descendants of Nuh, whom Europeans call Noah, and the Chinese call Fohi, the former name being unpronounceable in their language. From China I passed into Russia, and so into European

Turkey, from which I descended into Italy and Spain, and, traversing France, crossed the sea and joined myself to the gypsies, whom I found to be of our people—the same in blood, in language, and in affinity—and with them I mean to pass the brief remnant of my days. I have given orders for my body to be laid in Stonehenge, that Cyclopean monument of the Cuthite priests of India; and there shall it repose until the world is renewed, and all things are restored to their primal condition. The summary of my life may be comprised in one sentence: Mankind is everywhere the same, a mixture of good and evil. God is everywhere the same; the rewarder of the virtuous, and the punisher of the wicked. Truth is everywhere the same; one and unmixed, and wholly different from the popular belief. Life is everywhere the same; a toilsome pilgrimage which conducts to heaven or hell, according to the way in which it is passed.”

CHAPTER XIV.

FAIR and beautiful art thou, O, Morning Star! Thou gleamest high in the blue heaven; the purple waves awaken into light, and watch thy golden brightness on their crests. I sit within my moveless gondola, and gaze aloft; I think me of the olden days when *she* also shone; when she, who was fairer to my soul than all the host of heaven, lived and beamed, and shed her lustre on my heart. O, days! O, long lost days! never once to be forgotten—limned in splendor, yet in darkness and in grief upon my spirit, to perish only when that spirit perishes, if die it ever should. How shall I recall ye? How shall I endure to live again in the blank past, and awaken memories that should repose for aye? How shall I retrace the bitter woe, the agony of

recollection, the frenzy of my love, despair and madness; and yet survive to pen them down on paper, and calmly read them in my solitude? Yet must the effort be made—a pang, and resolution comes; the iron-cased and conquering resolution that never yet forsook me in my need; and my hand and heart are nerved alike, and cold and firm as steel. O, star of beauty, shine upon me with propitious light! For well I know that in thy luminous sphere she now abides and looks upon the lone recluse, the weary wanderer—the Ishmael of men, whom once she loved. And often in the dawn she visits me in dream—visits me, and fills me with the music of the spheres. She comes to me from thee; she descends from thy silver orb; she presses my lips and whispers hope into my heart. She says, “I am not dead; I am but gone before. In the Morning Star we yet shall meet, and in our union, think not of the melancholy earth.”

Thou art gone, mine own; thou art lost to me indeed. For a brief space only didst thou gild my darkness. We heard the songs of Paradise; we heard them but for a moment, and all was chaos. Yet, oh how vividly that moment lives within, around, and through me. Other wandering lights have flitted on my path—other false fires have dazzled and misled the pilgrim of misfortune. But never once wert thou erased from my soul; never once was thy celestial image hurled from the altar on which, as in some sacred temple, thou wert all enshrined. O, Francesca, angel of my life, this at least is true, that never once wert thou forgotten. In the burning conflict, when foe clashed with foe, in the tumult of the tempest, in the turmoil of ambition, in the corrupt war of courts and senates, in the whirlpool of fashionable madness, in the far and silent wilderness, in the thought-uplifting mountains of the Orient, and on the whirling billows of the ocean, still, still was I thine own; and when the last moment of my

life draws near, and the death pang quivers through my frame, and my heart throbs again faintly in the mortal agony, still, still, shall one image beam before me, conjoined with that of God; and that image shall be thine. Do I rave, or do I see thee now? The Morning Star opens her golden gates; she sends thee forth a beautiful winged spirit; thou glidest downwards over the silver tracks, over the blue waters. I see thee, and now thou art beside me. An ethereal light overshadows me. I feel thy presence; my heart is in an ecstasy. It is thou—it is thou, my Francesca, who art come again, who art come again to cheer me in my desolation; to whisper happiness, and breathe endurance and content.

Yes, she was indeed most beautiful! The pencil of Raffaele—I have seen its masterpieces—but none was fair as she. The forms of Titian and Giorgione, the bright creations of Rubens and Lely, the life-like women of Van-dyke, ah! they please, indeed, the passing eye; but to me they typify a loveliness far inferior to that of Francesca. She was but thirteen when first I sought protection among the Gitanos. I saw her not for upwards of a year after. She was secluded from all vulgar observation; the sun was not permitted to shine upon her. Some strange, dark mystery seemed to hang around her very tent. My friend and tutor knew nothing of her; the old Queen of the Encampment was silent as the grave on all that appertained to the lone recluse. She was guarded like the apple of the eye. Accident alone revealed her to me, and it happened in this way.

We were encamped on Salisbury Plain. The night was fair and beautiful, ten thousand glittering stars shone in the broad heaven; shone above those sacred ruins of our grand ancestors, who brought the true and holy faith of God into England, and reared those solemn arches to His honor. I wandered away at some distance from the tent

—alone with my thoughts; alone and far removed from the homely sights that ever appertain to mere prosaic life. I lifted up my heart to the Stars. I singled out the golden beaming Jupiter, and thought my fate identified with him—bright, when he was glorious; dark when he was dimmed. The distant bark of the watch-dog alone reminded me that I was in the neighborhood of life. I wandered farther and farther until even this was but faintly echoed. Then did I give myself wholly up to reverie. My musings probably were not highly philosophic or profound; what musings of a boy ever were so? but I can now feel that they were sublime and pure; that they were wholly disconnected with earth, and all the base and wretched properties of that theatrical and tinsel puppet show which we call existence. At length I retraced my steps, and had nearly reached the place of encampment, when I beheld a tall figure gliding noiselessly about the great pillars, like the spectre of some ancient priest of Boodh, or Brahm—for are not both the names of the One God? I was myself at the moment in such a position that I must have been invisible; but the form of the stranger stood out distinctly against the gleaming purple. A wanderer or a watcher at that late hour was a mystery, perhaps a danger in disguise. He presented all the tokens of a spy, and it became my duty to observe him. I stole with panther-like tread through the prostrate ruins; I glided like a serpent to the very monolith beside which the stranger stood, and yet he knew not that I was near. He seemed gazing with the most fixed earnestness in the direction of our tents; all the energies and faculties of his mind seemed concentrated into his eyes. As a sentinel on the eve of some long-expected battle, when all before him is wrapped in darkness, and even the bivouac fires smoulder in the gloom, peers into the obscure to catch the least glimpse of an advancing foe, for well he knows his life depends upon his vigilance—even so was the anxious gaze of

this man upon the far-off tents of my companions. He seemed fixed to the spot, and thus he stood motionless for half an hour. At length I heard a light and cautious footstep, then a low and quick whistle, and one emerged suddenly, though from what quarter it was impossible for me to see; nor could I at first distinguish whether it was a man or woman. But all doubt was soon dispelled. It was a man, and one of the Gitanos. He was called Antonio. He came up right to the very side of the watcher, and I could see him plainly by the starlight. Nay, I think my boding heart had divined who he was, even before it beheld him so near to me. I crouched closer beneath the shade and ruin, and felt certain that no one but with lion eyes would be able to detect me in the gloom. Luckily I was right. Both were probably too much wrapped up in their own thoughts to notice any thing around them. Their faculties were concentrated only on one point, and in this I felt was my chief security. For this Antonio was no ordinary man. He was no unobservant drudge. He was short and thick, low in the forehead, like Fox; large in the back of his head, like Bute; his dark eyes peered out from underneath hanging brows, like ferret's out of a cage; they were restless and ever changing, as you must have seen a rat's eyes are. I have seen plenty of such fellows in Westminster Hall. Wherever you turned he seemed to be watching you. There was an ever-moving, glittering expression about them. They seemed as volatile as quicksilver. You never could fix or catch them in the same position for more than an instant. They gave you a most unpleasant feeling. I had always disliked this fellow. Believing faithfully in the Indian doctrine of metempsychosis, I was convinced that his next phase of being would be that of a rat, or some such hideous creature, and I kept out of his path as carefully as I could.

This vagabond now accosted the watcher.

"Have I kept your lordship waiting?" he said. "I fear that I have, but I made all the haste I could. I half suspect that I am watched!"

"Pooh!" answered the other, "that is impossible. What news?"

"She would have been out to-night as usual, my lord, but her attendant was unwell, so she stayed within to nurse her."

"And how long will this illness last?"

"Oh! no time—she will doubtless take her accustomed walk to-morrow night. Let your lordship then be ready."

"At what hour?"

"Nine."

"'Tis well, till then—take this!" and he flung him a purse, and turned away. The gipsy stole towards our watch-fires. I waited until he was out of sight, and then taking a circuitous route, I ran as if I were winged and got to the encampment before him. When he arrived there, I was quietly seated in front of my own tent with Manasam. Antonio passed and wished us good night. We returned it, and he went on. As he disappeared I heard a death-shot ringing in my ears; I saw a conflict, and it was for life or death; a mortal struggle, a weeping female, a finely-dressed man—and then I heard the whizzing bullet and the last scream of guilty horror. A red film of gore seemed to pass before my eyes, and all was bright and clear again. Satan had got another subject.

"Well," I uttered, "so be it."

When I turned to my companion I was startled to see his fixed gaze upon me. He seemed stricken with a strange awe; his eyes penetrated my heart and spirit.

"Zala-Mayna," said he, "Zala-Mayna—what means this? Are you mad or dreaming?"

"How now," I answered, "what's the matter? who fired?"

"My poor boy," said he, "you have fatigued yourself with this wild ramble, go to bed—go to bed."

"Who fired?" said I, "who is shot?"

"No one that I know of," he answered, "but speak."

I then recounted to him in a low whisper what I had witnessed and heard beside the giant pillar of the plain, and told him also what had just passed before my eyes. He was silent for a time. He then said—

"Come, let us go into our tent."

When we got there, and had interchanged thought for half an hour, we concerted measures for the following night. These were soon arranged. I flung myself on my bed, and slept. And I had a dream, and my dream was beautiful. For the Morning Star descended from his throne in heaven and came into my presence glorious, like a youth of God, and kissed my lips, and left celestial fire upon them, and then departed with a smile, which seemed to say, "Be prosperous, O Son of Fate!" And when I woke, the early sun shone full upon me, and the larks made sweet melody, and I felt secure and strong.

* * * * *

"Were they indeed gods who built Stonehenge, nurse?"

"Aye, little one, the gods of India, from whom we are descended, and who guard us still."

"Why did not the guards preserve their beautiful temple until now? Methinks that having brought these huge stones so far from heaven they might have kept them ever in perfection."

"Ah! little one, these are questions that no mortal can solve."

"Shall we ever see those glorious, mighty gods?"

"Yes, indeed, let us hope so, and that soon."

"Are they as beautiful as you said?"

"Beautiful! they are more beautiful than the sun. Each one is twelve feet high, splendid as light, and pure as dia-

mond. Their wings are silver—white as moonbeams. Their diadems are living fire; their words are like sweet harps.”

“Oh, how I long to see these splendid gods. Will you not take me soon to their country? It is India—is India far away?”

“Many a day’s sail and many a night’s journey is India; but when we get there we shall see the gods.”

There was a shrill whistle, at which the young damsel and her nurse startled. We crouched closer beneath our column. All around was clear moonlight, but we were in shadow. Two figures suddenly rushed upon them—they were Antonio and the man he called “my lord.”

“You must come with us,” said the latter. And he laid hold of the young girl. In doing so, her face became revealed in the moonlight; her hood had fallen off. It was the face of an angel. All heaven seemed open in that innocent countenance. The eyes were soft, darkly blue; the hair was golden and lustrous, like the Evening Star reflected on a lake; the skin was whiter than Italian marble. No sculptor ever carved a form so transcendent; no painter ever drew one. I could have fallen before her on my knees as if she were the Holy Spirit.

She did not scream, but stood as if surprised. She seemed puzzled to know what this man could want with her. She merely said—

“Oh, no, sir! I must go home; it is now time. This is my nurse; yonder are our tents.”

“You must come with me,” said my lord; and he began to pull her away. But now the nurse interposed. She demanded fiercely what they wanted. My lord made no reply. Antonio, who was masked, swore at her, and told her to be still.

“Ah!” said she, “I know your voice.” And she tore off his mask. She had scarcely done so when he stabbed her. She fell.

"Now, my lord," said he, "lose no time." And he caught the little maid and began to gag her. But scarcely had he laid his rude hand upon her when he fell dead; a shot from my pistol had done the work. My last night's vision was fulfilled. My lord trembled; he looked round, but saw no one. Dropping the child's hand, he fled with the rapidity of guilt. Manasam pursued him. I went up to the girl. She was firm, but pale as death. I accosted her in softest words, but she seemed to hear me or heed me not. She said, "Nurse, nurse, where are you? Come, let us go home."

A faint voice answered, "The villain has stabbed me. Help, or I shall die."

I tore off my coat, I bound up her wound, I tended her, and gave her a restorative from a flask. This revived her, and after some delay she stood up, but her tread was feeble in the extreme. "Good mother," said I, "lean on me." And I helped her forward. The damsel said not a word, but clung to her in speechless silence. We went slowly homeward. Before we got there Manasam overtook us. "He has escaped," he said.

I was summoned next day to the nurse's tent, and went with Manasam. She was evidently dying; the seal of death was on her pale features. When we entered, a faint smile of gratitude or welcome stole over her countenance, but it soon passed away. She motioned to us to sit down, and we did so.

"Zala-Mayna," said she, "I have sent for you; I have much to say, and my time is short. She whom you have saved is yours by right; from this day forth she is your betrothed. You have given her her life; that life should be henceforth given unto you. And it will be so. I have already spoken unto her, and she says it is but just. Will you pledge yourself to the dying woman to receive, to cherish, to defend her against all?"

I willingly promised. It was like the realization of a

wild celestial dream. Manasam witnessed it. The dying woman seemed content. "Now," said she, "let me tell all."

"The man from whom I have got my death-blow was my second husband. His name is Antonio; let him be seized and brought to justice."

I told her he was dead. She expressed no surprise. "Ah," said she, "that is right; he has got his reward; I shall die content."

"My first husband," she continued, "was equally wicked. He stole this beautiful one while she was yet an infant. She was the sole heiress to a great estate. Her father and mother doted on her. The child of their old age, when there was no further hope of male offspring to supplant her in her fortune, she became the very light of their eyes. They worshipped her, and Degee stepped in to punish them. The father had a younger brother—the man whom you saw last night. He is now a great lord, and holds Francesca's rightful estate; but justice shall be done, and she shall put the false usurper out. He came to our tents some nine or ten years since. My husband and he had some former dealings together, and he sought him out and found him. For an immense bribe—immense I mean to my husband, but to this fellow it was as nothing—he employed him to steal this infant, the sole obstacle between himself, a peerage, and ten thousand acres. My husband did so. He brought her to me. We were then childless. 'See,' said he, 'what a pretty babe I have found for you; she lay on the roadside; she was deserted; she had no father, no mother. The gods have sent her to us, as we have none ourselves.' I believed him. I brought her up. You have seen her. Does she cast discredit on me? Your eyes say no. Well, you could not say otherwise with truth. When she was twelve years old, my husband fell sick; he was dying, he was afraid. He said that he had had a dreadful dream; that he could not die until he told all; and then,

for the first time, he confessed the truth—and what a truth it was! The father and mother had searched the whole country for their child, but could get no tidings of her. The mother died broken-hearted in six months. The father lingered yet a little longer, but he soon followed her to the grave. The brother became my lord; he jumped into the estate, and keeps it still. My husband said, ‘Nana, I cannot die until you swear to me to restore her to her rights. I cannot rest in my grave as long as she is defrauded. Go at once to the uncle, proclaim the robbery, restore her to her own, and my spirit will rest; now it is on fire.’ I made the promise he demanded. He seemed more easy, but in an hour he died in dreadful agony. Never shall I forget his cries, his imprecations, his convulsive madness. Well, he is no more.”

Here she stopped. She was growing fainter and fainter. The thick damps of death stood in large drops upon her face. After a time she recommenced.

“Antonio became my second husband. I told him all. Could I do otherwise? We were then in a distant part of the country. We came here about a year ago, and kept her close. He went to my lord and demanded a great sum to hide his infamy from the world. My lord refused. He then threatened an exposure. Several interviews passed, but little of their plans he told to me. Doubtless they at length agreed, and last night’s treachery disclosed their compact. My lord had always said he would pay no more money because he could not trust him. ‘Give me up the girl,’ he said, ‘and name your own reward; she shall be safe, but in a foreign land; without this you shall have nothing.’ Antonio proposed it to me, but I refused. It was in the night. My husband’s ghost stood before me. He was covered in blood; he was wrapped in fire. He wept, he screamed, he cursed at me. He gave me no rest night or day. I refused to come in to Antonio’s plans. I

said if you restore her not I will call the whole tribe together; I will expose you, I will expose the dead, but she shall have her rights. He pretended to agree with all I said, but now I know that it was a snare. He acted but to lull me. He knew that we walked out at night; he prepared this plot, doubtless, for an immense price, but he was deceived. He betrayed himself—he fell into his own pit. Well, it is right and just; but I also am punished for my weakness. I also suffer this because I reinstated her not myself, but intrusted that sacred duty to a knave. Ha! what see I? It is my husband's phantom. He comes to drag me with him into ruin. Now, he approaches—keep him away, keep him away—O God! O good friends, keep him away. Ah! he is upon me. He will not be removed. He will not pardon. He will not forgive me for my broken oath. Yet I was not wholly guilty; all my intentions were good. O friends, save me—save me from this appalling vision. He seizes me by the throat—he chokes—he strangles—he slays me. Oh!"

She died in agony. We were affrighted with a wild horror. Alas! she took the secret of Francesca's birth with her. It was lost forever.

We buried both next day in the same grave; the deceived wife, the treacherous husband. We piled a small mound of stones over them, and left the place of blood. No one inquired how Antonio perished; but Manasam called the tribe together. He recounted all, even from the beginning. We were betrothed the same day; I and Francesca. No one lifted up a murmur for the death of this accursed scoundrel; every heart felt, confessed, and knew that it was his fate—his merited fate.

Among the Gitanos, when a couple are betrothed, they wander not together alone. This were infamy—for their women must not even be suspected. They are all chaste. The highest-born princess of Europe is not so modest in

every thought and word as the poor Gitana who sleeps under the tent, with only the bright stars to be her sentinels. But the Queen gipsy took compassion on our youth. Francesca, too, was not a Gitana, and I was sent of the Eagle. She said, "These must not abide in all things by our laws. Let them be together; let them pass the next year in sweet communion, side by side. He will not harm her. I know it by his eyes. Even if he tried, the Gods of Brightness would defend her. Let it be;" and so it was. We walked thenceforth together; we went wherever we pleased. The Gipsy-queen received her into her tent, and in a year our nuptials were to take place.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT a year was that! Nature herself seemed all propitious. Never shone the sun more beautifully over the earth; never bloomed the flowers and the trees with more vernant brightness; never gleamed the stars with lustre more divine. Ye fair and pastoral hills, how sacred ye are! ye are dedicated to an everlasting holiness in my heart. We strayed over their smooth undulations, and gazed upon the distant ocean, blue and sparkling, like the seas in heaven; we descended to the dappled beach, white with many a shell, and, hand in hand, wandered by its resounding margin; now watching the great waves as they rolled and boomed, and broke in glittering fragments upon the beach; now gazing upon the transparent fall of emerald which they mimicked when the evening sun shone through their curling depths; now hearkening to their wild chorus when they hoarsely broke upon the strand; and now charmed with the soft and fairy-like whisper with which

they glided over the soft sand, and melted away within its bosom, as if too gentle to do ought but touch it with their slightest kiss. We looked upon the West, and saw the Golden Palaces of the Sun; we lingered until the Evening Star arose, and roved in fancy amid the lakes, the gardens, the deeply purple glens, and castellated halls that seemed to live and glitter in the sky, and offer us a home of peace within that far-off Paradise.

Francesca, though now fifteen, was a perfect child. The calm seclusion in which she had been brought up had made her wholly ignorant of the world or its ways. She was so fair that to her nurse it seemed a profanation to dye that lily skin; she was so gentle and so pure that she had not the heart to expose her to the rude gaze even of her own people. She guarded her as they guard the sacred Caaba in the fane of Mecca. No profane eye had ever shed its evil light upon her loveliness. The gypsy who had stolen her had always impressed upon his wife the necessity of keeping her away from view. When he was dying, and the terrible secret of his heart was at length revealed, solitude had become so much her habit, that she and her nurse continued it from choice. The Queen of the Encampment was the only person to whom the latter disclosed the circumstances under which she had become possessed of her; and it was principally under the guidance of the Queen that the nurse had urged Antonio to seek the usurping lord, and extort from his fears, if not from his justice, the tardy recognition of Francesco's rights. How both were disappointed has been seen.

Thus brought up in solitude and silence, seldom coming forth into the world, except when the moon and stars were in their glory, and wholly kept apart from aught that could stain her pure mind, her character was in a great measure wholly different from that of other females, and she seemed to be the denizen of a different sphere. When

I first knew her, she could neither read nor write; her mind was that of a young mountaineer; a crystal tablet all unmarked, but yet as beautiful as a seraph's soul. In a little time she learned both accomplishments, and when I opened to her this world of wonders, sweet and boundless was her gratitude. This task was exquisitely delightful; her innocent surprise at all she heard was the most rapturous reward I could have received. I told her all the faery lore I knew myself; of the little hill men who dwell in topaz palaces beneath the earth, and the nymphs that fill the shell and coral caves of ocean; of the elves and water-necks, the trolls and dwarfs; the fair invisible existences that connect the race of mortals with the angelic choir above them, and the glorious Essences that dwell in light. From these I lifted up her mind to the celestial tenants of the stars, and taught her how in ancient ages they stood before the Throne of God, each a sun in brightness and magnificence, until the schism rose which first divided the sons of Heaven, and separated Light from Darkness.

I told her of the soul and its immortal splendor, its heavenly origin, and final hope; how it became a wanderer from the Gardens of Eden, that have their place high with God; how it suffered, and wept, and ever longed to return to its primal home; how it was clogged and fettered by the flesh, the world, and temptation, but how it finally should triumph over all obstacles, and be numbered once again among the golden, shining bands of the Father and the King. I spoke to her of the innumerable spheres of light which rolled in silence over our heads—each one a world inhabited by splendid Existences, entirely different from men, as men differ from birds and insects, fishes or flowers; and taught her how these Star-dwellers lifted up their thoughts to the All-Father, and were filled with reverence and love, even as all created beings should be. I gave my fancy wings, and endeavored to depicture the many grades

and orders of happiness which in perpetual Cycles revolve around the Divine Centre; and thus, with truth and imagination intermingled, I sought to color her soul with those tints of beauty which make it wholly perfect. Why did I not confine myself to plain matter of fact? Because I hate it, because it is detestable, because it is false, because it is lowering and degrading. When we soar in fancy above this clay, we are near to God; when we chain ourselves down to one, two, three, and carry nought, we are very sober, decent, tradesmanlike persons, but are only earthly, carnal, grubbing moles.

"Oh! Zala-Mayna," she would say, "how thankful ought I to be to the good God that he has sent you here to us. The old Queen calls you Eagle-sent. Are you indeed so?"

"I believe, indeed, I am Heaven-sent to you, my sweet Francesca."

"Whether Heaven or an Eagle sent you, I know not; but however it may have happened, it was a happy hour for both."

"Nay, it was more happy still for me than you, for have I not your love?"

She hung down her head in silence; but I looked into her violet blue eyes, and saw her heart imaged in their light.

"How came it that you have learned all these wonderful things? You are not much older than myself."

"I have always been a hard worker, Francesca; and I have had hard teachers, too, and of late a sage one; but best of all are you."

"Why what could I teach you, Zala-Mayna?"

"The flower and fruit of knowledge—endurance of life, of man. Until I knew you I hated myself—I hated almost every one in the world. I disbelieved in virtue, for I had never seen any; I had no faith in truth, or honesty, or chastity. My whole existence was poisoned. I believe I cursed God for letting me come into being. But now I

bless Him, and I begin to feel that love, and charity, and soft-eyed gentleness are germinating in my heart; and I could even forgive my enemies their crimes."

"What crimes have they committed against you, Zala-Mayna?"

"The worst—the crimes of blind, unreasoning hatred, for no cause; a mother's detestation—a father's cold forgetfulness—a sister's enmity. Why am I an exile and a wanderer? Why am I the associate of these wild people? For I am not of their breed, or blood, or kindred. Why?—but because I have been wronged, like Ishmael, and like Ishmael's glorious children may I have revenge."

"Oh Zala-Mayna, you frighten me. Said you not but now that love and gentleness were in your heart? Whither are they gone?"

"One word of thine, Francesca, brings them back. When I have wedded thee, I will put reins over my proud heart. I will go home and seek my father; I will fall on my knees before him. I will present my angel to him. He will see and love thee; he will forgive the past; he will embrace his son; he will take us to his heart and home. Then shall my Francesca assume her proper place; then shall we unveil the treacherous kinsman who has robbed her."

The sun grew faint and dark as I spake these words; his disk was covered with a dim cloud; a chill—a foreboding crept over my spirit. What! was this blessing then to be denied? I shuddered; I dared not think it would be so. Had God wholly left me?

"That will be indeed pleasant, Zala-Mayna. But I would not have thee count upon success in restoring me to that which I have lost. It will not weaken thy love, dearest, if it fail."

"No, Francesca, my love is forever, as I hope thine is"

"So is *my* love, also, Zala-Mayna; for you are all the world to me. Before I knew thee, I was dead. Now I am

alive and happy. If my life could serve thee, I would give it. For you have given me more than life; you have given me a soul, which I had not until I knew and learned from thee."

Thus we talked and speculated—and Nemesis, I suppose, heard us, and laughed behind that dun cloud. What is Nemesis? Have you ever thought, wise student?

Much of our time was spent on the water. I had put together a rude boat, which was just capable of containing three persons—myself, Francesca, and a young Gitana, who sometimes accompanied us. The boat carried a small sail, and from long practice I had grown fearless, and cared not what winds blow, or waves rolled; secure in a sort of consciousness of invulnerability which has always accompanied me, and I believe preserved me through the greatest dangers. I have never yet been wounded, and I know I never shall. Yet I have passed through war and terror more than most men, and have wrestled for life in dreadful conflict on the land and sea. What life can be compared to this? life in the free open beam of Nature, amid her hills, and by her waters, beneath her blue and smiling skies, and her stars of lights? The very atmosphere seemed loaded with purity; the whole aspect of all that was around us seemed ineffably sacred. Our tent existence was a dark, prosaic spot, indeed, in this delicious picture, for there we came in contact with strange and wild characters, now homely, now earth-born in the extreme; but when we were away in the silent, green, and lonely Downs, on which the sun glittered with resplendent softness, and over which the choir of larks, and blackbirds, and thrushes warbled with the wildest melody, and in strains that poured gladness through the vital being; when we reclined among the wild thyme, or amid beds of violets, and heath, and clover with which the place was filled, and gazed upon the solemn, grand, majestic wall of ocean in the sapphire distance, over which the silver sea-

gull twinkled, or some solitary ship moved in full sail; or when we looked aloft into the purple heaven above us, and fashioned to ourselves the fancy of some lovely sphere to which our spirits might ascend, and go through scenes of wonder, and delight, and rare achievement—then, indeed, we were most happy; for we were far removed from all that makes actual life a thing of dulness and routine, except in those fiery passages of war, or travel, or adventure, which are so rare, and so exciting. To pass one's time with Nature is always sweet; this the anchorites of old felt; her heavenly calm penetrates our essence and makes us like herself; but when love like ours becomes a portion of the life so passed, there is no dweller in a palace, or wearer of a crown whom I would envy for a moment.

We sailed along a little lagoon which flows up just below the green meadows, where, under the arch of a few old trees, our camp was pitched; we bore our light skiff over the barrier of beach which divided this from the open sea, and launched it on its purple bosom. The gentle winds filled the white sail, and wafted us smoothly into the full ocean; there we cast our nets and snared the fish, or mused over some favorite volume, for I had now procured a few books; and Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante became alike companions of our love-winged hours. We lived again in the days of knight-hood and enchantment. We meditated on the spirit-secrets of the Dark Unknown, to which the lonely Florentine led us as it were in a dream. I told her of my past life, its follies, failings, and aspirations. I recounted the odd scenes into which chance had thrown me, and contrasted the drawing-room, or the assembly, their artificial lights and poison-breathing flowers, and hollow habitants, with that in which we now moved. As we both reflected more and more on the falseness that is the distinguishing characteristic of towns and polite people, we turned to each other with renewed happiness; and feeling all the rapture of our

situation, on which no evil eye intruded, on which no female tongue vented its venom, on which no snake-like heart effused its malice, we thanked the errant chance that had thus brought together two spirits so congenial, fervent, and united.

CHAPTER XVI.

HE who hath not known love, let him die. To him the great Mysteries of Life are a sealed volume. He is but half a man, and when he passes away from earth he passes as an incomplete being, whose mission among his brethren has been unfulfilled. For there is no passion that awakens the heart and evokes its mystic faculties but this. Ambition—I have felt it, but it is a base and selfish feeling; its every energy is concentrated into one focus, for the individual advancement of the laborer, the two-legged mite who wishes to be worshipped by other mites. Avarice is the same; the pride of knowledge is also a poor selfish thing; but love alone is a dual divinity; its hopes, efforts, and objects are all shared with another, and that other is the better and purer half of our own nature. O woman! how true, how noble, how heavenly a being thou art! I have read and heard of men at whose name the world bows the knee, and have been taught to think in honor of their heroism; but the true, the sole, the great and perfect heroic, exists in Woman only—or if there be an exception among Men, it is only that it may prove the rule to be true which I have first enunciated. There have been moments when I would have curled the lip at any man who spake this truth, and sneered him down as most unworthy of his race; when I would have smitten him to the dust with a mocking glance and a satirical smile, as one but fitted to comb a lap-dog or

be "brained by my lady's fan;" but in the confessions of my heart I will not lie, nor deceive myself or others. I will put forth the broadly honest opinions of my soul, founded upon experience and reflections. Man is intellectually superior, but morally inferior to Woman; and all the great things of the earth will be found on examination to have been inspired, fostered, and fed under the sunshine of female auspices.

It would be easy to prove this by reference to history and biography, but this is not a disquisition. Let him who questions it inquire with an honest spirit, and he will find that I am right. He will trace back every noble discovery, either in art or science; every holy principle of philanthropy that has been reduced into practical action; every institution that redeems earth from ignominy, and gives a glimpse of the Paradise Gardens from which we are hapless exiles, to the guiding influence of sacred Woman. From her the philosopher has learned the truest love; the soldier the most lofty courage; the navigator the rarest patience; the poet the purest sentiment. Open the historic page, and every line is full of feminine devotion and grandeur of soul, faithfulness in affliction, courage in misfortune, wisdom in the midst of danger, hope when whirled in the eddies of despair.

Think not, O grave and stolid man, that I am an enthusiast because I have known and loved one perfect woman. I know the sanity of that species of philosophy which judges generally from units. I know how wild would be the delusion of supposing that all women are alike great and holy, because I happen to be acquainted with one who combined within herself greatness and holiness. I have not said all women are alike; I should be mad if I were to say it. I have met women that were baser than wolves. I have not compared all women with my Francesca. I should be a dupe or a liar if I had done so, for I have seen some

that were as fiends. All that I have said implies this, and no more, that comparing Woman with Man, the former is immeasurably his superior in all that elevates our race above mere earthliness ; and that Men would be a horde of savages, or worse, if they were not humanized or even etherealized by the benign influence of Women. I know that men have become effeminate and women have become detestable when female power was in the ascendant over the male, as it is in France at this moment ; but I speak not of a state of things which is the result of vice, but that which is the inevitable consequence of virtue.

Let me have done, however, with moralizing. It is at all times dull work, and never more so than when introduced into a Life Story, which must depend upon facts for its value. This book is a record of things that actually took place. Let those who *will*, draw their own lessons from the circumstances narrated ; and if they do not like my conclusions, let them adopt their own as better.

The sun shines sweetly in the heaven ; I see the sparkling distant sea, lit by ten million glittering splendors. The rich blue sky canopies the deep water ; all is peace, beauty, and divineness. I lean back in my chair and let my thoughts wander back into the Past. I dream a dream of exquisite fancy. A series of pictures rises up before my memory like those that gleam upon us as we muse over Spenser's Faerie Queen ; but they are indescribable. Their evanescent tints are gone before I can commit them to the dull paper. I cast my eyes backwards, far, far over my whole pilgrimage, and it is a varied one ; but is at times brightened by sweet scenes. Those of early youth are perhaps alone the pleasantest—yet are not they wholly without a cloud ?

Francesca ! my own, my loved, my fond twin-heart !—where art thou now ? Shinnest thou upon me from the heaven of light, where alone thy dwelling-place can be ?

Hast thou revisited earth to bring me comfort in my loneliness? Where art thou? Thou seest how I love thee—albeit, thou art lost to mine embrace; yet in thy pure spirit must abide one strong conviction, that thou alone wert as my soul's second self, and that losing thee I lost all. I dream of thee on my lonely couch; in the day when I walk forth I see and feel thee in the surrounding sunshine. When the bright and warm rays play around me, methinks it is thy clasp I feel; when the stars glitter over me at midnight methinks it is thy smile, thy vigilant eye of love that effuses its beam above my form, and beckons me to yonder glowing spheres. I move upon the ocean, and I am conscious of thy presence; I wander into the mountain, and I know that thou art there; a magnetic effluence from all surrounding beautiful objects glides through me, and speaks to me of thee. Music;—when I hearken to it, it is thy witching speech I hear; the rainbow;—when I look upon it, it is thy softening presence; the breath of flowers, when they charm me;—it is thy breath I feel; the wind whispers amid the pine trees, and lo! it is thy voice that calls to me from heaven. When I recall those bygone days, how beautifully they revive in heavenly brightness. Methinks I was a spirit then—now I am a man; a mere man of base, muddy flesh and blood—all over animal, all over earthliness, unetherealized, disenchanted. I have grown so thoroughly worldly and animal-like that I can almost believe the wild theory of those who tell us every man is twofold—half an angel, half a demon; and that as the influence of each predominates, so is his life shaped. In those days I feel that I was pure. In her presence I was a spirit worthy of the Divine Presence. All my thoughts were high and august. I could no more have conceived an impure idea when my loved Francesca was beside me than I could have risen up and blasphemed God; for she was purity itself.

We were entirely isolated from all the world. Over the gypsies she seemed silently to hold some wondrous spell. She was among them, but not of them. Generally speaking, they are not much inclined to yield submission to the stranger—but Francesca appeared to exercise even over the rudest, some mysterious mighty influence. They did not accost her as they were used to accost others; to me also they manifested a sort of savage deference; and as it were by common consent, we were unmolested in all things. The lonely Downs were ever ours; the green dales, in which only were a few wandering sheep, formed our favorite walk. When the sun was bright, we crept into a shepherd's hut, and looked upon the distant sea, which seemed to rear its sapphire sparkling wall against the land. But for some wandering barque, it would have resembled a solid barrier of glittering gems. Here also was our shelter when the rain fell—but this is a rare event in this southern clime. What was our employment in those hours, it may be asked? In truth we had none. We sat silent; we sat entranced. For both it was delight enough to hold the hand within the hand; to look into the eyes, and give utterance to the heart in a sigh; to breathe some simple vow of love into the ear; to watch the light that beamed in the happy smile, or the lustre that played over the rosy lip, and then fell back into mute reverie.

There was one feeling, which above all others was deeply impressed upon the heart of this sweet and dreaming child of beauty—the feeling of Religion—let me add, without presumption, that I labored all I could to foster it; for without dependence and belief in God, what is man, and what is life? Heaven knows I am no puritan, and my career has been wild, wayward and eccentric, but never have I forgot Him who is above all; nor ever have I ceased to breathe this name into the heart of any who would listen. My Francesca was naturally pious and good. Her pure

and heavenly heart was in harmony with pure and heavenly things. Akiba had given a solemn tinge to my own mind; the old man had so long outlived the vanities of earth, and had so fully experienced that in life there is, after all, nothing certain but the Future, and the Lord of the Future, that he had often checked my youthful folly, and brought me back from mere earthliness to themes of heaven and immortal life. I was a boy, indeed—yet I hope with feelings that were not wholly boyish; and though I could not venture to dictate to her, yet I could direct her thoughts where they needed it. But they flowed naturally into religion, holiness and purity. She was unperplexed by schools or systems; her religion was the outpouring of the heart to God in gratitude, in veneration, in faith; the three essentials which, as it seems to me, constitute the whole secret of the truly religious spirit. She loved Him not because of liturgies or theories, but because she felt He deserved her love—and the love of all His creatures, no matter how lowly they may be.

She lifted up her sweet eyes to Heaven, and saw the Supreme everywhere—in His golden, beaming stars, peopled with ever-lasting existences; in His rainbow, which we are told is the canopy of His everlasting throne of splendor—in His moon, the nearest of all His spheres to this our wandering earth—bright luminary of the blue heaven, whose presence is like soft music to the contemplative heart; in His sun, that emblem of himself, which ever and ever revolves in light and beauty, and brings happiness and health whenever he appears. Nor did she recognize the Holy One in these only—they are such vast and wondrous evidences that they flash conviction even upon the dullest. In the minutest of His works she saw Him not less clearly manifested. The mountain towering in sublime grandeur was not more clearly indicative of His power, than the little mite which ran over the leaf, and which in the minu-

test form presented all the functions of a living being, with heart, brain, eyes, veins and muscles—may I add a soul? For who can doubt every living thing is immortal and can never die? The blue and silver arch of heaven every moment presenting new and glorious aspects, was not a more certain demonstration of the Eternal One, than the leaf of the rose tree, which showed in its minute ramifications of veins, and nerves, and arteries, the astonishing benevolence of God, who wills not that even a bit of herbage shall be without its happiness; and who provides for that happiness by giving it all those fine and delicate fibres of organization which are of the same nature as those that pervade the brain and heart of man, and lift him from the earth to God.

One day she fell on her knees before me. I had been wayward, foolish, inconsiderate, importunate. Methinks I see her now. Her hat was half suspended on her shoulders; her hair in wild ringlets hung down her snowy neck; her white robe shone like the raiment of some celestial spirit. But her eyes—who can paint their heavenly expression of sadness, passion and undying fondness? She wept; she held my hands in hers; she kissed them a thousand times; she hung her head on my lap. Her look, so full of loveliness, besought love, sympathy, protection. The sunshine fell around us in golden showers; the birds sang; the heaven rejoiced in light; the distant ocean sparkled like one of the rivers of Indra; the wind bore the fragrance of the violets that were thickly bedded on the adjoining hill-ock. I raised her to my heart; I folded her as if I should never loose her again. What mighty passion then convulsed our souls? Either would at that moment have sacrificed life for the welfare of each other.

“My own darling Edward,” she said, “say again, and again, that you will never leave me?”

"Never, Francesca—never will I leave thee while life lasts."

"Yet I feel a sad presentiment of evil. Do you believe in presentiments?"

"Why do you ask me, dearest, if you are certain of my love?"

"Yes—I am certain of your love, but this condition seems too heavenly to last, and my heart is sad, and my hopes are clouded."

"Love me, and then you will not be sad."

"Oh! I cannot love you more than I now do. It is the very force of my love that makes me fear we shall be parted."

"Fear not, Francesca—but even if we are, know that it will be but for a time. Your soul and mine are one. Nothing can disunite them. Death may separate, but after death—there is God—"

"Well then, I shall hope on—convinced that death, if nothing else, will make us one."

"In that hope abide, my own love, and then nothing can make you sad."

Hand in hand we descended from the Downs, and launched our little boat. The wind blew freshly; we sped along the lagune, and watched the wavering sail and flitting clouds, and she nestled by my side, as with a guiding hand I managed sheet and rudder. We passed out into the deep waters. The waves rose in azure light above our prow; there was an emerald track behind us where we had cut the green and yielding sea. We went out into the deep waters. It was little more than noon. All was still, sunny, heavenly, bright. The ocean was like a sleeping child. The sun gleamed on the verdant laughing hills; the far-off cottages and villas sparkled like snow on the distant shore. Every feature of the scene was placid and delightful. We saw the sauntering horseman glide along the inland highway;

we watched the sea-birds skimming over the marble-like face of ocean; we leaned back in the boat and were happy, if ever children of the earth were happy.

Thus the lazy hours passed, and thus it was for months. On land, we chased the butterfly, or gathered thyme; on sea we cast our nets, and captured the many-colored fish. Books also were our companions; and when books tired, Francesca sang, and sweetly rolled her voice over those blue waters. The echo entered my soul; it melted my very heart. It was like a spirit of love embodied in human form. At times, too, we brought a flute with us, and as I had acquired some skill in playing, I often made the distant Downs re-echo the soft melody, that floated along the sea like some water-nymph. Meanwhile our wandering boat skimmed listlessly about, we cared not how or whither. When we got into deep water, I furled the sail, and gave her up to chance to waft her as it willed. There was a wild excitement in thus surrendering our souls to the present, and living in the summer-day sunshine without a thought or care. When we woke out of our ecstatic dreams, it often happened that we found ourselves far and far away from land, and reached the shore at night with difficulty.

On one of these excursions the sun had been particularly powerful; not a breath stirred the sea. Our boat lay still as if she had been fastened into the solid emerald; there was not wind enough even to lift the light vane that she carried at her mast-head. We were weary. I pulled the sail over our heads, and we lay down in each other's arms. We mused a while, and then fell asleep. A dream appeared above us. A fair woman, but her eyes were sad, and there was sorrow painted in her face; she gazed on us for a long time with an indescribable look of love and hope, and tenderness, and light. A whole eventful life was written in her clear brown eyes; my heart yearned towards her with a strange sympathy. She was richly dressed, but

with a simple air, devoid of art. After contemplating us in silence, she beckoned as it were upwards, and I heard in soft voice, the words: "Come and see." And suddenly beside her stood a man, not very tall, but with a commanding presence, and noble bearing. She cast her eyes downwards upon us and smiled; he also did the same, and each looked upon the other, and a heavenly ray played over their features. They now stood by my side, and my heart seemed gladdened. I felt an invisible energy within that seemed to uplift me from the sea, and to transport me into a distant sphere. Then Francesca rose up, I knew not whence, for I had not before seen her, and she stood between them, and they kissed her with a holy fondness, and each taking a hand, they led her towards me, and placed her in my arms, and I thought I heard these words, "Take her, she is thine, guard her as the apple of thine eye, for no purer, fairer being breathes the breath of life. We give her to thee for thine own, for thou hast saved her, and we know that in thy heart she is the shrined and loved one." And the dream was gone and we awoke, both in the same instant, and I told her what I had seen, and we knew that it was a vision of those who had given her birth, and of whom we yet knew nothing.

CHAPTER XVII.

Now I became filled with an intense desire to know the secret of her birth and history. Francesca remembered nothing herself; she had been stolen away at a period when memory can scarcely be said to exist. I often questioned her, but she strove in vain to recall a glimpse of her early

life. At length I mentioned my perplexity to Akiba. He listened and made answer—

“To me this is not difficult. Bring her hither.”

It was with some difficulty that I could persuade this sweet child to a meeting with the old man. During her sojourn with the nurse, she had heard so much of his weird and eldritch powers, exaggerated as all such things are by common report, that she dreaded even to hear him named. What will not a lover's lips persuade his beloved to do? She consented at length, and we went to the old man's tent. It was on the new moon eve; no one else was present. We found him sitting in a corner apparently in reverie. A small mukhooroo or tabernacle stood in the centre made of wicker-work, and over it was placed a brass image of some Indian deity, and half a dozen ancient looking amulets. There was also an earthen vessel of curious shape, in which frankincense, camphor, and other precious perfumes were alight and burning. The old man having a twisted silken sash of many colors, fumed it over the smoking fire, and bound it round his head, and then after a considerable pause chanted words somewhat in the following fashion:

My being is filled with the wares of the Supreme,
I see nought else but the All-knowing.

O wielder of the all-beaming light,
Let thy Splendor illuminate thy servant.

Let my whole form be made luminous,
My heart, my soul, my brain, my spirit.

My being is filled with the wares of the Supreme,
I see nought else but the All-knower.

As the sun puts the darkness to flight,
Even so let thy Wisdom dispel ignorance.

That I may penetrate the dim Past,
That I may behold the secrets of former days.

That I may view imaged the hidden deeds,
That were done in defiance of Thee.

My being is filled with the wares of the Supreme,
I see nought else but the All-knower.

Then concentrating his gaze with a fixed stare upon Francesca, he regarded her for about five minutes. A strange, unearthly, greenish light glittered in his eyes. He seemed possessed. His color came and went; now his cheeks were icy pale, and now suffused with fire. But his eyes never lost that fixed and flaming emerald-colored splendor which I have since seen only in the eyes of a hyena in the midnight hour. Then in a hollow voice the old man spake these words—

“I see a noble-looking man in the flower of life, and by his side is a fair bride. They pass from the gray old church; they are borne through a vast park, into a mansion of great extent; a double line of servants greets them with many a blessing. They are followed by a younger man, who bears a strong resemblance to the first—a brother, or some near relative. He smiles upon the newly-married pair, and offers them his warm wishes. I see into his heart; there is a chalice of poison hidden there, and under the chalice there is the symbol of a serpent. Happy are the days and years of the young couple. But one blessing only is denied. They have no child to be the heir of their vast possessions. They have every wish gratified but this. At length a child is born, but it is a daughter. Great, nevertheless, is the rejoicing; the brother comes and is glad, but I see into his heart, and he meditates death or some other evil. Friends are summoned from all parts of the country to celebrate the auspicious birth, and there are young heads crowned with flowers, and old temples mantled with joy, and the ancient mansion is lit up, and all is splendor and festivity, and happiness, for another scion of that noble family is born, and its great possessions shall not pass out of the direct line. The husband smiles upon his wife, and they look forward to years of happiness, and anticipate the career that opens for the lovely stranger who has come to them from God.

“Some years pass, and the babe is grown, and is the beauty of the whole country ; golden are her flowing locks, and blue her eyes, and her skin is like the water-lotus in its sunny brightness ; her complexion is the rainbow’s pink. And proud and happy are the parents of so fair a flower. She wanders in her father’s garden—a lovely place, with balustrades of marble, and terraces with flowers, and fountains launching their silver waters into the sunny air ; and her father’s brother is by her side ; her nurse also is there.

“It is night, and there is a gipsy tent, and the brother comes into the tent, and there is a Calero waiting for him, and him he bribes with gold, and the Calero gives him a drug, and the two men look at each other and laugh, and the stranger goes away smiling, but I can see into his heart, and I do not like the root from which that smile springs.

“I see the garden once again, and the little one is crowned with flowers, and the female attendant who is always with her has played on a mandoline, and sang a sweet song for the little one ; and she rests on her knee, and the nurse pulls a silver flask out of her pocket—she knows not that it has been drugged—and she tastes it, and instantly she is wrapped in a deep and death-like slumber. From behind a large tree the Calero comes, and he muffles up the little one, and disappears ; and in the night he strikes his tent, and is away at a great distance.

“On the day after a letter comes to the parents of the little one ; it bears a foreign postmark, France or Italy, I see not which, and it announces the return home of the brother, who has been absent for many weeks. No one suspects him to be in league with the Calero to rob his brother of the child who stands between himself and the estate.

“But they—I see them stricken with a mighty grief ; and first the mother pines away. Messengers have gone into all places, but no tidings of the lost one are heard. The nurse is questioned ; she knows only of the death-like slum-

ber, during which her charge was stolen, or wandered, and was lost. The child's hat is found on the banks of the river, and this gives rise to a report of drowning, and the river is searched even to the mouth of the sea, but no body is discovered, nor any trace or rumor of the lost one. The brother arrives from a foreign land, and he gives way to loud lamentation—but I look into his heart, and I can see at the bottom of it the chalice of poison bubbling high, and the symbol of the serpent coiling itself around in glee.

“There is an open tomb, a hearse drawn by four horses, and a coffin covered with black velvet, and the mother's body is brought forth and deposited in the ancestral vault. She is followed by a gray and stricken man. Can this be he who but within a few short years was the brave and noble-looking bridegroom in the flower of life? Alas! it is. Six months passed, and he also is borne forth in death. Desolation sits upon his house.

“The brother has become the lord of the estate. The Calero is departed; he is troubled in mind lest the Calero may restore her again, and blast his prospects and his place. But years pass and the Calero comes not. He feels contented. Suddenly he receives a letter. A new Calero comes and threatens him with disgrace. He bargains with him for gold to deliver up the girl. The compact is made. They meet; the meeting fails; the Calero is in death; the usurping lord flies away in terror. I see the semblance of two whom I know.”

Here he stopped. But I had grown impatient.

“O venerable sage,” I asked, “canst thou not give us any clue to the parentage of Francesca? She is my betrothed; she is the rightful owner of large possessions. What avails all, if we know not this?”

He paused, and answered, “I cannot tell names. The personages whom I see speak not audibly. I can see their lips move; I can behold their dresses and appearance; the

localities in which they act and dwell ; but I cannot go beyond this. The castle that should be hers is a great and noble baronial pile ; the park is vast, and crowned with beauty. It is in England, but where, I know not. This must be for thee to discover."

Then I said, "O venerable sir and teacher, where now is this false lord ?"

Again he meditated, and the emerald fire flashed out of his eyes ; he seemed exhausted, but seeing my importunity, he nerved himself to a great effort.

"I see him in a drawing-room in a great house. A fair lady is reclining on a sofa ; she wears a loose robe, and on her brow the crescent emblem of Diana ; she has a writing-desk near her, and looks as if she had but just parted with the pen. She seems to have written something that gives her pleasure. There is a case of scarlet-covered books, finely gilt ; there is a full-length portrait of a man in ducal dress ; he wears a star and garter, and has a plumed hat in his hand."

I started—this was the exact description of our drawing-room in Cavendish Square, and of the likeness of my ducal grandfather.

"Look closer," I said, "look and see what is in one of the corners of the room."

The old man looked, and said—

"I see only a marble bust ; it wears the semblance of a crown ; but whether gold or laurel I cannot say."

I had now no doubt it was Lady Mary's own room ; this was a bust which she had brought from Vienna, having received it there from one of the royal archdukes.

Akiba resumed—

"The door opens, and a tall man enters—deadly pale and cadaverous, but finely dressed, with a courtly badge. It is the brother. His crimes write themselves in his face. He smiles, but it is a corpse-like grin. He seats himself by the

lady; he takes her by the hand; he appears to make an ardent declaration of love. She shows him what she has written. He now falls on his knee before her. Shall I go on? Let me draw the curtain."

I needed no more. The usurper was then known to Lady Mary—intimate with her, as it would seem, beyond even common friendship. Why should I not discover him? But even when I had done so, how could I prove his guilt?

CHAPTER XVIII.

ABOUT this time we were visited by a noisy, swearing, swaggering, roystering fellow, who called himself Dom Balthazar, and who looked a knave and a villain, if any one of that honorable and wide-spread confraternity ever did. There is an old maxim that "an open countenance is a letter of recommendation;" and if this be true, it may fairly be concluded that from a face on which roguery is written, it is the duty of honest men to fly. This piece of advice, indeed, I ventured to give Manasam when first this stranger—who certainly did not descend from heaven—condescended to make one among us; but my remonstrance was wholly lost upon my friend; and Dom Balthazar seemed to have made a firm footing among the tribe almost as soon as he appeared. The Zingari are generally sober and temperate; decent in discourse, and modest in recounting their exploits; but this new-comer was a swill-pot and a glutton, who never seemed satisfied; and if you were to believe his own story, he had stormed every fort, succeeded in every battle, and carried every woman, whether maid, wife, or widow, that he had ever adventured upon. If you looked incredulous, or even doubtful upon any one of these

golden legends, he swore so dreadfully and twirled his moustache with such an overbearing fierceness, and stamped his foot, and flashed so much fire, smoke, and fœtid vapor all about, that for the sake of peace and quiet, it seemed better to submit, and swallow any amount of lying and braggadocio than to be dragged into a war of words or blows with so redoubtable an antagonist, who would probably kill you first and gulp you down afterwards. I remember the very first visit he made to us, as well as if it were only yesterday. He walked boldly up to the chief tent of our encampment, whistling loudly, with a long Toledo trailing and clanking after him, a military cloak, which had seen some service, if one might judge from its stains and patches, a faded feather in his hat, a pair of pistols in his belt, a cigaret stuck in his mouth, and an easy, deuce-may-care expression of recklessness about him which took the most experienced by surprise. One of the fierce dogs which usually acted as our sentinels having run out to meet him, and raised a desperate howl—putting forth a hand of iron, the new-comer coolly seized him by the throat, and dashing him against the ground, left the animal half dead; muttering all the while, "Holy Jesus! What a savage beast!" So unusual a prelude would have disconcerted most persons; but Dom Balthazar took no notice of the accident, but walking up to where we all sat at supper, he took his seat uninvited, stared down the company when they examined him rather inquiringly, and began to eat away ravenously before we had recovered from our surprise. At length the elder of the feast, looking steadfastly at him, was about to speak, when our self-invited guest, anticipating his words, cried out—

"Bah, Jacomo, bah! my brother, thou knowest me, and I know thee. Let there be no nonsense between us," and he whispered into his ear, and made him a sign at the same

instant, whereat the other bent in reverence, and the new-comer continued—

“Hare, rabbit, pheasant, wild duck, fish—in truth a goodly show, and hungry I am after many a weary mile and broiling day of travel and adventure. Look sharp, Jacomo, and let me have of the best, and that speedily;” and then, without waiting for reply, he helped himself to nearly half a hare, which he flung in great mouthfuls down his throat, that, like the wide-expanded gullet of Polyphemus, ever and ever gaped for more.

“Ho!” said he, “Ho! what news? what news? Any bloodshed in these parts? any forts to be attacked, or garrisons to be plundered? I have just come from Spain, my brothers, where the blessed little children learn to stab before they can say the Ave Maria, and the highest feather in the cap is to draw the life-blood from the heart. This I saw, my brothers, not a month ago on the French frontier, and a fine and gallant sight, my brothers, for a brave man’s eyes to witness. We were a stout and bold party of contrabandistas, and as we crossed the mountains, we came up with a negro and a young girl, who was a half-breed, a creole, and faith a pretty brisk and lovely damsel enough; but how she got into the company of this accursed son of the accursed Ham was then wholly unknown to all of us. Not like your sly, mincing maids was she; no prim, demure, perfidious prude, with eyes half veiled, who seems so modest that butter won’t melt in her mouth; mild as she-cats when you and the priest are looking on; but when the charming pussies are shut up alone with their spouses, or wrangling with other she-cats for his favor, ye gods! how frightfully they scratch and howl, and tear, and come to fisticuffs. They wear their petticoats so long, and slouch their bonnets so over the face, that if a Roman could come back from hell, he’d fancy they were vestals; but quickly would he change his mind, my brothers, if he saw them in their homes, when

the domino is laid aside, and the female fiend steps forth in all her brimstone. But this little one looked indeed a dainty morsel, and was a banquet for a prince. For her eyes were full and dark, and like the purple grapes that glow beneath the clustering vine-leaves; and her ringlets were like the deep, violet-colored hyacinths, that curl in a thousand tendrils; and her foot—ah! my sisters, you should have seen that pretty foot—twinkling, glancing, like a firefly under her scarlet petticoat—then would the loveliest here declare that she had never before seen in any other woman a foot and ankle in perfection, and confess that except her own there was nothing to be compared to it on earth.” Here the fellow looked at all the younger women, and winking, burst into a roar of hideous laughter, which resounded through the hills more like the growl of a wild beast than any human utterance of satisfaction.

“Poison, my dears, poison, is not the merchandise which these modest little ones buy from us; but lace, and trinkets, and a pair of earrings, or, mayhap, a set of gilded buttons for their sweethearts. There are she-cats that I could name in pleasant France and sunny Italy, and tawny-colored Spain, that if I offer them gems or golden finery, will smirk, and smile, and pout, and ask me in an undertone—‘Not these, good friend, but *poison*—poison is the ware I want;’ and so I sell them poisons to their hearts’ and livers’ content. If in days or weeks some faithless lover perishes, or some too watchful father kicks the bucket, or some confiding husband is borne out feet foremost to his ancestral grave, followed by a weeping spouse, who holds an onion to her eyes—why what is that to you or me, my brothers? We do but trade; we are not reverend confessors. Ah! I could many a tale unfold, of rich and poor, great and mean; but silent, sure, discreet am I; faithful to his trust and all his goodly customers is Dom Balthazar; faithful also to his foes, for them he follows to the death.”

“But ho! Jacomo, ho! let me have that rabbit! and hark ye, bring forth that jar of red wine, which well I know is in the innermost corner of thy tent, for thirsty am I, my brother, after many a weary mile of broiling sun, of travel and adventure.” As the huge jar was brought forth—for his commands seemed to meet with ready obedience—he lifted it to his lips, and took a hearty draught, swallowing methought a whole quart in a single gulp. Then attacking the rabbit, it began to disappear in that capacious cavern which had already engorged the greater part of a whole hare, and still seemed void enough to contain half a dozen more.

“Well, my brothers, the little girl pleased our fancy, and we thought it a shame that this detested negro should be her sole companion, so we cast lots who should take her from him, and the lot fell on Pedro—thou didst know him once, Jacomo—thou didst know and love him, O my brother! but thou shalt never see thy friend again. Pedro—glad was he. He went up to the child, and with his usual gallantry requested her to leave the negro, and take him for her companion; but the little fool began to cry, and she clung to the negro, and the knave declared—I could have stabbed him for the lie, for was it not a lie, my brothers?—that she was his master’s only daughter, and he was under solemn bond and oath to take her safely to a certain convent. At this we all laughed, and we cheered on Pedro, who nothing loth, seized the girl in his arms. Then the negro—curse on him, my brothers—rose up, and drawing a sharp dagger, which none of us had seen, before the quickest could cry hold! he stabbed our poor friend Pedro to the heart, and instead of a blooming young lass, he had only cold steel. But ho! Jocomo, ho! reach me that pheasant—in truth it seems a fat and comely bird—and give me again of thy red wine, for well the wine and bird agree with one who hath journeyed many a weary mile, and sweltered under the

broiling sun of travel and adventure." Thus saying, he helped himself to a whole pheasant, of which he seemed to swallow even the bones, for he crunched them beneath his huge and boar-like tusks, making all the while the most horrible grimaces; and when the pheasant also had disappeared, he again lifted the heavy jar to his lips, and continued drinking until we thought he should burst. Smacking his lips, he laid down the jar beside him, and then resumed, "Ho! Jacomo, ho!—where was I in my story? Let me see, brother—let me see, I pray thee. Aye, now I remember—our friend Pedro tumbled dead down one of the precipices, and the negro looked after him and laughed, and horrible it was, the sound of that accursed wretch's laughter. Then came I up to him, and whispered in his ear, 'My friend, thou art a dead man; thou shalt never escape hence with life for this deed, for we are all like sworn brothers, and are bent on thy destruction, wherefore I counsel thee to blood and more blood.' When the negro heard me, great indeed was his rage. And now, my brothers, hearken with attention. For the negro believing well that what I said was truth, and looking about him, could see no loophole for escape, so he looked imploringly at the young girl, and she at him, and she said, 'O, Domingo, kill me rather,' and we fearing that she would thus escape, advanced like brave and gallant knights of old to her delivery; when just as we were near, this thrice-accursed black fiend plunged his dagger into her side; and when he saw that she was indeed dead, he turned upon us and charged as if ten thousand devilkins were in his soul. Greatly did I rejoice, my brothers, when I saw this; but not much did I exult when I saw my loved companions, who were wholly taken by surprise, and had scarcely time to draw their faithful knives—when I say I saw them fall one by one, by his detested hand; until four more as brave and noble contrabandistas as ever Spain sent forth were food for dogs and birds upon

the hill. Now the negro seemed exhausted, when we rushed upon him, and with our knives cut him into five hundred pieces, and we gathered up all the dead, and made a mighty pyre, and burned them there that night; and a finer pyre was never reflected upon the snowy mountains than that which we raised then and there in honor of our slain companions. And now my brothers, did I not say truly that a fine and gallant sight I saw upon the frontier; a fine and gallant sight for a brave man's eye to witness?"

We were all silent and horror-stricken. But Dom Balthazar did not notice our foolishness; but again lifting the jar, he drained another mighty draught, and laid it down exulting in his strength. Then turning to the women, he said, while he fiercely twisted his moustache—

"This tale have I told, my sisters, for men, brave men; but now, O beautiful ones! hearken ye also, for I will expound rare wisdom, and freely give the wealth of long experience. When married women ask ye for their fate be sure and let the man be far removed; whisper not into their souls until the sneaking cully be out of earshot. Then may ye safely tell them, one and all, old and young, rich and poor, halt and blind, fair and frail, that they have broken their nuptial promise; and ye shall demand gold, and it shall be given ye, as the price of secrecy. And when their husbands come and ask their fate assure them that their sainted wives love only them alone, and are more pure than the snows of Ararat.

"And next ye may predict handsome children; and be most lavish in your prophecies of this kind, for they cost ye nothing, and always give delight.

"Next ye may foretell a journey, soon to be undertaken; a letter to be received which will convey pleasant tidings; and a present on the road which will be gladly welcomed. So that if the silly dame shall but go to church on Sunday, or gets a note containing nothing but 'how are you,' or

receives an apple or an orange from some fool as stupid as herself, each and all your prophecies will be fulfilled ; and you will be thenceforth regarded as sibyls in sagacity, who may demand gold, and spurn silver if presented.

“But to the single, every foolish speech sounds like heavenly wisdom. Tell them that a hundred youths are going distracted for them ; they believe it all and go away in happiness. Predict marriage—marriage with the man they love most—let him be black if the postulant be fair ; if she black the husband must be fair, with blue eyes. Children, happiness, love in abundance, letters breathing fidelity—all this is the trash for them.”

All this the wretch delivered in a sing-song voice, which made me loathe him. There seemed such savage cruelty and mocking hate in all he spoke that a strong and fierce antipathy against him burst out of my heart. I felt it like volcanic fire within me. I could not and I would not contain it. We both felt it at the same moment. We looked into each other's eyes. He hated me—he saw that I abhorred him. There was a murderous light in his eye, but he could not well stab me unprovoked. I knew he would seek his opportunity ; but relying on myself and Fate, I scorned him.

“Ho, Jacomo, ho,” said he, “who may this gallant be ? Methinks I see not often sparks of his quality among the Gitanos. One of us, you would say. Yes, I see it by his well-dyed skin, and hands that show the walnut juice. No, Jacomo, no, brother, he is not one of our race—he is not one of the true Calore—whatever he may pretend, or however loudly he may claim our royal blood. Black his eyes and dark his hair may be, but he has the juice of devils in him—not the blood of the favorite of the gods. But come, let us drink around. If ye are well content, why so am I.” Saying this he drained another draught, and leered horribly at some of the younger gypsies. “Well

thou knowest, Jacomo," he continued, "that I of all men living know the royal blood. I have seen it bubbling into light—though it was rather black and dirty blood, I own—but was it not of the true royal stock? Ah! Count Korningsmark, thy bones are rotting beneath the bedchamber of the pretty Sophy of Halle; but thou wert once a roaring blade, only thou didst fly into the fire more heedlessly than any moth that I ever knew. For when our late royal master, George the First, (who is now a black raven if her grace of Kendal can be believed,) was away in the wars, and his young wife was at the old Elector's court, she laughed at some of the frowsy queans who shared the favors of that gallant old booby. But it is dangerous playing with such edged tools as court ladies be; they are more cruel than lynxes when their passions are aroused. So they filled the doting old scoundrel with all sorts of tales about his pretty daughter-in-law and the gallant Swede; and he was decoyed one night by a page who came with a pretended message from the princess to meet him in her bed-chamber; but the little simpleton sent no such invitation; and when he got there, instead of a beautiful lady, he found half a dozen grim Hanoverians, who stifled him in five minutes, and thrust his body into a grave ready dug beneath the floor. And when her valiant lord came back from his campaign, the lynxes got around him and told him all they pleased; so the pretty fool was locked up for life in the castle of Ahlen, where she lived on bread and water for two-and-thirty years. Two-and-thirty long years she lingered there, until her heart froze into ice; a sad price for a thoughtless laugh, my brothers; a heavy penalty to pay, my sisters, for the outburst of a young heart. But this is the way of the world. Well, I was a soldier then—on business of Egypt, O my brothers—in the grim old barrack, and was on guard outside her door just before she died. So I was called in, and a purse of gold was put into

my pouch, and I saw the dying woman, and she said, 'Gypsy, for I know you to be such, I once served your people, and they gave me this as a token that if ever I should want the aid of one I should show him this medal and I could command it. Now I am in need of a trusty messenger; behold this, and if there is faith in thy people swear that thou wilt obey.' And she showed me the silver medal that thou wottest of, which all our tribe are bound to worship. Then I kissed the medal, and I said: 'Command me, and I will do it with my life;' and she looked at me with a dying look, and I knew that she believed my oath. So she said, 'Take this letter; give it to the King of England.' And she read it thus—

"I am dying. In a few hours I shall be before God. But I cite thee, George of Hanover and England, to meet me before the Judgment Throne of Heaven within the year; and if thou convict not me I will convict thee. Fail not, for it shall be a solemn trial, and may God adjudge the guilty to eternal fire and torture.

"SOPHIA DOROTHEA OF HALLE."

"I took the letter from her hand and went my way; and she died in five minutes. Right glad was I to have such a message to the old vagabond. Days and weeks elapsed, and I was detained still on business of Egypt, and I could not go away, nor knew how I could cross the seas. My oath troubled me, but I knew I must fulfil it; though all the strength of hell should interpose. At length I was free from Ahlen, and I began my journey to England, but suddenly—for I had prayed to ten thousand fiends to aid me—the news was brought that George was on his way to Hanover; so I struck out of my path, and met the royal carriage on the road to Osnaburg, and right glad was I, for now my oath would be fulfilled. And as the heavy coach

lumbered along, with guards and dust and noise, and all the clatter that attends these kings, I could see the old villain within. So I called aloud to the coachman—Halt! and the coachman was one of us and I made the sign, and he halted; and I said—‘This letter of importance is for your Majesty.’ The king took it and frowned, for he was enraged at the stoppage, and he tore it open. But the moment he read it he grew black in the face and fell back; his eyes and mouth moved strangely; his hands fell down as if lifeless; his tongue hung half a yard out of his mouth. I never saw so pretty a sight before; but I knew now that all was over with him. He died in a few hours; but how he stood the terrible trial above, the best historians of the Kings of England have not announced; though I suppose if he were acquitted we should have certainly heard.”

And now I thought the wretch had done, but I was mistaken, for he suddenly pulled off his cloak, and unbuttoning his jerkin disclosed a shagged black breast; and tearing the lappels aside, he said—

“Ho! Jacomo, my brother, look here—this wound I got in the Morisco land,” and he pointed to a huge scar in which you might have hidden your forefinger. Then he grinned at me and went on. “Thus it happened, my brothers—thus it came to pass, my little sisters of Egypt, pure gitanas by the four sides. He and I loved the same one—she was a black Calore, and she favored him more than me. So I watched them both one night under an old battlement, and fond indeed were they, the unconscious fools. Then I stood before them and laughed, and I seized her from his arms, but he rushed against me, and with a great Manchegan knife inflicted this wound, and I fell and they both grappled with me, and I was well nigh death, my brothers; and I thought never again shall I go forth on business of Egypt, and see my brothers of the wood, and my dark-eyed sisters of the forest—pure Zincali of the four bloods.

But this thought gave me courage rather than despair; and exerting all my strength, I suddenly flung them from me, and wresting the knife out of the villain's hand, I plunged it in his throat, and left the gipsy bright with her betrothed. But this wound, my brothers, laid me prostrate for many a long day afterwards.

"Jacomo, ho! what, my brother, and hast thou no cheese, no delicate fruits, no sweetmeats after this rough repast? Bring forth that mighty orb of Cheshire, and give thy half-starved brother of the best," and strange to say Jacomo brought it; and the bravo, cutting a slice, crammed it down his throat, grinning, laughing, coughing all the while, until he seemed more like a demon than a human being; and I half expected to see him seize the one who sat next him, and swallow him down body and bones at a single gulp. For this feat, however, he was probably too full, and the adventure seemed only deferred. Now for the sixth time he lifted up the jar, no longer heavy as it had been, but easily wielded, and containing but a small modicum for so accomplished a drinker as this new friend of ours proved to be. He raised it, and in a trice, we saw the bottom upturned to the skies. The whole jar had been drained to the dregs—the mighty stomach was at length appeased. Then tossing it from him with a disdainful oath, the fellow looked again at me, and said, "Thou of the true Calore! thou, a son of devils. But I will soon ferret thee out; soon will I end this mumming." He shook his fist, he grinned again most horribly; he half rose up as if to strike me—probably he would have done so if he came near; for no one interfered; all seemed awe-stricken; but the effort was too much for the swollen drunkard, and he fell helpless on the grass.

CHAPTER XIX.

Ah! those were wild days. I recall them now as one recalls the memory of some feverish dream. You are lying in your bed, in the cool vesper hour; the soft evening sunlight gently streams in upon your chamber; the breath of flowers is wafted from the trellis beneath; the sweet chirp of the birds is heard, as they hop among the tree branches that overshadow your bedroom window; you raise yourself up occasionally to catch a glimpse of the azure heaven outside, and you see the silver clouds travel over the blue hills, or the distant sea, orange-colored in the descending sunlight. You think how happy they must be who can wander about in that open Paradise, like the birds, or sail over that celestial sea, with sharply cutting keel, and bellying foresail, or mount those happy hills with gay elastic footstep. You contrast your own pale, weak, nerveless limbs, with those which you assign in fancy to the wanderers outside, and you are unhappy. After many a hard struggle with these purple thoughts, you sink into an uneasy slumber, and you are a corsair battling with a desperate foe, on an ensanguined ocean; or a general urging on your wild and fire-eyed followers into an opposing camp, and yourself proudly bearing aloft a banner, or a sword, on which victory is seated; or you are a toiling traveller mounting up hill after hill, until you sigh sorely for the glorious summit, which is to reveal to you some splendid glimpse of seas or lands unknown, and to herald in the day which is to crown your name with the splendid diadem of immortality.

Suddenly you are hurled from the midst of all these bright and shining scenes into utter darkness; you are flung into the Tartarus of Hell. Now it is an iceberg bearing down upon you, big and black with fate, and crushing yourself, your galley, and your horror-stricken crew into

the abyss of boiling waters, while ten thousand blue sharks leap upon you, and tear you into as many-pieces. Now it is a thunderstorm, a very simoom that, ere you are aware, folds you in its black wings, and in a moment, camp and foeman disappear, and you and yours collapse into baneful death, and all is silence and despair. Now it is a fierce, volcanic fire that shatters the mountain; at your feet a fearful crater yawns; a crater filled with fire and poison, and in an instant you are devoured with all your brilliant hopes, and nothing remains but a swollen corpse upon a barren mound of ashes. O reader, if thou hast felt and experienced these things, know that those dreams of the past are like unto them. If thou art young, as I once was, be happy while you may, and strive to make the best of that enchanted period; and if thou art old, as I, alas! now am, then seek to stifle all remembrance of them, for bitterly will they contrast with that which now thou dost experience. Ah, me! thine eye is dim; thy hand shakes, thy limbs are not the steel-cased limbs they were of yore; thy blood is cold and sluggish, and thy thoughts are dull and dreamless. What remains for thee and me, but Lethe—the oblivion of the dark and silent stream? For memory but enhances present misery. We are like the sleeper, who dreamed he dwelled in gardens, and waked and found himself on a dung-heap, and was unhappy—as how could he be otherwise!

Akiba had taken a strange fancy to me. He was never tired of showing me new sights, or introducing me into new scenes. One evening as we were parting, he said—

“Zala-Mayna, you must set out with us to-morrow. We are going to Norwood to see Margaret Finch, the Gypsy Queen. Our tribe have business with her.” He said no more, but I knew that I should go.

Early in the morning we were all astir; horses were saddled; packs were opened and filled; the dukes, counts and knights of our encampment equipped themselves in

their best attire, and we formed a brilliant cavalcade. We rode hard all that day, and at night slept in a fine plantation, more than midway; the next day saw us in the midst of the Norwood camp, then the largest in England. Great was the joy with which we were received. The Zingari, young and old, gathered around us with a hearty welcome. Their tents were pitched amid the old forest trees; and beautiful was the carpet which the old forest turf spread beneath their feet. Scarlet and blue cloaks flashed around the green, with a picturesque effect, on which a painter's eye would have lingered with rapture; it was a scene for Salvator Rosa. Had he been alive, he might have left the bandits among whom, it is said, he loved to sojourn, that he might study the wild and beautiful, and pitched his canvas under the auspices of old Mother Finch, who was herself not the least remarkable of her tribe. For she was bent almost double with years;—her age, indeed, was more than a hundred; and with her red cloak and hood, her shining black eyes, and aquiline nose, the deep, shrewd, thoughtful, yet cunning expression of her mouth, such as I have seen in some of the Indian princes, and the incessant pipe which she puffed, under the shadow of a venerable oak tree, she presented all the appearances of the wild and picturesque, sufficient to satisfy the most fastidious artist.

Into the secret conclave which was held, I was not, of course, permitted to enter. Of our tribe, only Akiba, Manasam, and the old gypsy Giacomo, were taken into counsel; the rest seemed bent on enjoyment, and they indulged themselves to the full. And quick and pleasant were the hours. Robin Hood in merry Sherwood was not more free, more independent, or more happy. How delightful were those vagabond days and nights! indolent as sloths we seemed, but the mere sensation that we lived was in itself a rapture; for we were all in perfect health, and when

the stomach is good, and the skin clear, when the blood circulates freely, and the sun shines, what is like existence? I have lived since then in courts and drawing-rooms and palaces, and tasted all that is delicious in the jewelled cups of pomp and pride, but give me one hour of the past when I was a boy, and a gypsy, and for such an hour would I barter a whole year of fine and fashionable vegetation. Young and old, we all seemed to have but one aim and object, and that was happiness. We lay upon the velvet sward, soft and warm in the sunlight, or under the spreading boughs of ancient trees, which might have sheltered the Druids, or the centurions of the Romans; the younger ones of the male gypsies sang and played for us, while the females danced and chanted like the wild Almas of the Oriental Princes. Here, as among us, but on a larger scale, were seen artizans of all the trades which the Zingari follow; tinkers, horn spoon makers, potters, besom binders, net weavers, hop pickers, horse dealers, coiners, (I fear,) chain and basket weavers, bird catchers, and the dark eyed archimages, male and female, skilled in palmistry, and in deciphering the mystic tablets of the Future. And here amid many a wild tradition, I heard first of Hather, the first King, and Calot, the first Queen of the English gypsies; and of the dark, mysterious sovereign Zandahlo, of whose marvels so many of their legends are full.

“A great king was Zandahlo,” said one of the elder gypsies to us, as we sat beneath the stars; “there are no such kings now, my brother—no, no; they are all departed—they perished in the flood of waters. For he was tall as any tree, and his eyes were bright like the star Aldebaran, and his long hairs were like the spreading branches of the cedars of Lebanon; you might shield yourself from sun and tempest beneath his royal shadow. But he is gone, my brother, and with him sank the glory of the Calore—

the true sons of the Gods of Fire. Once upon a time, long, long ago, when the true Calore were the lords of the earth, and King Zandahlo was the master of the world, and there were no pale faces, or pale eyes among the Children of Fire, then indeed it came to pass that King Zandahlo walked amid his gardens—his gardens that were the wonder of all men. And as King Zandahlo walked amid his gardens, behold he saw two Angels descend from heaven, and they disported themselves in a fountain of crystal waters, and the sun shone upon them, and their white wings flashing more beautifully than silver in the sparkling waters, dazzled the eye; but their resplendent forms were still more bright and lovely, and King Zandahlo looked and fell in love with these Celestial Ones. And it came to pass, O brother, that King Zandahlo did accost these fair spirits; and the beauty of the King was pleasant to their eyes, and they abided near the fountain, and loved King Zandahlo, and told him certain magical secrets of the flashing spheres of fire, and cloud, and water, such as no man ever knew before, nor was any one among mankind worthy that he should know them, but King Zandahlo himself. And the mystic measures of the moon, and the magnetic essence of the stars, and the chain of sympathy that runs through all existences, and the *force* of the Monad, the Duad, the Triad, and the Tetractys; all these the heavenly ones revealed to our noble King Zandahlo.

“It came to pass that on a certain night, when all the purple arch was burnished with stars, and the heaven seemed one shining mass of burning fires, as if all the angels were assembling before the Throne of the Unnamed One, King Zandahlo also was in his garden, and he hearkened to mystic secrets of the fair spirits. He said unto them, ‘O spirits, will ye not uplift me into heaven, that I may see some of these things?’ But the spirits answered, ‘Nay, it is forbidden!’ King Zandahlo besought them, and

yet again besought them, but they would not. They strove to comfort him, but King Zandahlo would not be comforted, but still he looked upward into the blue and beaming arch, and he entreated them, 'O spirits, will ye not uplift me unto heaven, that I may see some of these things?' And the spirits wept, but they would not; so King Zandahlo rose up in rage, and he cried out, 'Begone, deceitful spirits! begone! nor trouble me any longer. Behold, ye are of the tribe of the faithless ones.' The spirits wept; but they left King Zandahlo, though they often looked back upon him as they faded away. It was deep night, and King Zandahlo was alone, and he was sore grieved in his spirit, and he had repented him of what he had done; and he called unto the spirits to comfort him, but they came not. It was now dark midnight, and he still lingered by the fountain, and was unhappy. And he heard a voice saying, 'O King, why art thou unhappy?' King Zandahlo turned him towards the place from which the voice came, and behold he saw a Spirit shining also like the fair spirits in outer semblance; but he marked not the dark drao in his deep eyes, nor the snake that was hidden in his tongue. Neither did he note that the voice of this Spirit was sharp, harsh, and hollow—unlike the melodious voices in which the fair spirits spake. So King Zandahlo told the Spirit why he was unhappy, and he said unto him, 'Thou, O Spirit, canst *thou* uplift me into Heaven, that I may see some of these things?' And the Spirit answered, 'This will I do for thee, O King.' And he raised him in his arms, and he bare him aloft into a splendid place—and it seemed a palace of the finest art, and King Zandahlo looked upon the palace, and he said unto his heart, 'Never knew I any thing until this day.' And when the Spirit had shown him the palace, he took him into the gardens of the palace, and pointed out to him the manifold appearances of beauty. King Zandahlo again said, 'Never knew I any thing until

this day.' The Spirit brought him back into his own palace, and left him. King Zandahlo was unhappy because he could not own that mighty palace and those splendid gardens. He grew thin and refused food, and was well nigh come unto death. And the Spirit came unto him and said, 'Rise up! be bold and strong, and make thy people build for thee a palace like unto that palace, and gardens like unto those gardens.' King Zandahlo rose up, as the Spirit had commanded him, and he sent forth his edicts, and he summoned all his people, and compelled all his artificers to come in and build a new palace and new gardens. When they were completed, and a million men had perished, the sea broke in and swept them all away in one night, and in their mire was King Zandahlo buried. And over the deluge of waters there was seen a dark spirit brooding, and the spirit cried aloud before all the people, 'This is the reward of folly and discontent. Zandahlo might have been the happiest of men had he not emulated the Palace of the Gods; and lo, where is he?'"

A week thus passed—a pleasant week of free agrestic sports. I might have easily attached myself to one of the franksome young gypsies who were about me, and who put forth many a lure, but my heart was unalterably wedded to Francesca; and I looked upon the glittering bevy of dark-eyed singers and dancers with no more passion than I should have gazed upon a picture by the hand of Rubens. At the end of this period Dom Balthazar appeared, greatly to my disgust and disappointment. I could not imagine what had brought the fellow hither, but he boldly entered the Queen's presence, and whenever he pleased went into her tent, as if he were a privileged person, and indeed he was so without any question. He seemed well known to all the noisy crowd, and he strutted and swaggered among them like a cock upon a dunghill, just as he had done among our quiet little community in Sussex, being ever the

loudest, noisiest, and most gluttonous. Akiba and Manasam did not much associate with him; there was an utter disparity in their tastes and habits; and the years of the elder man made him as indisposed to mingle in such rude revelry, as always followed wherever Dom Balthazar was present, as the silent student habits of Manasam kept him aloof from the bacchanalian roystering in which our new companion delighted to indulge. But Dom Balthazar heeded, or appeared not to heed in the least, the feelings of either. He followed his own course as if no such person existed, and set the whole assembly in a bacchanalian mood. Before he came, we were like peaceful foresters, disporting in holiday after some long-continued labor; our amusements were simple and rustic; we pleased ourselves with country sports and country sobriety; but Dom Balthazar turned all things topsy turvy. Midnight excursions were made into many a choice preserve; and at the dawn he returned with his wearied followers laden with spoil—hares, rabbits, pheasants, fawns, peacocks, salmon, swans, and even herons. Then the fires were lighted, fresh casks or jars were broached, and tipsy jollity and feasting followed, worthy of a city banquet or an election dinner.

Perhaps these revels were more in accordance with the rude nature of the gypsies themselves, than the more staid and sober pleasures in which we had previously sought and found content. At all events I have always observed that men generally will find amusement in simple sports, and unless some incident intervenes to arrest them, will go on to the end as they began. But let some knavish, dissolute scoundrel interpose, and by word or example lead them into other and worse enjoyments; let him propose something desperately foolish, wild, or wicked, and there is such a contagion in vice that it will suddenly seize every one of them, as if by a spell of magic; and they who five minutes since played with all the simple zest of boys, will

suddenly rage as if impelled by the fiery nature of demons. There is a natural devil-may-care spirit about multitudes which drives them in a moment into the wildest and most unthought of excesses; and I have often felt convinced that no men were more astonished at themselves next morning than those who have figured prominently in history, in outbreaks that have had the greatest influence on times and empires. Thus has it ever been, and thus I suppose it ever will be. A single word applied at the fitting moment, like a spark of gunpowder, will produce an explosion, with whose echo the world will ring until the annals of the world be no more.

Nor was our little kingdom exempt from this feeling. Dom Balthazar, as I have before hinted, delighted in viciousness for its own sake; his example stirred up others; and as there were many among us who I have no doubt deserved death a hundred times, if such could be inflicted, men and women were now found to boast of exploits, and give revelations of their inner life which they would not have dared to confess a few days before; and which if they had been confessed, would have been heard with a feeling very different from that which now awaited them.

"Ho, ho! Meg Finch," he cried, "ho ho! Meg, my Queen, my beauty, my bright and splendid star of Venus, verily thou hast a goodly crew of men and women; and some I think would take the devil by the horns, nor would my pretty lasses fear to catch him by the tail; but brave and gallant though they be, they equal not in gorgeous devilry the fine Calore of Granada and its mountains, whom I left some moons ago, and whom I hope speedily to meet again. One fellow have we among us—by heaven he is a trump card, and I would not give his little finger for the souls or bodies of all the kings, queens, and popes (male or female) in Christendom. Why what think ye he did?—fill ye bumpers to his health, my brothers, and then

ye shall hear—fill ye purple bumpers to his welfare, my sisters, and then shall your ears be gladdened by tidings of a brave and gallant man. He was a monk—nay, shrink not—for though in cowl and cassock, and with a shaven pate, a true son of Egypt was he—no truer lives in whom the red blood does roll. From the hill he came—but my lord abbot knew it not, so he was enrolled a monk; and would, had he lived, been prior and perhaps cardinal, if not Holy Father of the Faithful; but the monks offended him, and as he had the molten, fiery blood of all the true Calore, he answered roundly, and gave the lazy scoundrels tit for tat. Tit for tat is not in convent laws; so they shut him up in a cell, and exhorted him to patience, and let him fast on dry bread and cold water for three weary months, until my brother was well nigh dead. Well, at the end of that time he vowed repentance, and confessed his sins, and was released; and when the next feast was held, he prayed hard to be allowed to serve the wine to all his kind, good, pardoning brethren. So the holy men consented, and my brother fetched the wine from the cellars in many a brimming flagon; and when the morning stars arose in heaven, there were forty monks lying dead beneath the festal table, and the goodly abbot at their head. The matter was inquired into, and my brother wept indeed in true sorrow for the departure of all his pious comrades; and when the hogshhead was examined behold a viper of the most poisonous quality was found in the bottom of the cask, dead and swollen; but how it entered no man ever knew. So my brother was acquitted from all blame; but he soon after joined our sacred band, for he had heard that the Holy Inquisitors liked not much the manner of his acquittal, and were preparing for him a charge of heresy, which would have ravished him from us forever. So he fled to us, and now he is one of our firmest, fastest friends; and he often laughs when he recounts the story of the forty

dead and swollen rats—I mean monks—on the marble pavement; and he bids them God-speed, and he drains his flagon to their memory. So now, my brothers, and ye also, my sisters dear, a bumper, a bumper, and yet another flowing bumper to the health of the ex-monk of Cordova.

“My brother went into the wood,
His heart athirst for monkish blood;

My brother sought a viper’s nest—
He hid the viper in his breast.

He charmed the pretty poisoned elf
By secrets known best to himself;

He put the viper in the cask,
And grinned beneath his pious mask.

‘Ho, ho,’ quoth he, ‘these knaves shall find
That gypsy skill their eyes shall blind.’

They drunk the viper wine, and woke
In fire of hell when morning broke.”

Whether there were any internal shudders at this recital I cannot say; I only know there would have been a week before; but Dom Balthazar seemed to magnetize all by his own evil nature. And after a pause he continued—

“And now, my brothers, hearken ye unto me, and I will reveal the Ten Commandments of Gypsydom, which whoso followeth he shall grow rich and happy; but he who followeth them not shall be as a church mouse—lean, scraggy, and a coward.

“First—All charity is humbug and pretence. No man would give a farthing to another did he not hope to gain something for himself by it; but the great source of the thing is to be found in the vaingloriousness of men and women who love to appear better than they really are. Wherefore, when thou beggest an alms, always seek it where two or three are gathered together, for shame or vanity will get thee something.

“Second—It is in vain to ask a charity from a wedded pair, for they know each other too well—the humbug mask

is off, and so they will give you nothing ; but from a poor man sneaking attendance on a rich one, seek it, or from a lover, dangling, like a hungry dog, after his mistress. For these suitors always love to appear other than they really are ; and they who would not give thee a maravedi to save thy soul from damnation, will give it that they may get a smile from the patron, or a kiss from the flirting quean.

“ Third—If there be any man of good estate in the neighborhood who hath lost a favorite child, go to him, attired in robes of woe, and tell him—as if thou wert ignorant of his misfortune—that thou hast lost a blind boy or girl, and make the resemblance of thy fancied loss as like to his as possible. Then with many a sigh and tear, and supplication, cant to the feeling booby, until he melts and well rewards thee for thy pains.

“ Fourth—If any tender fool hath a husband sick, accost her as she walks the streets, and say thou prayest hard for his recovery, and add that Heaven hearkeneth to the poor man’s prayer ; but if the wife be very young and the husband very old, pretend not that thou knowest of my lord’s illness, but say to her—‘ God grant thee, beauteous lady, a young and bouncing husband.’

“ Fifth—But if the husband dies, then let your wife or sister go unto the widowed dame, and, dressed in sable weeds, recount a loss which she herself has first experienced, pretending that a husband has been snatched from her by untimely death, and weeping hard until the rich one sighs in sympathy, and gives thee of her purse, without at all considering whether thy tale be true or not.

“ Sixth—But most of all rely on wives or widows with small children ; for if thou goest unto these with a pitiful tale of thine own seven starving babes, without food or raiment, or a roof, never yet knew I the one who could resist, or who did not weep in heart over the dismal fate of those helpless ones.

“Seventh—The dandy loves to hear his person praised; the dainty dame to hear her eyes and fair complexion extolled; the strutting mamma is pleased to learn that no one’s children equal hers in beauty; the military monkey thinks himself a Charles XII., and ‘noble captain’ will draw forth his purse, particularly if thou celebratest his bravery in the presence of some woman just as brainless as himself; and so the priest is glad when thou speakest of his piety; but I hardly counsel thee to beg of such, for they dread to part with even a half-farthing.

“Eighth—If a pretty woman pass thee by and looks dejected, be sure her husband or her lover is unkind, and soap thy tongue accordingly.

“Ninth—The ugliest woman thinks herself a beauty, unless she has a large and broad forehead, and then mayhap she despises outward charms; but in mind she thinks herself a Plato or a Dante, and therefore praise her as thou wilt, she never will be satisfied with the feast.

“Tenth—But this, the tenth commandment, is the crowning one. If ever thou seest a tender husband with a pregnant wife, take with thee one who is blind or halt, and press him with thy prayers for alms. Fear will extort them amply; and thou and thy companion shall exult at having terrified the fool out of gold or silver.”

Let me drop this hateful fellow; I cannot bear to think of him. I only lament there should be so many of his odious type on earth.

Another week passed, and we had completed the purpose for which we came. Akiba, Giacomo, and Manasam gave the word, and all was ready for departure. We had a glorious parting feast by moonlight; the stars were also in the heaven, and we needed not lamp or watch-fire, for it was in the delicious month of August, when all is balm and beautifulness.

“My brothers,” said Akiba, “I go from among you.

Never again shall we meet on earth. My sands of life are nearly run; I and your Queen are the two oldest of the tribes that now exist in England. We cannot hope that we shall look into each other's eyes after this night; but such is the way of human beings. Let me exhort each and all to be true as steel to their native tents and to one another—thus only can they prevail against the common enemy."

"Thou speakest wisely, O Bazecgur," answered one of the most aged and venerable of the Norwood companions. "Hearken unto it, O my brothers; hearken, and be advised."

"Nevertheless," continued Akiba, "though we shall never meet again on earth, there is another land of life where we may all assemble; thither shall the true Calore, the Sons of Fire, the beloved of the Gods, go, and joyful shall be their union under one tent. For what says Kubeer? Verily his words are pearls of great price. 'The spirit that is in man dieth not; it is a spirit of life and love, it shall exist in another form, and in a different orb.' They who know us not, say that we are infidels as to a future being; that we have neither gods nor demons. But ye, O my brothers, know better: ye are all persuaded that ye shall not perish like the beasts of the field, but that ye shall survive, and be whatever ye have deserved to be. Be ye, therefore, true and faithful to one another in all right things unto the end. So shall ye prosper and rejoice."

After this we struck our tents, and departed.

CHAPTER XX.

ONE day as Manasam and myself were out fishing, our conversation turned upon the past, and from those learned stores which he possessed he displayed an amount of vast and varied knowledge, greater than he had ever yet shown me. He was in sooth a man of wonderful accomplishments, and to me it was then matter of surprise to find such a one leading a vagrant life with gypsies; but of such incidents I have since found life is full, and nothing amazes me now. He knew seven or eight languages, which he spoke perfectly; he had read also, and mastered a great number of books, and he was not destitute of eloquence; he was at all times witty, wise and moral. He was fond of metaphysical speculation, and infused into my mind the primary seeds of many an odd notion, which I have since made my own, and which have put forth strange blossoms, and still stranger fruit. For age, he was about eight-and-twenty; his appearance was dark, but noble; there was a haughty flash in his eye, which only occasionally shone out, but when it did it told a tale of fiery and romantic passion. I had attached myself to him with so much boyish trust, and he saw that my liking was so genuine and unfeigned, that he reciprocated my regard with the sincerest friendship, and I loved him with more than fraternal fondness. He delighted in softening that fierce pride and unsocial temper which from the first were mine; and humanizing me, not so much by counsel—which seldom succeeds—as by example, which almost always vanquishes.

“Manasam,” I said, “how comes it to pass that you live with my brothers of Egypt? You are not of them.”

“I scarcely know,” he answered, “but the Zingari reject no one, and I feel a vague sort of happiness among them,

such as I cannot describe, but which contents me more than any thing in my former life."

"And what may your former life have been, O Man-asam?"

"Well, it is not remarkable for any telling incidents, but if you would like to hear it you shall. My father was a gentleman of large fortune in one of the western counties; he had two sons; I am the second. Our home was an ancient mansion that had been in our family for centuries, and we possessed all that heart could desire. Thus time flowed pleasantly on until my sixteenth year, when I was to be sent to Oxford. I had a little cousin, a sweet, innocent girl, whose father and mother dying early, had left her to the guardianship of my father, and she lived with us. As her fortune when she came of age would be considerable, my father was not disinclined to secure it if he could, so he placed her with us, and she was our playmate in all youthful pranks. I soon noticed that she was particularly fond of me; and I suppose I let her and others see that I was not insensible of it; for one day my father called me into the library and spoke thus:

"George, you must go to Oxford in a day or two. It will not do for you to remain here making love to Sophy. She is to be your brother's wife, so you had better put away all nonsense out of your head."

"But, sir," I said, "is it not enough for Will to have the estate? He is my eldest brother, and I don't grumble about that. Why should he have my cousin?"

"My dear George," he replied, "the estate is mortgaged so heavily that unless your cousin's money redeems it, there will be no estate at all, and we must all turn out and seek our fortune as we can."

"I bowed and was silent. What could I say? I had no doubt it was true, and I supposed all was for the best.

That evening I strolled into the old park. It looked beautiful. There was not an ancient mossgrown tree that I did not love as an old friend. 'Yes,' I said, 'I will sacrifice myself; this noble old place shall never pass to strangers if I can help it. How are Sophy's feelings? Is she also to be sacrificed? Yet will it be a sacrifice? My brother is a finer and bigger fellow than I am. Perhaps she will love him in time, and all will go well.' While I mused in this way I saw her in one of the distant walks. How sweet, how beautiful, how innocent she looked! She was twining some wild flowers about her little straw hat, and singing merrily all the while. She does not know that I am leaving her, I thought. Alas! she will be sorry when she does. I went to meet her, and as gently as I could told her I was going in a day or two. She struggled hard with her feelings, but she fainted in my arms.

"I went to Oxford and remained there four years. I was then, for the first time since my departure, invited home. My cousin had grown into a beautiful young woman. The moment I saw her I knew that she loved me still. She had been betrothed to my brother during my absence, and I suppose she had not thought very seriously about the matter, or about poor absent George, but when she saw me it was evident that she felt for the first time the ordeal through which she must pass. My father did not notice, or if he did he affected not to do so. However, he took care that we should have no interview, for he stuck close to me all the while I was there, and in a week he sent me on the Grand Tour. My allowance was liberal, but I would rather have stayed at home; this, however, was not to be, so I went: I did all I could to have but one short private meeting with my cousin; but every device failed, and I was obliged to leave without unburthening my soul of its secret passionate love. For I did indeed love her, with all the intense feeling of a man, and I struggled hard

with all my emotions in her presence. My father's grave look, however, awed me, and I departed. 'George,' he said, 'your cousin is dead to you; she is your brother's affianced bride. It would be dishonorable in the extreme, if even by a look you made that faith to waver which now belongs to another. I have brought you up as a gentleman and man of honor. Remember the obligations which these sacred words impose, and be worthy of them.' So I went my way.

"Three years passed, during which I heard only from my father, and he wrote about every thing but her of whom I longed most to hear. One day I was at Milan admiring the beauty of that famous capital. I had sauntered from gallery to gallery, from palace to palace, but I could not rest. I was wretched and most unhappy. I strolled into the open country; then a strange feeling came over me, and I fell into a species of reverie, in which I thought I could see what was actually going on at that instant. Have you ever had this feeling? If not, you cannot understand me. I walked along, but I saw nothing of the things before me. I was in England; I was in my father's house. I went into the old parish church; I saw her stand in bridal veil beside the altar; I heard her utter irrevocable vows. I was in a magnetic stupor, but every thing passed vividly, not before my eye indeed, but in my mind within. I felt the holy magic of her presence, yet I knew that seas and lands divided us; I could perceive the divine effluence that seemed to flow from her being into mine; yet I knew that we were separated by thousands of miles. It was not a dream, it was not a vision, it was not a jealous man's ideal torture; but it was the strong conviction of my soul that at that moment her nuptials were being celebrated; that our hearts were one though far apart; that her soul was blended into mine, as mine appeared to be with hers; and that she was probably experiencing the very same sort of sensation herself, and though corporeally present in the

church, yet was she spiritually far away in some old Italian haunt with him she loved.

“Three months passed, and still I heard no tidings from England. I was at Naples one night, at the theatre; the play had already begun, and I was rapt in the scene. Suddenly I heard a door open—the door of a distant box, and I heard it close again. By heaven, I said, it is she—my cousin is in the theatre. My heart knew it at once; a magnetic, fiery thrill ran through it. It came from her and entered into me. I dared not look around, for I dreaded to see her with her husband. My heart was swollen and almost bursting. At last I could bear it no longer. I turned my eyes from the stage, and cast them backwards towards one of the central boxes. She was there. My brother Will was with her. How beautiful she looked! She outshone the princesses of the land; but not like them was she arrayed in costly pearls. She was dressed simply in a white robe. How I loved to look upon her! Yet the sight made me unhappy. There she was, hopelessly lost to me—the property of another; so young, so beautiful, so heavenly good, and lost to me forever. I retired into the further corner of my box and contemplated her face. Her eye was restless; she seemed to me not happy. Methought her mind was far away. She looked about in various quarters, eagerly, as if hoping to see some one; but recurred again to the stage, and ever with a disappointed expression. At length I mustered courage to approach her. She was agitated for a moment—she grew deadly pale—but it passed off, and our greetings were cordial. My brother was, as usual, good humored, and he manifested no jealousy.

“I stayed with them a month. One night as I wandered by that glorious bay, and sent my thoughts aloft among the moon and stars, then shining splendidly in that intensely azure arch, I perceived that I was followed. The figure was

muffled. I was not afraid of the stiletto, for I had injured no man ; but I thought it well to be on my guard. I stood beside a fallen column, and still gazed aloft, occasionally looking at the distant figure ; it came nearer and was at length beside me. The dark hood was then thrown aside ; the stars of heaven then shone upon that heavenly face—it was my cousin, my first, my last, my only love on earth—alas ! my brother's wife. Upon no fairer, sweeter face or form did that moon ever shine, since God commanded it to take its place in the firmament, and to give brightness to the sons of men.

“ ‘ George,’ she said, ‘ I have followed you here this night, for the first and last time, because I see that you have shunned me since we have met ; and I can bear this silence no longer. Why am I your brother's wife ? Why have you forgotten me ?’

“ I groaned aloud, but could not answer.

“ ‘ They told me that you were married,’ she resumed, ‘ married to an Italian lady ; and now I find that I was deceived. Until this falsehood had been urged, I still refused to name a day for my marriage ; after that I resisted no longer. Why should I ? He alone whom I loved was another's, and I should never again see him. George, can you forgive me ?’

“ I flung myself at her feet.

“ ‘ Oh ! spare me,’ I cried.

“ ‘ Yes, you do forgive me, my cousin ; but I can never forgive myself. Your brother—I accuse him not. He is my husband—but only in name. I have tried to love him ; but I cannot. My heart is broken in the struggle. Yet a little while and it will beat no more. But while it does, it beats only for you. Tell me—tell me once before we part forever, that you love me still.’

“ My tears answered for me—tears of blood from my heart.

“‘O Sophy,’ I said, ‘I love you more than God.’ I could say no more.

“‘Now,’ she said, ‘I am content. We part forever. Kiss me, dear, dearest George; obey my command. Go—and never let us meet again, until we meet in heaven above, and shall be no more separated by deceit.’

“I obeyed her. I was passive as a bird in her hands. I pressed her to my heart beside that silver sea, and then I tore myself away. I never again saw her living, but I have wept for nights over the cold grave at M——, where she sleeps her final sleep. She died in three months, but my brother soon forgot her, and consoled himself with another wealthy bride. I followed her coffin home to England in disguise. I watched it until it was conveyed to earth; then I knew that I was alone and woe-stricken forever; and I cursed my fate, and lifted up my tongue even against God. I became like Cain, a vagabond and a wanderer. I could not bear a settled home; I shunned the daylight; I loathed to look upon the sun. At night only I roamed abroad and fed my soul on melancholy meditation. In the course of these midnight rambles I found myself in a gypsy encampment in a distant county. I had money now in abundance, for our fortunes were now secured, and my father atoned to me as far as he could for the one great wrong by giving me an ample income. I shared it with these wild people, and became one of themselves. I concealed my name, and was adopted into their community, receiving the surname which I now bear. From them, after a stay of two or three years, I came among these attracted hither by Akiba, with whom I had formed an acquaintance among my first gypsy friends; but who left them for some reason and persuaded me to accompany him. Since then we have lived like brothers, and in his company I have forgotten or have striven to forget the Past. He has taught me many things—more indeed than all the books I ever

read have taught; and I believe his friendship for me is sincere. That we both regard you, I need not say, and since you have made us acquainted with your story, our regard has increased. But you must not abide with us much longer. It is a species of deception. You must not do it. Besides, you are but beginning life, and you have fair prospects. I, on the contrary, am an old and broken-hearted man. When you have been tried like me; then you may seclude yourself forever from the busy world—but not till then. Meanwhile, rely implicitly on us, and prepare to remove Francesca, for in this place is no longer a safe abiding for her. This is the counsel of your friend, who, when he loses you, will lose a part of himself; but who would not be your friend if he counselled otherwise.”

I strove to dissuade Manasam from this view of my affairs, but in vain. He and the Indian it seemed had talked them over, and they had both decided that I must depart soon. Money, as much as I required, was to be at my disposal, and every thing that friendly wisdom could suggest was prepared for my departure—but as to the departure itself they were inflexible. I was scarcely pleased with this symbol of their friendship; but where I could not win, I had learned not to murmur, and I hoped to gain time, and trusted to the chapter of accidents.

CHAPTER XXI.

DOM BALTHAZAR had now abided with us nearly three months. During the whole of this period, with the exception, perhaps, of the first week I passed at Norwood, I felt uneasy, restless, agitated by a dim uncertain fear of an impending danger. Wherever I went his eye was upon me.

He seemed to watch my every movement. I could have no interview with Francesca, nor was it possible for me to have. Manasam was gone away to a distant part of the country; Akiba was laid up with illness; the journey to Norwood having proved too much for one of his advanced years. Every thing seemed to conspire against me. I knew not what was the matter—yet was I sure that something evil was lowering above my head. Meanwhile Dom Balthazar was swaggering about in his usual style; he did not seek to come into any open collision with me. We both shunned each other as if by mutual consent—yet were both perpetually thrown together and clashing in some odd, unaccountable way, that between friends would have been awkward, but between sworn enemies like us was particularly disagreeable. There was a mocking sneer about his lip whenever he saw me. What could I do? He could have crushed me like a bird or a smelt, within his iron grasp—his thews and muscles were like cords of steel, and his resolution was equal to his strength.

He seemed to have no occupation. He lived among the tribe like an independent nobleman. He had plenty of gold, which he exhibited with a careless improvidence; he had but to put his hand in his pocket, and it immediately appeared laden with guineas. These he distributed freely among the Gitanos—as freely, indeed, as if his resources were inexhaustible. Yet it was not this lavish profusion so much as some mysterious influence about him, which seemed to consolidate his power. Despite his roughness, blasphemy, contempt of all things sacred and divine; his mockery of the women, and his assumption that they were all detestable, and the audacious arrogance with which he recounted his own personal admixture among the most degrading and infamous exploits, all of which would have been quite enough to destroy any ordinary adventurer, and certainly tended to make him odious to all the gypsies,

there was an indefinable something about him which spoke of force, and the consciousness of an importance among his people which produced its effect upon the mind; and the Queen herself and her chief councillors acknowledged his sway, or, at all events, did not disdain to play a subordinate part while he was present. He issued commands and they were obeyed; he advised measures and they were adopted; he prescribed routes and they were followed; he organized expeditions and they were carried out. In a word he seemed suddenly to have usurped the part of a prime minister, nor was his adoption of the character disputed or denied.

All this was particularly odious to me. I knew the frailty of my hold on these people; my tenure in fact depended more on their caprice than on any other basis. I had now lived for two years with them, during which I had certainly made many friends, but the Calero character is fickle in the extreme; the revolutions of a second upset it from its whole foundation. Indians in descent, they have all the qualities of that mercurial race; easily impressible by the fancy of the moment, they will be ready to die for you to day, and destroy you to-morrow, just as you happen to appear to their excitable imaginations. I was well aware that I had done nothing for these people in return for the amount of hospitable kindness which they had shown to me; they had fed and clothed me for a long time; nor did there seem to be the remotest possibility that I should be ever able to remunerate them. They had sheltered me when I was a houseless wanderer. All fealty was due to me from them. I was conscious of the most ardent desire to prove my gratitude and display my loyalty; but what availed the gratitude and loyalty of a stripling of seventeen, if either or both were to be balanced against the strength of gold, or the mysterious influence of a man like Dom Balthazar, who evidently had immense resources at his

command, had a profound and horrible antipathy to myself, and was by no means likely to falter in gratifying it by any scruples of conscience or suggestions of fear?

But whence originated this fiery hate which it was now obvious raged in both our hearts? This, O reader, is one of the mysteries of mankind which never have been and never can be solved, unless by the doctrine of our pre-existence in some former condition of being, before we breathed the air of earth. For how else can that dread hostility which at the first view exists between two men arise and be explained, except on the supposition that they were deadly foes in some other sphere of existence? I go into a theatre or drawing-room, whose carpet I have never crossed until this night; I see a man or woman there whom I never saw before, to the best of my belief. We look on each other, and vivid hate is seen in the eyes of each; a cold chill creeps over the frame; some nerve within the heart seems to quiver; a nameless weight and oppression, a feeling of disgust, or fear, or antipathy, arises between us; each views the other with scorn, or with an icy glare that fills one for the moment with a tormenting sensation. This cannot be mere accident; it must be something more than want of harmony; neither does it always arise from a mutual repulsion; I have myself been seized by this feeling against a man who exhibited no similar dislike to myself; I have myself been an object of virulent hatred and persecution by persons to whom I had no distaste at all, whom I was not conscious of having offended, and whom I really would not injure, even though the most favorable opportunity for doing so were presented to my very hand.

How, then, can it be rationally explained? In no way except as my Gooroo explained it—we were foes in a former life; we lived and hated, and one of us probably became the victim of the other. I know a man at this present moment, who stands high in the world, a fine scholar, a

civil gentleman, and so forth—yet I never by accident find myself in his presence without feeling satisfied that he once deprived me of life. His company becomes odious, hateful, fearful to me; my blood runs cold as ice, from brain to heel; I have the idea all through of blood, blood, blood; of fierce tusks or claws; of something ferocious, savage, and sanguinary. My flesh creeps; my blood curdles; if I were to be beside that man for an hour, I should swoon; if I were to be near him for a month, I should die. This is not mere antipathy, for I have none towards him. I have labored hard to divest myself of the feeling; I have accosted him in friendly spirit—but all is useless. I never can get over this fixed idea; or fail to associate him with death in my own mind. Probably, it may be said, he is destined to murder me; and perhaps this would be a fair answer to my argument while we both live. I can only remark, however, that at present there seems no possible chance of such a contingency; it seems, in sooth, the most unlikely event that could occur. But whether I have at one time been his victim, or whether he is destined at some future period to destroy me, I never can get rid of the strong and powerful idea that he has revelled in my blood, and drank it hot as it flowed out of my heart. I believe he has.

This, however, was not precisely the feeling which I entertained towards Dom Balthazar. Towards him there was fierce and burning hatred; but no fear mingled with my sensation. On the contrary, while I detested, I felt myself in spirit at least his master. As boy to man, I was of course no match for him; he could have crushed me at a blow; but as spirit marshalled against spirit, I felt that mine was the superior, and that I either conquered him in some other place, or would eventually do so here. Even in his sternest moods, and when his hard eye was fixed on me with a concentrated glare like that of Medusa,

I confronted him with an unquailing gaze, and stared him down; his shaggy lashes were lowered, and his dark glance was arrested, as if in fear; he could not bear my fixed and lion look. At these periods I could see that he shook all over; but whether with rancor or apprehension, I could not of course guess. But it invariably happened that after a conflict of this kind, he sought to tempt me into open quarrel, by taunts, or hints, or shrugs, or insinuations of my falsehood, cowardice or treachery. I bore all, however, for it would have been insanity to have entered into a fray with this strong and deadly man, who, if he failed in bodily vigor—a most unlikely chance—would not have scrupled to resort to one of his Spanish arguments with the dagger, and would have deprived me of life with no more scruple than a cat exhibits to an unhappy mouse. If so taken off, what motive could there be in any one of the tribe to exert themselves to bring a brother to justice for the sake of a wandering stranger like myself?

“Zala-Mayna,” said he to me, one day, “why do you linger here among these people? you are not of their blood; you never can be reconciled wholly to their customs. You are young, bold, brave, handsome; why chain yourself down to the career of a vagabond, when you might be a soldier and a hero?”

“Dom Balthazar,” I answered, “when I am sure that you take sufficient interest in my welfare to justify you in questioning me, then I will answer you, but not till then.”

His eye quailed; his lip quivered; his liver grew white within him. He affected then to be in a most companionable mood.

“Nay,” said he, “I know not why you should repel me, or why you should suspect that any but a friendly feeling has prompted my question. You are young. I am a man who has travelled much, observed much, and suffered much. I have traversed nearly the whole habitable earth, and can

put you in the way of great adventure. I see that this is your desire; more than that, it is your destiny; you cannot avoid; you *must* fulfil it. Why, then, should you spurn a man who could put you in the way of achieving that very end for which Fate has marked you?"

"What may that be, most excellent Dom Balthazar? Stabbing negroes in the Pyrenees? Keeping guard at Ahlen? carrying messages to devil-kings? selling poisons to unfaithful wives? None of these will suit me."

"No," he said, "not these, nor such as these. In the vast deserts of Arabia there are tribes who make the bravest to be their king. Follow me, and I will lead you to them; with your knowledge and your right arm, you may be a second Ahmed, at the head of a new faith, and extending your conquering banner from Stamboul to Rome or London. Again, there are princes in India who require the arts, the sciences, the skill of Europe, and will repay their owner with kingdoms and with peoples. All these are yours, or may be yours—what hinders Zala-Mayna from wearing the crown of Aureng Zebe, or following in the triumphant path of Tamerlane, or Chengiz?"

"I answer your question by putting another—what hinders *you* from doing all these fine things, which you kindly reserve for me?"

"Many obstacles interpose—the first and greatest is my age. I am no longer young like you. I am fifty—what man of fifty could achieve what I have marked out unless he had passed his youth in laying the foundation for it? Again, I am not learned as you are; and it is now too late for me to go to school. Finally, I am no longer ambitious. I have gained all I need; and my years require repose. But you have a future before you. All mine is in the Past."

"Nevertheless, Dom Balthazar, I am content, and will

not seek my fortune in the way you point out. My fortune is with—”

I was about to add, “Francesca,” but I stopped myself in time. I had never breathed her name to this villain. It would have been a sacrilege.

“Ah,” said he, “I know what you would say—but you are wrong, you will fail. Poor youth—you are, indeed, infatuated.” And he left me with a scornful sneer, more burning than Alecto’s torch unto my heart.

Oh! how I wished for wings to bear her off from this hateful bully’s presence; from his machinations against both; for now I felt convinced that he was devising evil; and how I longed to possess some magic art whereby I could dive into his heart, detect his secret, whatever it was, and meet him with his own artifices! Lose her! lose my Francesca! the very thought was death. But how secure her? I was alone, helpless, a boy, a beggar, living almost on the alms of the Gitanos. I was in the centre of a tribe with fierce passions, watched, probably, by a hundred eyes, each quick and keen as that of a serpent; for now it flashed on my mind like lightning that of late wherever I had been, I always saw a gypsy boy or girl loitering near; sometimes peering into the grass, sometimes rifling the bushes, sometimes lingering about the hedges, as if in search of bird’s nests. I had not noticed it before, but now it ran through my whole being like an illuminating flood.

“Yes,” I cried, “doubtless there is truth in the man’s words. Manasam is away; Akiba is ill, experimented upon, doubtless, by some of Balthazar’s potions. Why suffers the old man now for a whole month? Such a thing never happened before. I must watch; I must spy. I must discover what is going on, or I am undone.”

I went home to my tent, I flung myself on my bed, dressed as I was, but I could not sleep; I was restless; I turned from side to side; my brain worked incessantly, it went

round and round like a revolving water-wheel; an uneasy passion convulsed me; in vain I closed my eyes and sought repose; in vain I tried to lull my quick-growing thoughts. I seemed to lie in a bed of torture; sleep was wholly banished from my lids. The hours marched on; all was still; the watch-dogs were asleep; I could only hear the neigh of our horses as they communicated at intervals together. Something evil is being devised, I thought; this restlessness is supernatural. Let me explore it. I rose and peeped out of my tent. The night was pitch dark. I could not trace the outline of the Downs as they mingled with the ebon sky, but saw a light penetrating through a chink; I crept softly out on my face and hands in the direction from which the gleam shone. Not a sound was heard save the twitter of a bird occasionally in the thicket. One of our dogs, startled from his sleep, came near and smelled at me. I stilled him with my hand; he knew my touch. I bowed him down to the ground, and he moved not; he seemed to understand that I wished to be unobserved; he made no sign, but I could see he watched me with anxious eyes. Over the damp grass I crept still; I could hear my beating heart. My thoughts were wound up to a point, and now I knew the tent from which the light flashed. It was that appropriated to Dom Balthazar. I heard the sounds of conversation. There were evidently more than two within. I glided on and on until I was hidden beneath its side, burning with restless curiosity to learn my fate, for I felt that it was now at stake. Gradually I came nearer and nearer, until I was close to the place. I hid myself at the back of the tent. To look within was, of course, out of the question; but in a moment I knew all the voices. I had no need to learn more. Dom Balthazar was there, the Gypsy Queen, and Giacomo. These constituted the three great powers of our community. Dom Balthazar was speaking when I got near.

"Thus it is," said he, "my brother, this is a Busne—in our tents is not his home; he must abide there no longer. In a week I shall find out his birth, his place, and why he is among us. The watch which you have just given me will be a clue to all. The symbol of the eagle is merely the coat of arms of his family; for these Gentiles think it fine to say they are descended from birds and beasts. They worship not idols of wood or stone. So they swear, and so, I suppose, they think; but their great ones worship images of this kind more truly than they worship their God; they make them to be their religion, for those are emblems of rank and power, which are their only creed. They would sooner abandon all than to relinquish these baubles; sons of devils! yet thus they seek to cheat their grand progenitor. I have said it—he must go."

"But our faith is pledged to him," said Giacomo, "he hath become as one of ourselves. He hath broken our bread, hath learned our language, hath slept in our tents, hath sworn and kept fealty to us."

"What of that? It was not with him ye made a league, but another wholly different, whom ye supposed him to be. He hath come here under a mask. The mask is off, and ye see he is an impostor. What further have ye to do with him?"

"But my heart clings to him nevertheless," says the Gypsy Queen; "he is a good youth, and hath behaved well."

"It will be worth gold to us," answered Balthazar; "if, as I suppose, his parents are people of condition, they will give a large sum for his recovery."

The eyes of all three sparkled at this. I could not see them, indeed, but my heart instinctively felt it. Place gold before a gypsy, and he is half mad. Mention the accursed thing, and all other considerations vanish. There was silence for some minutes, as if each was ruminating over the luxurious idea which the bare name had called up.

The Gypsy Queen first resumed—

“He is a Busne, doubtless,” she said, “and he hath lived on our people now for two years. Gold only will repay us; besides, his mother will be glad. I suppose she weeps for his loss. She will give gold in many a purse for his recovery.”

I could not help smiling bitterly at this, “His mother will be glad.” The charming serpent—no, seraph—but both mean the same thing in the Hebrew. I knew how glad she would be. She would be glad, no doubt, to send me back to my school torturers; to remove away forever the living witness of her folly.

“Well,” said Giacomo, “there will be gold—but if not, he shall stay. I will depend upon his faith. Besides, if he goes, what becomes of *her*?”

“Of whom quotha?” asked Balthazar.

“Nay, my brother, thou surely must know this. I speak of Francesca, his betrothed bride.”

“But she is also a Busne. She also must go.”

The Gypsy Queen started; she was evidently excited by the threat. The little girl had twined herself around that rugged heart.

“Francesca must not go,” she said.

“She shall,” simply answered Dom Balthazar. There was a tone of decision about this short speech which cut through my heart. I suppose it had its effect also on both his companions; for neither contradicted Balthazar.

“She cannot get her living like the true Calore,” he said; “she cannot be a burden to us, and to our children. We eat not the bread of idleness—why should she?—the daughter of a Busne—of a Gentile—of a dog? Besides, she also is worth gold.”

“What mean you, Dom Balthazar?” said both.

Their eager curiosity affrighted me. It was an evil omen.

“There are ten hundred pieces of red gold for him that will deliver her over to a man who wants her. He is not

safe while she is free. He will do her no harm—only send her to Spain to be a nun, I think. Will the Calore say unto the man of ten hundred pieces, ‘Begone—we want thee not. We are rich.’”

“But who is this man?” asked Giacomo.

“He is her uncle,” answered Dom Balthazar. “I know him; he sent me here. The gold is ready when the girl is his.”

A long and dreadful pause followed. My fate was now in the balance. I felt like a criminal who awaits the verdict that is to set him free once again in the bright open air, or to send him to the gallows with bolt and gyve. I could count the pulses of my heart. I could number the throbbings of my temples; it seemed an age. At length Giacomo spoke.

“Well,” said he, “Dom Balthazar, with you be it. Bring the purses; the Busne girl may go. I suppose the boy will soon follow her. Farewell,” and they rose as if to separate. I retreated rapidly. I got into my tent. I flung myself on my bed. Suddenly I heard a noise—a footstep, as if one entered. I closed my eyes; I breathed heavily. The person stooped—listened; he brought his horrid eyes near mine. I knew by instinct it was *he*—the accursed fiend Balthazar. But I moved not. The thought occurred, “Is he going to murder me in my sleep?” Well—I must risk it. I did not move. He muttered, “It is all right,” and stole away.

The next day Dom Balthazar departed. I knew where he was gone—to London to make inquiries. I went into the town and bought a map of the roads. No time was to be lost; every nerve and muscle I had was braced up for the occasion of this great crisis. I knew that if I faltered now I was undone. If I were separated from Francesca, or she from me, what was to become of her? She would be handed over to the uncle. What guarantee was there that

he would not destroy her? He had already killed her parents. Why should he spare the child? I did not believe one word of the convent in Spain, or the tale that she was to be made a nun. How was he more safe with her among the priests than with the gypsies? The priests were the Soldiers of the Vatican. Here was the heiress of a great estate and an ancient peerage in their hands. What might they not accomplish if they restored her to both? First of all, her own devotion to their cause—her wealth, her name, her influence, her family connections, no doubt powerful. This would be a great deal. Secondly, and this would, perhaps, weigh more with them, the renown through Europe of having done a transcendent piece of justice. This story, therefore, was evidently nonsense. It could impose but on fools. Only her death could make *him* secure—and who could doubt that any scruple of conscience would interfere to stay him?

I bought my map, and carefully studied it. I made myself a thorough master of the roads to London. Upon this point, therefore, I was satisfied. But how communicate with Francesca? She was securely guarded; all intercourse between us seemed prohibited. Nothing, it is true, had been either said or done which could be considered a denial of access. Nevertheless, there seemed a moral chain about us both which we could not break. She was, in fact, watched, no doubt as vigilantly as I myself was watched. Well, I said, I shall outwatch the watcher. She must be saved, or I will perish. I knew she had unbounded faith in me. I knew that with one word she would follow me all over the earth. No persuasion, no tedious argument would be needed could I only once approach her. But she lay in the tent of the Queen gypsy, and that was always carefully guarded. Here she was confined night and day. What was to be done? Time pressed. Balthazar would return. All hope would then be ended. I should probably be

seized, gagged, and taken away—home, or to a ship, or I knew not whither. I watched, and watched, and still I watched, but no communication could I make. I could not send her the slightest token from my hand.

Five nights thus passed. My agony during all this time I never shall forget. I dreaded the lapse of every hour lest it should bring back Dom Balthazar. The sixth sunset came, and with it departed nearly all my hopes. "To-night," I said, "or never." I had marked out two of the best horses in the encampment. They were strong, docile, and swift. They knew me well. I had often fed them, they had licked my hands, they had come to me for bread, which was never refused. I took care that they should remain idle all the week. This required a little management, but none suspected my design. I procured some clothes, a basket of food, a lantern, and made free with a pair of double-barrelled pistols which were in Manasam's tent. These I loaded. I had a couple of daggers also, and a large horseman's cloak. I got some quick poison, which I wrapped up carefully in some pieces of meat, and with these I proceeded towards the tent of the Gypsy Queen, about midnight. The horses I led gently close by, and tethered them to a bush; the pack-saddles were on their backs. On my arm I bore the horseman's cloak loose, and Manasam's pistols were in my belt. The dogs knew me, they barked not; but had I sought to enter the tent they would have torn me in pieces. I flung them the meat; they swallowed it, and in a few moments lay lifeless. Then I stole into the tent. I knew where Francesca slept. I crept noiselessly to where she slept. I could perceive by her breathing that she was not asleep—she wept. I sighed into her ear, "Francesca, I am here; I am come to save you from ruin—death. Get up quickly, and follow me. There is not a moment to be lost." I think she gave a slight scream, but she knew my voice. A harsh murmur

was heard; some one came from another part of the tent. I was suddenly grappled by the throat. Then exerting all my strength I flung off the Gypsy Queen, for it was she, and cried out, "Quick, quick, Francesca, or we are undone. With me life and love—with them your uncle and death." I flung the cloak round her, she clung to me. A terrific scream was heard. It was from the Gypsy Queen. "Treason," she cried, "treason! Rescue 'ere it be too late." She pulled a large bell, which was at the entrance of her tent, and which I had never seen before. The sound rang through my ears like a death-knell. From all sides a confused murmur was heard. I heard loud and threatening voices—tones that gurgled blood. Again she grappled me; again I flung her off, and again she screamed. "Treason, treason; Zala-Mayna murders me." The shouts of the people increased, they were all but on me. I bore Francesca, who had fainted, in my arms away into the open air; the cold air revived her. I placed her on one of the horses, and mounted the other myself. All this happened in one minute—quicker far than I have described it. The gypsies surrounded us—they were half naked and variously armed. Luckily the darkness was in my favor. None of them had brought a light; the hurry and confusion suspended their faculties. I struck the horses fiercely; they leaped and trampled down the crowd. A terrible howl arose—a shout of pain, anger, madness, and revenge. Suddenly three or four of the gypsies mounted horses and began to pursue us. Away along the high road we sped, the stars glittered on the sleeping ocean; all seemed peace and beauty; but the holy silence of the night was broken by curses and terrible threats. We soon outdistanced our pursuers, but we heard their following footsteps for a long time. We slackened our pace. A solitary horseman rode leisurely towards us. He seemed a spectre. My heart felt a foreboding; I drew forth a pistol, for never did I disregard that

silent monitor which is a divine voice within us. As he came near, the moon came from behind a cloud, and disclosed the dark hellish features of Dom Balthazar. We both saw each other at the same instant of time. He turned white with rage and astonishment. He put his hand into his breast as if feeling for a weapon, and drew forth a dagger. He leaped his horse upon me; but I avoided him. As I passed he aimed at my breast, but missed his stroke. He then turned to Francesca; she was close behind me. He interposed. I called out to her "Jump!" She struck her horse a quick blow, and he also passed the steed of Dom Balthazar. I could see the devil quiver in his face. He was a picture of all the hate of hell concentrated into one small compass. We passed on rapidly, but were pursued rapidly. He rode a powerful steed, and soon began to gain upon us. Francesca trembled; I almost despaired of escape. His horse snorted on our shoulders. Suddenly I whirled round. I could have shot him dead that moment, but I knew it was needless. I will not shed blood, I thought, now; if I kill him I shall be pursued as a murderer and taken. What will then become of Francesca? This reasoning seems the result of cool and profound calculation. It was the instinctive wisdom of the instant. It was the thought of less than half a second. As he was close upon me, evidently wondering why I had ceased to gallop, I fired and his horse fell dead. The bullet had entered his brain. Dom Balthazar tumbled heavily to the ground. I heard him groan. We rode on all night, and the next were in London.

CHAPTER XXII.

O LONDON, thou vast and terrible desert, how shall I describe thee?—to the duke rolling in wealth a Paradise—to the pauper empty of purse a wilderness more blank than El Sahara. Here the extremes of riches and poverty meet; here they jostle every moment. In one room I see gold flung about like ditch water; that young spendthrift has just succeeded to the accumulation of fifty years of fraud and meanness, and depravity. He has surrounded himself with every incentive to vice; loose women, jockeys, prize-fighters, tailors and decorators. He drinks up the most expensive wines; he feeds only on the most costly dishes. Yet is he at heart one of the dirtiest and most despicable fellows that poisons the atmosphere he breathes. His soul is as small as that of a toad; his heart as base and sneaking as that of a polecat. Fortune seems to have filled his pockets with her favors, as if in derision of those who think gold the chief blessing of mortals. He can scarcely write his name; he is almost unable to read the most ordinary volume; he is deplorably ignorant of all things but that gold is power and that money is luxury. He knows only the vilest wretches—for no others will contaminate themselves by contact with a fellow who has no recommendation but his estate—and seeing in them habitual baseness and subserviency, he thinks all mankind are of the same mould; and he disbelieves in virtue, because he has never observed it in his own select society. If you read his mind, you will be amazed to find it all a blank—nor is the page white, as most blank pages are; but it is all dirt and filth, and smuttiness. Yet he spends ten thousand yearly in ordure; and London is the home for him. Could it but last forever, how glorious would his condition be!

Come now with me into the opposite end of London.

Let us climb up this narrow flight of stairs, which creaks at every step. The smell is dreadful; put thy kerchief to thy nose, and let it be well perfumed, or I shall never get thee to the garret. Let us knock and enter. A miserable pallet is on the floor; a few books are strewed about, there is a dying ember in the fire; the rain and cold outside pierce through these crazy walls of misery. The air is confined; the window must not be opened, or the east wind will penetrate with still greater force, and kill the occupants. Alas! they are already half dead with every privation. These people have known want for years; they are dying of starvation and blood-poisoning, and heart-sickness. The man is a scholar, a critic, perhaps a poet filled with the finest spirit of genius. He shone at his university; the greatest triumphs were predicted for him. He came to London, and here he is. He is the miserable drudge of booksellers. He can get no honest employment; he is obliged to take up with the meanest. He is a bookseller's hack. He goes through every phase of wretchedness. Oh! that his father had but apprenticed him to a trade—had made him a shoe-black, or a sweep. His life would have been happier than it is now. He sits late into the night and writes a piece. He passes the whole of the following day in hawking it from shop to shop. In some he meets with ribaldry, in others savage rudeness, in all contempt. He crawls home at night, miserable, heartbroken, cowardly, scorning himself and life, and praying for the hand of death to release him from life and London. Thank heaven it will soon come, and he shall beg from booksellers no more.

Such were my reflections after two or three months' residence in London, and while I was yet a sort of outcast. I felt their bitterness then, and I recognize their truth still. But let me go back.

When I arrived in London, I rode straight to an old-fashioned inn enough—the Tabard, in Southwark. I de-

livered over my Francesca to the landlady, who behaved with as much kindness as usually belongs to a landlady in an inn; and after seeing our horses stabled, we supped and separated for the night. Our hostess suspected, and half hinted our elopement, and we did not deny it. Of what use could it be to do so? This interested her in our welfare,—all women like to be mixed up in an intrigue. Next day I sold the horses. They were honestly worth ten guineas each, but I got only three guineas for the two. The landlord introduced me to a very pious dealer, and the very pious dealer was so conscientious that he would not bid for them himself without consulting his foreman; and the foreman thought them such wretched animals, that he advised his master to have nothing to do with them, lest they should die on his hands before the week was over; and I was half persuaded myself that what they said was true, and should have probably given them away as it is said for a song, had not the landlord again good-naturedly pressed the matter on the dealer, and the bargain was at length made, greatly to my satisfaction, and that of my worthy landlord too, whom I treated with a bottle of wine on the occasion. But my landlord's good nature did not end here, for he was so apprehensive that his friend the dealer would lose by the transaction, that he bought the horses back again from him; and I heard him a few days after bargaining with an old farmer, and saw him get thirty golden guineas for the pair that had been sold for three. This little transaction rather opened my eyes to London customs; and I began to think that the gypsies, after all, were not the only people who earned a questionable livelihood. Well, I have since seen mankind in all countries and under all characters, and I am not much disposed to alter my opinion.

Methinks I hear some one say, "Master Wortley Montagu, art thou thyself so free from all blame in this transaction?"

What right hadst thou to sell the horses of the gypsies? Were they not in fact stolen ware? and wert not thou at this very moment liable to be hanged for felony?" I admit I was. I half wish I had been. I should have escaped many sorrows, and shed a novel lustre on our genealogical tree. But I reconciled the theft to my conscience in this way; and that same conscience of ours is a marvellous casuist. In the first place it was essential to my own safety—and this I think high politicians and statesmen always put forth as an unanswerable argument for any departure from the straight line of morals. In the second, I had left a gold watch in the gypsies' hands, which was worth sixty guineas if it was worth sixpence—and this doctrine of *quid pro quo* ought, I think, to satisfy the souls of all who have read "Father Sanchez," and the "Seraphic Thomas Aquinas," on cases of this nature. In the third place, I resolved, the moment I had got any money, to repay the gypsies for their steeds—and this I considered then not only conclusive proof of my perfect honesty, but also have found since that it is an answer sanctioned by the universal practice of mankind—except indeed in those rascally places, courts of law, where I once saw a very honest gentleman sentenced to be hanged, simply for borrowing a diamond ring from a jeweller, which he protested solemnly to both judge and jury he intended to pay for when he could. I have no doubt he did—only that as the time of payment was to be left to his own honor, it would probably have been deferred longer than convenient. Lastly, I confess I am now sincerely ashamed of the transaction; and though I remitted a large sum of money to Manasam some years after, which was more than ten times the value of the horses, the pistols and all the other pillage with which I had made off, and though the said sum was carefully by him distributed among those to whom it of right belonged, still I am by no means easy about the conveyance, and I am in truth very sorry for it.

It is one of those errors in a man's life which we all wish blotted out, and from which I fear few of us are free.

My best course would have been to let the horses loose when they served my turn, and to have starved on—but even then I very much doubt whether their unerring instinct would have conducted them safely home—for there were a good many horse-stealers at that time as well as myself on the road, and probably they had as little strength of virtue to support them against temptation as the grandson of His Grace the Duke of Kingston. But I did one good act the same week—I married Francesca. According to all rule, I was a fool to do so, for she was entirely in my power. But I think it is, on the whole, better to play the fool than the knave in these matters. My conscience is rather clearer than it would have been had I deceived and cast her off. Faith! I have often since suspected I was not of noble blood at all; for this proceeding was against all tradition and all hereditary customs. I never before knew or heard of a duke's descendant playing the ass in that way.

And now arose the grand question, how was I to live? how was I to support a wife? An interrogation of a very practical character, which I doubt not has often startled many. My landlord soon got rid of me; when my three guineas were gone, and he was quite certain that no more remained, he turned us both out of the Tabard, and bid us go to the deuce. But his wife left us half a guinea, which gave us courage to face a new lodging. This was modest enough. For half a crown a week I rented an attic, and began to look my prospects in the face. I was a good scholar; better, I was convinced, than most men who have a University education. I wrote some nonsense, and to my amazement got a guinea for it. I frequented the coffee-houses, and picked up a chance sort of acquaintance with wits, and scribblers, and philosophers; and they put me in the way of employment as a translator, at the rate of a

guinea or a guinea and a half for every printed sheet of sixteen pages. This was killing work, but it enabled me to live. I passed under the name of Smith—and a Smith indeed I was, for I was fabricating bread out of my own brains. George Sale was then translating the “Koran,” which he published about two years afterwards. What I had learned from my Gooroo, Akiba, was now called into play. I think I gave him some valuable information. At all events, he was pleased more than once to tell me so, and out of his scanty earnings as a compiler of the “Universal History,” he often gave me a guinea, and subsequently engaged me as a contributor to its pages. He was a well-looking man; and though a lawyer, honest. He often invited myself and Francesca to his house in Surrey street, where we became acquainted with his wife and family, and I sadly lamented his death, which took place in 1736. Here I met another singular character—George Psalmanazar—the author of the History of Formosa. This was not his real name; but after the detection of his imposture he was ashamed to divulge either it or his native place, lest, as he said, it would bring disgrace upon his mother. He was a short man, with a square face, long hair of raven color, and piercing black eyes. I rather think he was of gypsy blood, and indeed the whole course of his career would justify me in coming positively to such a conclusion. For his marvellous adventures as a pretended pilgrim on the way to Rome, to equip himself for which he stole out of a chapel a palmer’s robe that hung before some saint’s image; his assumption of the character of a mendicant Japanese, converted to Christianity, travelling through Europe to acquire knowledge; his curious experience among the Beguines, from whose saintly faces he tears off the mask of pudency; his career as a soldier, in which he probably did as many strange mad things as Dom Balthazar himself, all struck me as being in such singular accordance

with what I know of the Zingari life, that I entertained little doubt at that time, and have none now, that he was of the true Calore breed. Like them, he knew many languages, and had mingled in almost every order of human life; and I think his silence on his origin, birthplace, and family name may be viewed as strongly confirming the notion that he was an offshoot of this strange people; who give (as I know) more Jesuits, Generals, and Cardinals to the world than would readily be believed.

Sale was a lazy man—as lazy and careless as Steele himself—and though he had undertaken to furnish the booksellers with a dozen sheets a month, he in fact did not supply more than one or two. He was, therefore, forced to have recourse to “understrappers,” and of this honorable confraternity I became one. His oriental studies, extending over a great number of years, had made George skeptical about Moses and his cosmogony; he was in fact a Mohammedan in principle, and was persuaded of the divine inspiration of the son of Abd’alla. My tutor, Akiba, had half impregnated myself with notions very nearly alike. A perfect congeniality thus existed between us on certain points; and our publishers were of so liberal a turn that when Sale soon after abandoned the work, and George Psalmannazar was taken in to fill his place, that worthy, who had now become a neophyte of the bishops, began to run so counter to the liberal views of Sale, that one of the partners in the concern, Mr. Provost, sent for him one day in great alarm, and begged it as a favor that “he would not be righteous over much.” The reformed Jew, or gypsy, or whatever else he was, however, convinced the worthy man that it was much more profitable to write up Moses than to write him down; and accordingly an entirely new tone of thought was given to the whole work, and it was framed for parsons rather than for philosophers. But the parsons did not support it as liberally as might have been

expected. In fact they were better employed in putting out their Johns for college, and their Jennies for Fox Hall, so that the only person who gained much by the transaction was Psalmannazar, who extended his connection among the orthodox, and filled his pockets and his paunch through his zeal for Moses.

The Reverend Thomas Woolston was another who became known to me at this period, and whose brief career furnished matter of amusement, blended with melancholy. He used to stroll into a poor coffee-house where I was accustomed to resort, and fall into conversation with whoever happened to be present, indulging in speculation on the most abstruse subjects, with an utter disregard of time and place. He was a man of great good humor, and extensive learning; but not content with ridiculing Moses and the prophets, he published some desperate pamphlets on the miracles, which he dedicated to those right reverend fathers in God, the Bishops of London and Lichfield, St. Davids, and St. Asaph, in a strain of cutting sarcasm and fun, which was gall and bitterness to those truly pious men. But this ecclesiastical merriment was by no means to the taste of our saintly prelates. They got up a most dreadful outcry against him, and had the poor fellow tried and convicted before Lord Chief Justice Raymond, a wretched judge, who of course was base enough to side with the popular feeling, and induced a jury to convict poor Woolston. He was condemned to a year's imprisonment, and fined one hundred pounds; which last penalty was intended to operate as a sentence of perpetual jail, for nobody knew better than the judge who imposed it that a million could as easily be raised by poor Woolston as a hundred pounds. The bishops exulted, and the clergy were in raptures. Woolston was sent to the King's Bench prison-house, where he died of the jail fever, and thus relieved the minds of the hierarchy. But I have often reflected with indigna-

tion on this outrage against opinion, and I do not envy either the bishops who persecuted, or the inquisition who condemned him. He was a harmless man, with greater wit than judgment; but his death-bed was pious, and his last words were: "This is a struggle which all men must go through, and which I bear not only patiently, but with cheerfulness."

I was also accustomed to meet with Richard Savage, the natural son of Lord Rivers, by the Countess of Macclesfield—now Mrs. Brett, whose singular history is sufficiently known to the world. He had published a Miscellany which he dedicated to my mother in the most absurd and fulsome strain of pangyrick, and on the first occasion when he and Mr. Smith (myself) became acquainted, he entertained me with a satirical account of Lady Mary, whom he abused in all the phrases of Billingsgate, and did not hesitate to pronounce "a brimstone of Tartarus itself." "Oh! how I fooled her," he said; "by Jupiter I duped her out of ten guineas, and though it came from her like her blood, still I had so baited my hook with flattery, that the she-shark was caught." And then he repeated with bitter satire, "Since the country has been honored with the glory of your wit, as elevated and immortal as your soul, it no longer remains a doubt whether your sex have strength of mind in proportion to their sweetness. There is something in your verses as distinguished as your air. They are as strong as truth, as deep as reason, as clear as innocence, and as smooth as beauty. They contain a nameless and peculiar mixture of force and grace which is at once so movingly serene, and so majestically lovely, that it is too amiable to appear anywhere but in your eyes, and in your writings. As fortune is not more my enemy than I am the enemy of flattery, I know not how I can forbear this application to your ladyship; because there is scarce a possibility I should

say more than I believe, when I am speaking of your Excellence."

"And did you write her all this?" I asked.

"I did more," he said, "Smith, I printed it,—I published it. I let it loose upon the town, and made her the ridicule of all serious people, while she fancied she became a cynosure." And the honest fellow laughed very heartily, in which he was joined by a coterie of wits who heard the conversation.

I was amused by this fellow's hypocrisy and impudence, both blended as curiously as in Orator Henley. When his pockets were empty, and your purse was full, he would praise you to your face with the most abject servility, and when you had rewarded him with a piece, he would abruptly turn away without even saying, "Thank ye," and would go and spend it all in a debauch. Next day he would be as servile as ever, until you had again fee'd him, when he would leave you as unceremoniously as before. He always presumed on his birth, and his misfortunes; and expected you to pay the greatest deference to both. He could be gentlemanlike when he pleased, but he seldom did please, and he was more in his native element when he was coarse and vulgar. In practice, he despised and laughed at all morality, virtue and honor; theoretically he was a Socrates or Plato, and he would gurgle forth the finest sentiments of temperance when drunkenness made him even incapable of walking. On the whole, he was a very worthless, lying fellow, and Samuel Johnson has disgraced himself and literature by condescending to be his paneygrist, while he has offered an outrage to decency by glossing over the fellow's vices with an excuse or a palliation, which all similar rascals will not fail to copy, and even defend under so eminent an authority.

I saw something, too, of Theophilus Cibber, a son of the old player, and a most abandoned reprobate. He dabbled

in literature, but was half his time hunted by bailiffs, and he has been more than once arrested on the stage; for he had some histrionic talent which he might have profitably exercised, but his dissipated habits exhausted all he got. He married a most lovely woman, a sister of Dr. Arne, and like him, remarkable for musical talent, but though she earned a large sum by her acting, he sold her to a man of fortune named Sloper; and when he subsequently brought an action against him, and laid his damages at five thousand pounds, a jury appreciating his rascality at its proper value, gave him the munificent sum of ten pounds, so that he lost one of the finest women in the world for a few paltry shillings, and while he covered himself with infamy, realized the fable of the fool who cut open his goose, and for golden eggs found only—disappointment. He and Savage were fellows of the same kind, who would have stuck at nothing for money. Cibber was drowned crossing the Irish Channel, and Savage ought to have been hanged, and would have been, only that Justice Page outraged all decency by his charge to the jury on his trial for the murder of Sinclair, and that Savage had a half sister—Miss Brett—who saved him. Old Mandeville, also, the author of the *Fable of the Bees*, took a sort of liking to me, and often accompanied me home. He described Addison as a “parson in a tye wig,” but he was himself a sly old rogue, and though he affected the austerity of a philosopher, I have seen him stealing up Drury Lane at night, after a tawdry bit of finery and paint in that modest neighborhood.

London was at this time deluged with periodical publications, for most of which Sale wrote, and he had given me a sort of introduction to the booksellers. There was the *Craftsman*, which was great against the Whigs; there was the *London Journal*, *Fog's Journal*, *Grub Street Journal*, *Weekly Register*, *Universal Spectator*, *Free Briton*, *British Journal*, *Daily Courant*, and *Reed's Journal*, the

whole, or the greater part, of which dealt in politics, scandal and lampoonery, for whose perpetual production there was one of the finest bodies of literary laborers that could be got together. These were principally the countrymen of that great patriot Bute, and they came to England with equally noble views, and earned money by similar exalted practices. There was scarcely any kind of prostitution to which they would not submit, so long as it brought in "the bawbees." Need I mention Swinton and Mitchell, and Campbell, and the notorious Bower, who was alternately a Jesuit, an atheist, a protestant, a quaker, and a Jesuit again, as it suited his purposes, and who cheated the publishers of the *Universal History* out of no less than £300, while he pillaged tailors, and plundered landladies with the most glorious defiance of honesty. There was Stephen Duck, who from a thresher became a poet, and penned the most ridiculous verses, which got him a pension of £30 a year from pious, good Queen Caroline. He supplied some of these journals with poetry, and the stanzas seem to have been written with a flail. There was Eustace Budgell, who began his career under the infamous Lord Wharton, (the father of the Duke,) and who having amassed a fortune by the most discreditable arts, lost it all in one day by the failure of the South Sea Scheme. He was now libelling Walpole with the most ferocious bitterness, and receiving bribes from the old Duchess of Marlborough for his shocking slanders on the party who had displaced her old traitor of a duke. Oldmixon was on the other side, and was ridiculing the Tories with unflagging bitterness, for which he was subsequently rewarded by a post under government. He wrote the life of Arthur Mainwaring, the first keeper of poor Mrs. Oldfield, and would have penned the life of a hangman if he could have got money by the job. Welsted was also in the employ of Walpole; an indefatigable scribbler of political trash. Ned Ward, who kept a public house

in Moorfields, was an imitator of Butler, and a desperate antagonist of the Low Church Whigs, which drew a great number of customers to his house, so that he derived equal profit from his beer and brains. Defoe—but why go on? I saw and lived with these gentlemen who constituted all the lower empire of letters; Pope and a few others being at the supreme head, and hated and abused in every form of satire by these, the writhing wretched extremity.

One morning Sale sent for me in a hurry. "Smith," said he, "I find I can have little or no employment at which I can profitably put you for some time. This vagabond Psalmannazar and his canting set have undermined, and underbid me. We must therefore see what is to be done with Curll, who is always ready to take on new hands. His pay is not much, but it is certain."

We went and found the bookseller behind his counter in Rose Street, Covent Garden. From all I had heard of him, I was prepared to see in him rather a low sort of rascal, but he was not so. He had light gray eyes, not unpleasant, only that they were enormously large and projecting; he was purblind, and splay-footed, but his manner was smooth, and not without a certain polish. After an introduction, and some commonplace remarks, Sale mentioned the object of his visit, speaking rather favorably of my pretensions. Curll asked me into a room behind his shop, and Sale waited for me at the next tavern.

"Mr. Smith," said the bibliopole, abruptly, "do you know Latin?"

I answered "Yes."

"Any other languages?"

"Oh! yes—French, Italian and Greek."

Curll lifted up his hands. "But do you really know them, sir? By Jove, sir."

"Mr. Curll, when I say any thing, you may be assured it is true."

"Then, sir, I shall make your fortune, by Jove, sir. You are a lucky man to have come here this day. Zounds, sir, I have a pack of scoundrels in my employ, who pretend that they know all these languages, but when I give them a work to do into English, by Jove, sir, they can do nothing with it until they have got grammars, and lexicons, and dictionaries, and the deuce knows what; and then the critics, sir, by Jove, sir, when the work is published, the critics fasten on it, and in the brutallest manner prove to all the town that the translator scarcely knew the rudiments of the language which he translated."

"That must be an annoyance to you, Mr. Curll."

"An annoyance, sir, by Jove! sir, it drives me mad—it makes me desperate, sir. I can neither eat, sleep, walk, nor drink, on account of it, by Jove! sir."

"Well, Mr. Curll, what do you propose that I shall do in this dilemma?"

"Why this, sir—this is what I propose, sir. I have at present some half score of these gentlemen at work for me, and what I wish you to do is to revise their translations, so that none of those infernal critics can find a flaw in them, by Jove! sir."

"Nay, Mr. Curll, if you ask me to put out a book in which these gentlemen can't find a flaw, I'm afraid you ask me an impossibility."

"Oh! dear me, I did not mean that, by Jove, sir, I know they will find a flaw in any thing, from Homer up to the New Testament, but I mean, sir—by Jove, sir, you know what I mean—a real flaw—a great big boobyish flaw, such as changing horses into asses, and men into women, which some of my writers frequently do, by Jove, sir."

"I can undertake, Mr. Curll, that no such metamorphosis as that shall happen under my supervision."

"Very good, sir, very good, by Jove, sir. You'll do—and the terms, Mr. Smith?"

"Mr. Curll, I must leave these to yourself."

"Well, sir, the trouble will not be great, and there will be a good deal of work. Say half a guinea for every printed sheet of thirty-two pages."

I was obliged to consent, and Curll introduced me to his garret. There I found about fifteen poor devils, hack authors in various styles of raggedy and wretchedness, with woebegone features and unkempt hair, working away silently at their various employments. Most of them were Scotchmen; there was an Irishman or two; the rest were of this country. The pens moved rapidly and audibly over the paper in the learned stillness; they all looked up when we entered; they seemed afraid of Curll like a pack of beaten hounds or school-boys.

"Gentlemen," says Curll, "I have brought you Mr. Smith, who is now in my service as general reviser of all Greek, Latin, French, and Italian translations. So you will have to look pretty sharp, I can tell you, and must mind your P's and Q's. I am well assured of his competency and skill, and the next printed half-sheet that comes from the printers is to be put into his hands before it is revised."

I could see a shudder among some half-dozen of the poorest devils at this intimation, but they dared not murmur; they looked at each other and at me, saying as plainly as they could, "*We'll soon make this place too hot for you. Revise us indeed.*"

"I shall have to deduct a penny for every gross error in each sheet," added Curll, "and that is certainly very little, but I have too long put up with impositions. And now let us see how goes on business."

"Mr. MacAuley, have you finished the 'History of Executions?' By Jove, sir, I want it. The press is waiting anxiously for it; so are the public."

"Mr. Curll," said MacAuley, "I have hunted through

all the lanes and alleys you have directed me to, for some of the last dying speeches, but could not get them. Besides, I can discover little or nothing authentic about Bill Sykes, Sally Richardson, Poll Murray, and the man who chopped up his wife in Thames Street."

"Authentic! Mr. MacAuley; what the dev— by Jove! sir, you must be mad, or drunk, or damnably silly, sir. Authentic indeed! Why, who cares, sir, for Authentic? If you can't find 'authentic,' sir, you must invent 'authentic,' sir; or go about your business and starve, sir; and die, sir; and be d——d, sir. Do I live to hear one of my writers insult me with 'authentic?'"

Poor MacAuley shrank into his shell, and Curll passed to another.

"'A Defence of the Measures of the Present Administration.' Ah! Gleig, you are at the patriots again, I see. Hit 'em hard—hard, sir; by Jove! sir; hit 'em with a whip of iron, sir—the infernal knaves, the lousy, dirty scoundrels, who pretend that they only can save the country. This will be a very nice sixpenny volume. And here is sixpence for yourself, Gleig—only hit the patriots right and left, up and down, by Jove, sir."

Gleig took the money very thankfully. He had just published an elaborate apology for adultery, in the biography of a certain great man.

"What's this? 'A Comparison between the Present Ministry and the Turkish Court.' Capital! By Jove, sir, that's a taking title. It will sell, sir, by Jove, sir: it must sell. Let me see, let me see—'When we consider the present abandoned and abominable administration, which, to the disgrace of England, now holds us in thick fetters, we can liken them to nothing so much as that accursed gang of eunuchs and cut-throats which recently brought the Sultan of Turkey to an untimely end.' Very fine, sir, by Jove, sir; that will tell—it will sell. Go on in that style, Archie,

and you are sure to prosper. They *are* a set of rogues; they *do* deserve hanging. By Jove, sir, these two pamphlets will be a hit, sir—a hit; for all the Whigs will buy the first, and all the Tories will go mad after the last.”

He passed on to another desk, where a raffish, drunken-looking fellow was working. He had a Bible before him, and he was evidently pleased with himself, and his employment. Curll paused and read—

“‘Two letters from a Deist to a Friend, concerning Revelations, &c.’ Mr. Perfitt, sir—by Jove, sir, how is it these letters are still unfinished? I have had a dozen orders for them for the country; the fops and fine gentlemen, not to mention the Ladies of Quality, are all demanding them.”

“Why, faith, sir, I have been living rather free for the last two or three days, and I could not make out some of the Greek of the Emperor Julian, which I wish to quote in the middle of my second Letter.”

“D——n the Emperor Julian, sir, whoever he was. What did *he* know about the subject? One of your rascally Hanover Germans, I suppose, who was all for the Pope.”

“No, indeed, Julian was a Roman Emperor.”

“So much the worse, sir; by Jove, sir, a regular Jacobite and Papist. You mustn’t quote *him*, sir, in defence of the Bible, or any thing, sir. It will never do for this Protestant country. Anti-Roman, sir, is what we want, not Roman.”

“Sir, I quote him in defence of Deism, and against the Bible. I assure you he didn’t believe a word of it.”

“Ah! Perfitt, my dear fellow, that alters the case; go on and prosper, but don’t live freely again until you have finished. Don’t, like a good boy.”

“And what are *you* doing, Warren?—‘The Parson Hunter,’ in two cantos. Very good title—very good title, by Jove, sir. Give it to the parsons—hypocrites, sly foxes, drones, whited sepulchres, hirelings, mammon worshippers,

and so on; their belly is their God, and so on. That's your sort, Sam, my boy. Finish it soon, and it will have a run. And you, Butt, what are you at? Why you dirty shabby Irish brogueanier, have you not finished that 'Letter' yet? What do I pay you for? by Jove, sir. I will send you back to Connaught, sir. I will send you back to your potatoes and salt, sir."

Here Curll, to my amazement, began to kick this wretched fellow, at which he whined piteously. Starvation had evidently done its work on him; it had broken even the spirit of poor Paddy. He received his cuffs very contentedly, and slunk into a corner. Curll did not escape. From some unknown place, tenanted in all probability by some brother Hibernian, a large leaden ink pot was flung with excellent aim, and hit the bookseller right in the poll. He howled with rage, and quickly turned round, but every hand was busily engaged in writing, and when he groaned out, there was a general burst of honest indignation from the whole of his literary regiment. Some of them kindly ran to his assistance; others called aloud for the discovery of the sacrilegious wretch who had dared to lift his hand against the person of the master, but the varlet was not to be found. Curll's head began to bleed profusely; some of the gang went for Mrs. Curll, who rushed up stairs in a sad fright, and caterwauled very loudly when she saw her wounded lord. Darting around her fiery looks of rage, she sought (I would to heaven she could have found) the wrathful Irishman; but as there was no possibility of this, she and Curll finally left the room, amid badly suppressed titters, leaving me to shift for myself among my new associates.

This introduction, it must be owned, was not the most favorable in the world. I did all I could to make my revision as easy as possible, and I have often read over and corrected heaps of manuscript, so that but few errors ap-

peared for the revise. I soon found that even by this indulgence I could not satisfy these gentlemen. They were nearly all starving, out-at-elbows, and garret or cellar-lodged; yet in their own estimation they were the shining lights of literature and England, without whose blaze the world would be in darkness. Their conceit was dreadful; their envy of each other quite maniacal; their scandal and detraction made you quite wretched to hear it. The most awful feuds existed among them; the Englishmen despised the Irishmen, scorned the Scotchmen, and detested each other; the Irishmen repaid the mutual dislike of both with alternate laughter, threatenings and abuse. The Scotchmen hoarded up their bile until a proper opportunity arrived, when they squirted it indiscriminately upon both John and Pat, but never against any of the brethren who came from the other side of the Tweed. Such of them as were not translators, by degrees scraped up an intimacy with me, and we went on well together; but with those gentlemen over whom I was placed as supervisor, I could do little or nothing. The Irishmen did the French and Latin, the Scotchmen stuck to the Greek, in which they boasted the most extraordinary proficiency, and a Welshman was our great hand at Italian. The blunders which each and all made were most ridiculous, and I could scarcely blame the critics for their severity. But these hacks would not and could not acknowledge its fairness. With them, all such criticism was scoundrelism—yet when they themselves dabbled in it, they hunted out the very same sort of defects, and held them and their makers up to public mockery. At last the Irishmen rose up in wrath; and one of them said to me one day—

“I tell you what, Mr. Smith, your delight in discovering our bulls and blunders is very great, but, by my soul, I never yet knew an Englishman, who, if he was born in Ireland, wouldn't make as many bulls and blunders as the very worst of us.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

"WHY don't you join our club?" said Savage, to me one day; "the expense is little, the fun great."

"What club?" I asked. "I never heard you were in a club."

"Why, the Apollo Club, to be sure; the club of all the wits, poets and scholars."

"You have yourself supplied a reason why I don't join. I belong to neither of these three great communities."

"Pooh, pooh, you'll do very well; I wish we had not many duller dogs than you among us."

I bowed, and gravely thanked him for the compliment. Savage looked confused.

"No—no," said he, "I didn't mean it in that way, drat me. But come and join; it will be good fun for you when you are in the spleen."

"Where do you meet? and what are the preliminaries?"

"We meet once a month, in a very convenient house in Clare Market, the sign of the Jolly Fiddlers. We have a new President every night, and there are no preliminaries but to be proposed and seconded. When your election follows, you pay five shillings, and you take your place among us, a regular son of Phœbus."

"I fear I shall do discredit to so bright a sire; nevertheless, if you wish it, I will see what sort of divinities you are."

"And if you like us, you can join. Nothing can be fairer, so be ready by next Friday night; our monthly meeting will then take place. I shall call for you about nine, and we shall go together. Bring the needful, alias the price of your supper, which is eighteen pence; what you order besides in the way of drink or smoke will be an extra. But we are generally sober fellows. And, by the

bye, I was near forgetting—bring a good oak stick. It may be useful.”

I rather stared at this last article of costume, but a club of wits *must* have their eccentricities, and this no doubt was one.

The scene of our symposium was a large tavern in Clare Market—the delicacy was tripe; the refreshment in the way of liquor was strong beer. We walked up into a long room, the whole centre of which was occupied by a table spread with plates and glasses; the cloth was coarse, and not very white, but the worthy landlady, I suppose, considered these nice particulars beneath the notice of literary gentlemen, whose thoughts are usually in the clouds of heaven. A large chair was at the head of the table, and here we already found seated Orator Henley, who had appointed himself president for the evening. Amongst the motley crowd was Mr. John Dennis, Aaron Hill, Ward, the author of the *London Spy*, Archibald Bower, Curll, and one of his poets, Pattison, whom he literally starved to death, and who, indeed, died soon after; these tripe nights, I believe, being the only periods from month to month when he had any food. Morgan, who sought to make all his readers Mohammedans, and who published some funny works on the subject: Concanen, a mad son of Hibernia, and poor Jack Dunton, a broken-down bookseller, were there; hunger in their eyes, rags on their bodies. Came also Charlie Gildon, who lodged at an ale house, in Long Acre, kept by Bessie Cox, the frowsy Chloe of Mat Prior, and whom that silly bard would have married had he not been prevented by death; Amhurst, the Caleb D’Anvers of the *Craftsman*, Oldmixon, Boyer, Mat Green, of the Custom House, Tibbald, who changed his name into the more sonorous one of Theobald; Dr. Martin and Russell, the joint editors of the *Grub Street Journal*; Will Ayers, who called himself a “Squire,” Eustace Bridgel, and Mat

Tindal, whose will the first-named afterwards forged, to the great indignation of the rightful heir; and most ridiculous of all, Figg, the prize-fighter, brought up the rear, but how or why he got into this literary club, I knew not. We formed altogether a harlequin group of about fifty, many of whom were out at elbows—the great majority evidently at starvation point. At half-past nine, the smoking tripe was produced; by ten it had wholly disappeared, and there were poor devils among us who seemed inclined to swallow even the greasy plates, so ravenous was their appetite, and so unusual the appearance of food. Pints and pots of strong beer, stout October as it was called, were now brought up, with pipes and tobacco, and Henley having called to Figg to keep order, knocked on the table with a little hammer, ordering silence and attention.

“Gentlemen,” cried Henley, “are you all filled?”

“No,” shouted a score of voices, “we have drank only a glass or so, and haven’t had half as much tripe as we ought.”

“I meant your glasses, not yourselves, you sots,” retorted the orator. “Fill them, and listen.”

This exhortation was joyfully obeyed. After a pause the orator began.

“I am not going to begin with a text, nor shall I detain you with a long preamble about the Ten Commandments, every one of which I believe you have broken. I am about to give you the health of the most renowned critic in England, the best tragedian, and the finest political writer—need I name Mr. John Dennis? His father was a decent saddler, which probably accounts for the son’s detestation of mules and donkeys, (such as I see around,) and also accounts for his own Pegasian flights to the highest summit of Parnasses. I don’t believe there is much in the tale that he was expelled from Caius for attempting to stab a man in the dark—for all poignard blows are generally

given in the open day, as Pope, Addison, and Steele, those Three Impostors, can well testify; but I do very well believe that fine and Spartan trait in Mr. Dennis's character, which runs, I think, as follows. You all know—I mean have heard—of the late Dick Steele. Well, in a magnanimous moment, when the wine was in, and the wit was out, this Irish knight became bail for Mr. Dennis for some fifty pounds. Steele, as may be supposed, was soon after arrested for this sum; our venerable brother was informed of the fact. 'Sdeath!' said he, 'what an ass he was! Why did he not keep out of the way, as I did?' And with this grand philosophical reflection—well worth the whole sum to Steele—he allowed that unreflecting Samaritan to extricate himself from the Philistines as well as he could. Gentlemen, there was a moral grandeur about this which I am sure you will all well appreciate. But Steele's conduct in return I cannot well approve of. For while he affected to forgive our friend for that heroic Stoicism which I have already mentioned, he had the cruelty to cite in the 'Spectator,' as one of the happiest couplets in the English language, that famous stanza, in which Mr. Dennis describes himself and his brother authors. The stanza is as follows:

"Thus ope fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.'

"Mr. Dennis, though proud, and justly, of being the author of these admired verses, was conscious that he had written others very much better; and as he thought it was a very mean piece of envy in Steele to suppress all mention of those, while he so pompously cited the foregoing, he wrote him a letter, breathing hot the noble indignation of his soul; and from that day until the death of Dick, those mighty men continued foes.

"Gentlemen, Mr. Dennis has always been proudly jealous of the high consideration due to men of letters. He was

once invited to Lord Halifax's house, whom they call *Mouse* Montagu, because I suppose he ratted from his party, and Bufo, because he was as ugly as a toad, in soul and body. Bufo was playing with a parrot, of which he was extremely fond, it was so like himself, and not paying that marked attention to our venerable Nestor which he was conscious he deserved. 'My lord,' says he, 'as you and your companion are so engaged in admiring each other, I'll wait on you at some other opportunity.' Whereupon, to the honor of literature, he left the scene of insult—a dignified and noble step, which, even if it stood alone, deserves our eternal gratitude. Bufo did not stop him, but laughed, and soon after invited him to supper. The wine was good, and Mr. Dennis drank it—may I be pardoned, O venerable Sage, for just hinting that thou didst drink a little too much thereof?—and just as he was maintaining that Shakspeare was a scoundrel, and Pope 'as stupid and venomous as a hunchbacked toad,' he received rather a blunt contradiction from some vile led-captain of my lord, who did not properly appreciate our Gerenian knight. The blood of Phœbus took fire—our noble brother rushed out of the room, upsetting in his angry flight a whole sideboard of bottles and glasses. Next day Mat Moyle, one of the company, met him. Mr. Dennis told him he remembered all that had happened up to a certain point, but after that all was Lethe. 'And how did I get away?' quoth he. 'Why,' says Moyle, 'you went away like the devil, and took one corner of the house away with you.'"

Here there was a general roar of laughter. Dennis, I think, did not like the fun, but he sat still till we had drank his health, which Savage did, with "one cheer more." He then rose up. He was now very old, yet he retained all the characteristics of his earliest years. His eye was small and fierce; he had a squab nose, like a prize-fighter's,

a mouth of iron, knitted eyebrows, a round chin, and a low, narrow forehead. It was no wonder that such a man should have a temper, involving him in perpetual squabbles. Pope, who always reminds me of a flea, he stung so sharply, had but a day or two before given to the press that shocking epigram on him which conveys the most malignant poison* to the mind, and the old man had evidently been brooding over it, for there was a volcano of rage and fire suppressed within his angry bosom. He looked as black and malignant as a scorpion. He had eaten little for supper, but had smoked plentifully, and he seemed to have come for solace to the place to be encouraged by some of the younger men, all of whom he knew detested the hunchback of Twickenham. He was also, I have been told, hiding from some creditors, who had set the bailiffs after him, so that he was in the very humor that Henley liked of all others—inflammable as gunpowder or naphtha; and the relentless orator, it must be avowed, had applied a very flaming match indeed to this dangerous firework.

"Sir," said Dennis, "that you are a parson is your protection from my just indignation. I will not sully my sacred hands by thrashing *you*; parsons and women are exempt from the anger of men. You have affected to propose my health, but you really have insulted me. So be it. The moon regards not the yelping of the puppy when he bays at her solemn light. My father was a saddler; that is no disgrace—had he been a parson, whose whole life defamed his reverend calling, it would have been so.

* Should Dennis publish you had stabbed your brother,
Lampooned your monarch, or debauched your mother,
Say what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad.
On one so poor you cannot take the law,
On one so old, you scorn your sword to draw,
Uncaged then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

You accuse me of attacking Addison—he was a smooth-tongued hypocrite, as most of your cloth are; of censuring Steele—he was an Irish rogue, as poor and drunken as yourself; of vilifying Pope, who resembles you, for as you delight in the butchers of Clare Market, so does he in butchering every man. I suppose you think yourself a scholar, and can judge of his Homer—but you are not a scholar; you are a dunce, a humbug, and ignoramus; wherefore it has been well said of you—

‘O Orator with brazen-face and lungs,
Whose jargon’s formed of ten unlearned tongues,
Why standest thou there a whole long hour haranguing,
When half the time fits better men for hanging?’”

Here there was a general smile, and Henley looked rather sheepish for a moment. Dennis continued:

“Sir, I shall always be proud of having been among the first to expose that scribbling Papist. When I die, let it be graven on my tomb, ‘He defended the Great Prince of Song from the vilest of his imitators.’ For I aver, and let none contradict me, that the Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer at all, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene. But if we want further to know what this fellow is, let us take the initial and final letters of his name, to wit, A. P. E., and this gives you a true idea of the creature. Pope comes from the Latin word *Popa*, which signifies a little wart, or from *Popysma*, because he was continually popping out squibs of wit, or rather *Popysmata*, or *Popisius*—so that when I think of him—”

Here there was a general coughing; for though the company hated Pope mortally, yet it was evident that Dennis was about to give them a longer diatribe than they quite liked, and the coxcombs were themselves each so anxious to hear his own wit, that they listened with impatience to any of their neighbors.

"Pooh, pooh," says Aaron Hill, "we have had enough, and more than enough of Pope."

Tuneful Alexis on the Thames' fair side,
The lady's plaything, and the muse's pride.

"But won't you allow me to speak, when I am attacked?" asked Dennis; and his eyes seemed flames of fire.

"Nobody attacked you," said Boyer, "it was all fun."

"Fun to us, but death to the frogs," groaned Amhurst.

"Do you dare to call me a frog?" thundered out Dennis.

"You're an old fool," bawled Gleig from the bottom of the table.

"Then you ought to be my best friend here," retorted Dennis, "for all fools are kinsmen."

"Cut it short," said Harry Cary, the author of 'Sally in our Alley.' Poor Harry was a son of Saville, Marquis of Halifax—he hanged himself in the end, and left no more good-natured man alive. Why do so many good fellows hang themselves in this best of all possible worlds?

"Aye, Mr. Dennis," put in Henley, "cut it short—*do*, please; as short as your own temper."

There was no resisting this general outcry, so Dennis was obliged to go on.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you are all in league with that scoundrel in the chair, and he is in league with Pope, and Pope is in league with the Pretender, and the Pretender is in league with the French—and the whole of them against me because I did them more harm than all the Duke of Marlborough's battles; but this will teach me never again to sit in company with a parson, nor will I die with one either."

"Faith, you can't help that," says an Irishman, "for I've a notion you'll die at Tyburn."

This last sally produced fresh laughter, in the midst of which Dennis resumed his seat, trembling with fury.

"Gentlemen, and brother wits," says Henley, as cool as Socrates himself when his wife threw a dirty pail over him, "it is quite true that I am a parson, but that is more my misfortune than my fault, and I hope it is not enough to exclude me forever from the company of honorable men, or virtuous women. For this I can say, that though a parson, I am no hypocrite, nor did I ever stab a man in the dark like some that I know. The Bishop indeed has waved his atheistical hand over me, but though the episcopal touch like the money which Caiaphas gave Iscariot generally gives entrance to a whole legion of devils, yet in my case it was not so."

Here Dennis looked quite crestfallen. Henley begged his pardon in a way irresistibly ludicrous, and we drank the Orator's health with a gusto rather displeasing to the old critic, who soon rose up, and in a silent rage, disappeared.

Here I ventured to put in a word.

"Gentlemen," I said, "as you have mentioned Steele, allow me to suggest that his memory is deserving of honor in any literary society—more especially in one like ours, many of whose members have been beholden to him." And I told them, with a little variation, all that had happened between myself and him.

"Aye," says another, "Dick was a fine, good fellow. I was down in Wales when he died; where, as it was said—

'From perils of a hundred jails,
Steele fled to starve and die in Wales.'

He retained his cheerful, happy temper to the last. When he was so far gone that he could not walk, he would be carried out of a summer's evening, when the country lads and lasses were assembled at their rural sports; and I have seen him give one of his few guineas to buy a new gown for the best dancer."

We drank his memory—God bless him. I am now old, and as hard as adamant itself; but I sometimes find the tears in my eyes when I think of Steele. He was as wild as Will-o'-the-Wist, but he was the only one amid the rascally crew of what is called our Augustan age of poetry, who had any human feeling. To have had even a glimpse of him has helped to humanize me. What a jest it was to make such an honest fellow Master of the Royal Company of Comedians—the greatest company of rogues and demireps I suppose that ever were brought together out of St. James's Palace. But even this funny berth he never could have got had he not by some means got himself to be M. P. for Wendover.

"Another bumper," cried Henley; "another full and flowing bumper; and let me preface it with a story. When I was in Scotland, last year, I found to my amazement that there was nothing but rain, rain, rain. Rain in the hills, rain in the valleys, rain in the lakes, rain in the streets, everywhere perpetual drizzle. The universal cloud and mist reminded me of Aaron Hill's tragedies, or John Oldmixon's operas. At last I said to a fellow, 'My good sir, does it always rain here?'"

"Oh, dear nay," answered the fellow, '*it snaws whiles.*' Now I found that it not only 'snawed,' but that it 'blawed,' also—and as I doubt not that it was in one of those Scotch hurricanes our noble comptator MacAuley was 'blawed' here to us, I beg to propose his health and success, and may his muse be always like his country's showers in perpetual flow from Hel—"

"Bravo," squeaked out Savage.

"Helicon, I should have said, only that you so impertinently interrupted me," said Henley. "Mr. Savage, I fine you a bottle; you should not be too fond of reminding us where you yourself come from."

"A bottle!" says Savage; "and where the deuce do you

expect I shall get the money to pay for it? If I were a mountebank like you I could raise pence at will from the butchers, but I have to depend on more unfeeling brutes than they—the booksellers.”

“You know the law, Mr. Savage,” said Henley, “and you must either pay the fine, or give us an impromptu.”

‘Flow, Savage, flow, like thine inspirer—beer,
Though stale not ripe, though thin yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull,
Heady not strong, o’erflowing though not full.’”

The orator repeated these lines with a mock-heroic imitation of Pitt, irresistibly comical, and when he had done, he again bawled out, “Now for the impromptu.”

“An impromptu! an impromptu!” cried half-a-dozen, who probably knew from experience of their own pockets the impossibility of getting a bottle from Savage.

“On what subject?” asked this hopeful scion of Lady M.

“A friend, a friend,” said Henley; “then we know you can be severe. Let me see, Pope feeds you now and then—give us a stave about Pope.”

“Aye, Pope—Pope,” echoed nearly all the company. The bard had made them smart under his hoofs, and they now gathered at his name like a nest of hornets. There was no zest in satire on that subject from Dennis, but Savage had been supported by Pope’s bounty, and the thing promised sport.

“Gentlemen,” says Savage, with a mock air of sadness, “it is too bad for you to force me to attack my friend and benefactor; but if I must, I must, and here goes.” And after musing a while, the grateful pensioner of Twickenham’s imp began as follows:

“Off have I, moved with anger, seen
Sad object of envenomed spleen
A painted butterfly unfold
Its spangled wings bedropt with gold,

And basking in a summer's day
The glories of its plumes display,
While issuing from his mazy cell
With rage replete, a spider fell."

"Hear, hear," says Hill, "that's Pope, I'll swear."

"Indignant views the pretty form,
And spits upon the painted worm,
So Pope of spiders kind and make—"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" clamored half-a-dozen.

"A monstrous form, all legs and back,
Crawls hateful from his hole obscure.
Nor lovely object can endure,
But views with envy, pride and hate,
The shining honors of the great;
Till squeezing forth his poisonous steam,
The subtle still malignant stream,
Blackens infectious as it flows;
Heroes and statesmen, belles and beaux,
He rails and bids the world despise
Whate'er his ugly soul outvies."

These verses were received with applause. Savage was vain of them as an author, though I think somewhat ashamed of them as a man.

"Are they, indeed, your own?" asked Aaron Hill. "I think I have read them before."

"That is what everybody says of *your* rubbish," answered Savage; "though nobody is mad enough to doubt it is your own."

"By St. Patrick," says one of the Irishmen, "nobody else except himself could write as bad as Hill, even if he was paid for it."

"Aye," says Gleig, "and we know what Leviticus says :

'Says Moses to his brother Aaron,
Your songs are bad and beyond bearing.'"

Poor Aaron, who was not at all prepared for this onslaught, remained silent for the rest of the evening.

"And yet," says Concanen, "I own I feel anxious to see his tragedy of Cinna, on which Rowe has written,

'Hill for his precious soul cares not a pin-a,
For he can now do nothing else but Cin-na.'

"But we have not heard MacAuley's speech," says Booth, the actor, who by some odd chance found himself amid this troop of ragamuffins.

"Nay," says Mac, "I have no speech to make, but I should like to say a word or to."

"Hear! hear! hear!" bawled Henley.

"Was any one present t'other night," asked our Scotchman, "when the orator was floored by two lads from Oxford?"

"Order! order! chair! silence!" roared Henley.

"Tell us—tell us!" bellowed out a dozen voices in reply.

"You know," cries Mac, "that our noble chairman has covered the metropolis with posters, promising to give an impartial decision on any question that may be discussed before him at his Wednesday night meetings. Well, two lads came before him a night or two ago—I hear their names were Selwyn and Parsons—and argued at great length, one in favor of Henley's ignorance, while the other contended that impudence was his chief characteristic. When the question came to be decided by the chair, I am sorry to say, it was found empty, the universal genius having sneaked off."

"It appears to me," says Morgan, "that these Oxford boys treated our reverend friend as discourteously as Swift did when he waited on him; for they say he offered him the dregs of a bottle of wine, saying that he always kept a poor parson about him to drink up his dregs."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried MacAuley.

A general titter went round the room; the Scotchman

had avenged himself, and Henley looked black with fury. Theobald got up.

"Mr. President," said he, "allow me to address you."

"About what?" demanded Henley, "haven't you sufficiently exposed yourself?"

"How? why? when? where? explain! order! shame! chair! chair! chair! silence!" Such was the Babel of sounds that greeted this question of the oratorical parson.

"Why," said Henley, "if Mr. Theobald had had the good sense to remain silent, no one would have known that he was drunk, or guessed that he was a pedant; but he now proposes by a speech to exhibit himself in both characters at once. I hope, gentlemen, for the sake of our credit as a club, we shall not permit this folly."

"Henley, you dirty scoundrel of a parson!" began Theobald;—but ere he could say another word, Henley beckoned to Figg and said, "Now."

Figg at once rose, and making towards Theobald, carried him down stairs, and having deposited him in the kennel, (I hope,) came back as if there was nothing unusual in such a trifle. This summary proceeding silenced some of those who would have been refractory, but who after this were prudent enough to be still.

"Gentlemen wits of high Olympian places," said Henley, "it now devolves on me to propose the health of an illustrious and honored Poet, whose fate is not so splendid as he deserves, but who will be regarded by all future ages as the Naso, Lucan, perhaps even the Maro of the present. I won't couple his name with that of the judge who tried him, for the two should not be mentioned on the same *Page*; nor will I allude to his right honorable dame, whose renown will last while *rivers* run into the ocean, or the town of Macclesfield produces *savages*. But this I will say, that of all the bardic tribe that ever flourished, or rather faded in the dusty groves of London, our celebrated composer

Richard Savage has the most right to fling all the dirt he can collect upon that tipsy jade Miss Fortune. And never has the caprice of that ill-favored harridan been more clearly developed than in the harlequin career of our vagabond—I mean our wandering friend and brother, who from the moment of his birth down to the present instant, when he can scarcely be said to live at all, has been the flying football for her incessant kicks.”

“Hear, hear,” shouted half a score of wits, poetasters who envied or hated Savage; and who had not a tenth of his genius.

“Therefore,” continued Henley, “I beg leave to propose Richard Savage and his health, as our next and honored toast.”

We all drank it; indeed we would have drank Satan’s health had it been given. The thing served as an excuse for tossing off a pot.

“May he be promoted to the peerage,” said one.

“Aye,” answered another, “I should like to see him with his hereditary coronet. He will do honor to the House of Lords.”

“And I hope he will impeach Page,” said Warren.

“And spend his money on literature,” added Butt.

“My lords and gentlemen,” said Savage, rising gracefully enough, for he was not drunk yet, “I thank you for this high and unexpected honor. Pliny I think it was who said that he could collect gold *ex Enniano stercore*. I also have been equally happy in getting applause from a source as dignified;—I mean our reverend illustrious chairman, and the noble wits by whom he is surrounded. I beg to drink all your good healths,” and he sat down.

This horrible sarcasm would probably have produced bloodshed had it been understood; but the great majority of the assembled wits knew Latin only when it was made plain to them by a dictionary, and the rest were perhaps

too drunk or indolent to resent what was a general rather than an individual insult. Henley, of course, knew what his friend intended to convey, but he was for once abashed, and did not retort. After a pause of some minutes he again rose.

"Gentlemen," quoth he, "I hope your glasses are all filled;"—the company immediately replenished.

"I give you," says the orator, "the health of our great literary patron, Henry Howard, Earl of Suffolk, an illustrious prose and poetical writer, great in Pastoral, greater in Sapphicks, though I very much doubt whether a future age will have the happiness of knowing any thing about him."

"How can that be?" says Savage, "when his lordship has nine living muses to inspire him? each as chaste and beautiful as those of Helicon itself."

"Explain, explain," shouted Henley. "I always thought his only muse was 'Bysshe's Art of Poetry.'"

"I called on his lordship last week to, ahem—to—"

"Out with it," says Amhurst, "to solicit a subscription—to beg a guinea."

"To ask him whether in the last *Craftsman* the mad, the silly, or the stupid element most predominated," added Savage, apparently pursuing the same train of thought, "when the Earl began to read some of his most impassioned verses. He came to a passage something like this—

'But who can paint the splendors of her eyes
Which fill the Gods of Heaven with surprise,
And make Jove's lightning envious as it flies?'

"Here he stopped and said, 'Mr. Savage, I am not like most poets. I do not draw from ideal mistresses, I always have my subject before me;' and ringing for a footman, he said 'Call up Fine Eyes.' A splendid vestal from Drury Lane, Mother Holcombe's, or some such classic neighborhood, appeared. 'Fine Eyes,' said my lord, 'look full on

this gentleman,' and he read some more of this nonsense descriptive of her goggles. Another and another was summoned, as neck, breast or arms came to be portrayed, until I had seen all his Muses from head to foot, and compared the living charms which they presented with those which Lord Suffolk had described."

"And how much did you swindle the fool out of?" asked Bower, when our chorus had subsided.

"I think I should have nailed him for a dedication fee, but that he said you had sent to him a week before from the Fleet, and his last available funds were expended in releasing you," answered Savage, with fine coolness.

"I vow it would puzzle Satan," retorted Bower, "to find which of you was the greater liar and rascal."

"Order, order, illustrious and noble writers," shouted Henley, "don't let us quarrel over such a dunce as this. I remember seeing one of his plays in manuscript. It was a glorious tragedy, such as Tibbald should write notes on, in which Charles the Second played the chief character. After the battle of Worcester, seeking shelter at the hut of an old woman, the royal fugitive was accosted as follows: 'Why, you black, tawney-faced, lanthorn-jawed, charcoal-browed, wide-mouthed, long-nosed, lath-backed, spindle-shanked ninny'—which it must be owned was an accurate description enough. But that rogue Colley wouldn't play it, and so I think we had, therefore, better proceed to the next toast on my list. Gentlemen, fill—fill, replenish grandly, plentifully and bounteously, until we resemble the happy fly of Rabelais. If there was any one here who knew Latin, I would say:

*"In cyatho vini pleno cum musca periret
Sic ait Densus, sponte perire velim."*

Here a tumult arose among the translators, who were indignant at this reflection on their classical lore.

"Why, faith, gentlemen," says Henley, "seeing that not one of you knows English, I could scarcely suppose you knew Latin—but fill full. I give you the health of Archibald Bower, Esq., late a Jesuit and lover of the pretty nun of Perugia; though I regret much, for the sake of the cloth, that the scandal was found out. Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"I don't see why you should regret it," says Sparrow, one of our translators, "as the discovery of the amour caused him to come among us, and shine so brightly in the literary world.

'Parnassus has a mighty flower,
Which Phœbus saw and christened Bower.'

"Aye, faith," says Milwood, another poor hack, "but I think he didn't shine so well in that affair of Lyttleton."

"What affair?" demanded half-a-dozen voices. Bower got very uneasy, and I think if he had been near Milwood he would have choked him. But the latter knew Bower's temper, and took care to be a good distance away from him, otherwise I am sure he would not have opened his lips.

"Gentlemen," says Bower, hastily, "this story about Lyttleton is a lie."

"What story?" says the orator, "I didn't hear any yet."

"Caught, caught—fairly caught," roared Savage.

"Why, then," shouted Bower, "you are all a parcel of low-bred rogues if you won't believe me, and I won't disgrace myself any longer by sitting in your company." And he left the room in great dudgeon. We could hear his curses as he rolled down stairs.

"Now then, Milwood," says the orator.

"Why this Jesuit bragged everywhere that he had written a poem called Blenheim, and as it was a pretty thing he got some applause. The next time he waited on his

patron Lyttleton, he said to Bower, 'But Mr. Bower, is this true what I hear—that you wrote Blenheim?'

"‘Yes, indeed, sir,’ says the Scotchman, ‘I did, and I hope you like it.’

"‘And how long did it take you, Mr. Bower, to spin so fine a work?’

"‘Oh! sir, I did it all at one sitting.’

"‘I should like to see the original manuscript,’ said the patron.

"‘You certainly shall, sir; and when next I call I will bring it.’

"Lyttleton turned to Pope, who was present, saying, ‘What do you think of this? Our friend here doesn’t know that *I* wrote the poem myself.’ How Bower got out of the room report saith not; but as he still understraps for Lyttleton, and does his dirty—I mean his political—work, I suppose he has forgiven him."

"Hurrah!" says Henley. "Archie did well to take his leave, though I doubt it would be no easy matter to make his Scotch hide wear a blush. Another bumper, gentlemen; fill full, and drink the conjoined healths of Squire Milwood and Squire Amhurst. I know no man since the days of Teofilo Folingi who knows Latin better than the first; and none since the era of Thersites who can reason like the second. They are indeed *Arcades ambo*—which I have heard translated, though I won’t say how."

Poor Milwood, and still poorer Amhurst, who was great only with his pen, were both fairly knocked on the head by these compliments. They could not speak a word, but seemed verily bursting with shame. So we drank to them without calling for a speech.

In this manner Henley proceeded until nearly every member of this gay and brilliant company had smarted under his tongue. I could see rage gathering and growing into boiling heat, and was anxious to escape before matters

came to a crisis. The club was now, indeed, more than half-drunk. Henley's eyes twinkled, and he began to get more personal and savage. At last he singled out a Scotchman, who had sat in terrible silence ever since Bower's discomfiture, and was evidently meditating vengeance for the insult to his countryman.

"Now then, Scotchman," said the orator, "give us a song. I'm tired of having to do all this talk."

The Scotchman made no answer, but rising up he rushed at Henley, and hit him between the eyes with all his force. The blow took effect, and knocked him over.

There was a general uprising, in the midst of which an Irish bard, whose blood was at fever-heat, and who had evidently been long panting for a battle, jumped up and exclaimed, "Fighting at last—thank God!" whereupon he struck out right and left with a noble disregard of any consideration but the exquisite luxury of inflicting blows. The pommelling now became general. Figg, like a lion aroused, rushed into the conflict; the lights were extinguished; there was a common rush towards the chair—not, I fear, to protect it, but to give vent to their long concealed frenzy and revenge on the unfortunate tenant in possession; sticks rattled, and glasses were smashed—I now knew why Savage had counselled me to bring a cudgel—groans, threats, and curses were intermingled, and I escaped, luckily, with whole bones, getting free just as the night watch entered to convey the ringleaders to the round-house, where, I fear, they fared but badly until next morning.

How it really ended I never inquired; and this sickened me for the rest of my days with literary clubs and coteries, which I found to be only hotbeds of falsehood and defamation. Savage did not come near me for some weeks. Even *he* was ashamed of the rapsCALLIONS to whom he had introduced me, and when we did meet he made no allusion to the fray.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ONE day, about a week after this, Curll sent for me. I found him in a small room behind his shop. He took me by the hand as I entered.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "I have had an offer made to me by a noble lord of a sum of money—not very much, by Jove, sir, but still it is money, by Jove, sir."

Here he looked at me very hard, and seeing that I inquired as plainly as I could with my eyes how much it was, he added—

"A hundred pounds, which I propose to divide equally between us. The consideration for which it is to be paid is this: you are aware of the approaching election for the borough of Bilgewater? Great excitement is kindled on both sides; it is rather a question between two rival houses—for one of the candidates is secretly backed by Pulteney—than between opposite political factions. Money will be spent, by Jove, sir, and votes will be procured, no matter how. The noble individual who has applied to me is determined to win; and he wants me to get him some sharp, shrewd, clever fellow, by Jove, sir, who can compose squibs, ballads, and broadsides, write letters, and if need be, pen a pamphlet during the squabble. He will also probably have to see after the doubtful electors, and make himself generally useful, by Jove, sir, at the place. I think there is no one of my staff on whom I can so fairly depend as on yourself for these varied qualifications; and now what do you say, by Jove, sir?"

What could I say? I had only five shillings in the world at the time, and but little prospect of an immediate increase. Fifty pounds was like the mines of Potosi.

"Mr. Curll," I replied, "I suppose I must do as you wish. It is a sort of work to which I am new, and I fear

I shall play my part but indifferently in it. However, needs must when the devil or a noble lord drives—and so I am at your service.”

“I am very glad you see it in so sensible a point of view, by Jove, sir,” answered my patron; “you need not be much alarmed, though you are a novice; you will not be alone in the work, but shall have a couple of companions, who are up to all this sort of thing, and will enlighten you fully upon these masonic matters.”

“And pray who may these gentlemen be, Mr. Curll?”

“Well, they are rather loose characters, but useful, useful, by Jove! sir, when work turns up. The first we will call The Cannibal. His real name is Rooke; but he is so horribly ugly and fierce, that he has acquired this pleasant nickname. He is the secretary of the bribing committee at —, and will do most of that sort of work, which is a little too dirty for his employers. When a deluge of corruption—for I speak frankly to you, Mr. Smith—is to be poured upon some unlucky town, the Cannibal, by Jove! sir, is called into requisition, and as he is an adept, the greatest confidence is reposed in his tricks and schemes. He has done more bribing than any man in England; and there is not an electioneering dodge, device, or fraud, by Jove! sir, in which he is not well skilled. He it was who invented the grand mysteries of ‘hocussing,’ ‘bottling,’ ‘buying cats,’ and ‘polling dead men;’ and when his friends come in, they will probably make him a judge in one of our plantations, or something else equally dignified, in reward for his invaluable services, by Jove! sir.”

Need I say how glad I felt at the approaching happiness of knowing such an illustrious character? Curll continued:

“The other gent we call Shaveley Bill. It is a sort of travelling name, such as the knowing ‘uns, by Jove, sir, use at race-courses and prize-fights. He will do the showman’s part at the election. He can speak for twenty-four

hours by Shrewsbury clock, and there will be nothing in it but words, words, words; but, by Jove! sir, they sound like tinkling brass; when he sees the attention of his audience flagging, he will introduce something broad, fat, and nasty, and make them laugh, by Jove! sir, but whether at his filth, or his folly, he don't much care. This gets votes, and this, by Jove! sir, is his vocation. He can laugh like a horse, and tell lies like an Austrian ambassador; you should have seen him at Coventry last election; he can drink, smoke, and jollify with the greatest blackguards in their own style. He, like the Cannibal, is looking out for a comfortable berth, and he was last year secretary to a sham committee for an Oxford election, in which a noodle lordling was put up against a statesman, so that he will work indefatigably, by Jove! sir, and he may possibly get you into something good, such as a footman's place, with the prospect of a pension. Indeed, I have no doubt this business will be one of the best introductions into public life that you can possibly have—and after all, my dear Mr. Smith, though literature is a fine thing, (here he put his hand upon his nose, and cried 'fudge,') nothing pays like politics, by Jove! sir. Brains command their price, to be sure, but then a man's soul is of more worth to a politician; and the ablest head in England, by Jove! sir, tells only for just as much in the House on a division, as the vilest dunce, who having no talent to dispose of, sells his soul to the minister, and gets a bribe, or a baronetcy for his compliance, by Jove! sir."

Little as I had seen of the active world of life, I had beheld enough to convince me that, in this at least, Curll spoke accurately, and I asked myself in disgust and surprise, why in the name of heaven was man formed and the earth framed in this goodly fashion, if nothing else is to be transacted upon it but rascality like this?

The bookseller guessed my thoughts; and grinned at my inexperience.

"Well," he said, "to be sure it is a shabby mode of getting on in life, but if the good men, by Jove! sir, won't do it, why the blackguards will; and would it not be bad, Mr. Smith, if all the fine things on earth belonged only to the knaves and vagabonds, by Jove! sir?"

Curll gave me a note to the Cannibal, whom I found in a fashionable street at the West end of London. He had just before married a farmer's ugly daughter; but he got five hundred a year settled on himself by the father, who would not have given a shilling to save any fellow-Christian from starvation; and his wife dying off in six months, the man-eater was now as free and merry as a baboon. He sat in a room surrounded by looking-glasses, and was contemplating with Narcissus-like delight the ugliest countenance ever made since Judas; for his eyes were not fellows, but one squinted upwards towards his eyebrow, while the other glanced askew over his shoulder, as if on the look-out for a bailiff; his face was pitted all over with the small-pox, as if Satan had been playing the devil's tattoo upon it when it was first moulded and was yet soft; and he looked exactly like Thersites, whom he resembled also in all mental, moral, and physical qualifications. I presented my note.

"Mr. Smith," said my new acquaintance, in a hoarse, guttural voice, such as an imp in the influenza would use, "you have come in good time. I am just going off to Lord Chesterfield, who takes a great interest in this election, and who, indeed, is to be the medium through which the money comes. I scarcely know whether I ought to take you to his lordship, but I will run the risk. There must be no humbug between him and me, or you either. He wants us just now, and he must have us—so come along."

We proceeded to Grosvenor Square, where this noble statesman then lived. We found him surrounded by all the appliances of splendid and luxurious wealth. His house was a temple of the arts. He was short, with coarse features, and a cadaverous complexion, long-visaged, and long-necked; but from the shoulders to the waist so stunted that he gave you the notion of a grenadier cut down. There was an appearance of self-conceit about him that was very sickening; his eyes showed an immense depth of dissimulation, and his forehead was utterly deficient in any moral quality. It was the head and body of an ouran-outang, but an ouran-outang of great subtlety. I had by this time begun to read the handwriting of nature upon every man, and I knew what sort of a mammal was now present.

Yet this varlet was thought to be the finest gentleman of the time. From this you may judge what its gentlemen were.

"Bully Rooke," said Lord Chesterfield, "I am glad you are come. Who is your friend?"

My companion handed his lordship the note which I had brought from Curll, and that illustrious peer, having read it, turned to me with a knowing look. "Mr. Smith," he said, "I find you can be trusted. This election must be won, 'by hook or by crook,' and I believe if you and Mr. Rooke work cordially we may mark down the place as our own."

I bowed, and said—

"My lord, I will do what I can; I have no doubt all will be right."

The peer stared at me.

"I don't know," he said, "what you mean by 'right;' but, Mr. Smith, I know that this election must be won. Walpole will go wild if that dirty fellow Pulteney gets his man in. The fact is the spread of baseness and rascality

is so much enlarged that every barrier is needed to stay the advancing tide, and so long as we can command a majority in the House of Commons—for we are always sure of the Lords—so long will every thing be safe. As, therefore, the salvation of the whole empire depends upon the condition of this branch of the legislature, it follows, logically, that no means must be left untried to secure this great and splendid result. I believe not only that the end justifies the means, but that the means justify the end. Indeed no man can pretend to be a statesman who does not hold both as the very principal foundation of his polity. Is not this your notion, my good Doctor?"

And Lord Chesterfield turned to a solemn, shallow-looking individual in black, whom I afterwards ascertained to be Dr. Young, and who was then in the beginning of that career of desperate sycophancy which won for him in a short time, from his noble patrons, the lavish wealth in which he rolled.

"My dear and noble lord," answered Dr. Young, "your lordship speaks now with the same consummate wisdom and truth which distinguishes every sentiment which falls from your lips. The greatest statesmen have always acted upon this principle which your lordship has so beautifully and tersely enunciated, and I have no doubt they will so continue to act until the consummation of all things. Nor, indeed, could affairs of moment be conducted otherwise; and it augurs well for the future of our happy land that such illustrious ornaments of the nobility as your lordship should maintain and act upon axioms which may be truly called the amulets of wisdom herself." And the reverend gentleman smiled and bowed obsequiously.

"But, sir," I ventured to put in, "I had always thought it was only the Jesuit order who preached and practised the maxim you have alluded to."

Young looked at me with profound contempt. I was

shabbily dressed, and evidently poor of purse—the two superlative degrees of baseness and abomination in the eyes of this paragon of parsons. He did not even deign to answer, but curled his lip and grinned at his lordly patron, with a supercilious glance at myself and a servile smile of adulation upon the peer, which were absolutely loathsome to look upon. Chesterfield himself regarded me as one regards some prattling child or braying ass, but, unlike Young, he was too well bred to treat any one with scorn.

“My good Mr. Smith,” asked he, “how long have you been under the guidance of our esteemed friend Rooke here? I should have thought you would have learned better under such excellent auspices.”

“My lord,” said the Cannibal, “I am wholly unanswerable for Mr. Smith, or his cursed follies in this respect, for I never saw him until this day.”

Lord Scarborough was now announced. He was a thick, vulgar looking man, but not destitute of a certain intellectual development. Like his friend Chesterfield, he prided himself on infidelity; prated about Plato with a shallow flippancy; aped Voltaire, who had been in England a short time before, and had set the wits of half the peerage astray with his monkey skepticism and frog-like grimace; and having learned to laugh at all true religion, was of course a very apt tool for such a minister as Sir Robert Walpole.

“My dear friend,” cried Chesterfield, calling a smile into his yellow features, as I have seen the sun playing on an Egyptian mummy, “I am enchanted to see you. You have come about the election at Bilgewater, I suppose. Well, I think we shall be all right in that quarter. These two gentlemen here,” and he pointed to the Cannibal and myself, “are about most kindly to take a great deal of trouble off

our hands, and I have no doubt they will manage all things perfectly in order."

"I have just left Sir Robert," answered Scarborough, "and he feels great anxiety on the subject—indeed, he sent me direct to you. He will be glad to hear your report, and I think I can't do better than to return and let him know."

"No, no," answered Chesterfield, "let him wait. At present I would rather you stayed. The grand question is, whether the end justifies the means, and the means justify the end."

"Why, that has been settled long ago," said Scarborough,—“of course they do; every thing is fair in war, love, or politics; and Jove does not more certainly laugh at lover's perjuries than the country does at the perjuries of elections."

Dr. Young fell into hysterics of delight at this sally. I really thought he would have fallen off his chair. A parson laughing at a great man's joke is a spectacle.

"Pooh, pooh," said Chesterfield, "Jove is nothing at all in these cases."

Vagrant as I had been, and living among vagabonds, I had not been used to this species of blasphemous wit, and I really began to get frightened. For the moment I began to think I was not on the earth at all. The nonchalance, however, of these two noble lords encouraged me. Surely the fires of Sodom and Gomorrah would not dare to fall down on Grosvenor Square while *they* were within its precincts, and Schulenberg was living next door. In such company I felt that I was safe. Heaven could not be so mean-minded as to sweep away in a horrid brimstone shower, Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, and Lumley, Baron Scarborough. As it turned out, I was right in my surmise. Grosvenor Square still flourishes.

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Why pursue the theme? The reader may judge for him-

self from these samples the kind of learned and philosophical discourse which prevailed. The world has since had the inestimable advantage of perusing Lord Chesterfield's private thoughts on morality, religion, deceitfulness and dancing; and though the public benefit has not perhaps been so great as might have been hoped for, still the public must be grateful for any thing that fell from the mouth or pen of so great, so wise, so noble, and so good a man. Suffice it to say, that every thing that passed was as witty and profound as that which the reader has just read; and that the two peers and the parson strove to out-do each other in educing prototypes of their own purity in religion and politics from the most noted characters in sacred or profane history. My cannibal companion occasionally joined in, but the three were so deeply interested in their speculations, that they took but little notice of him.

At last the Bully interrupted them:

"There is one matter," he said, "which I had almost forgotten—we must get Hogden."

"Who is he?" says Lord Chesterfield.

"Well," answered the Bully, "I hardly know. He is the best hand at bribery, after myself. He has already been the means of disfranchising one borough, which he corrupted by giving a shilling a piece for bloated herrings, and the whole place was in a state of drunkenness, riot, blasphemy, debasement, and debauchery for a month. This is the way to win elections, my lord. Since then they call him 'The Bloater,' and he is like one. He and the notorious Ganderbill hunt in couples; but Ganderbill is now in difficulties, and we can't get him, so we must content ourselves with Hogden. All that humbug can do, *he* will do; his motto is, 'Go in and win, cost what it may;' and he trusts to the chapter of accidents to secure what he has won."

"We must certainly have *him*," says Scarborough.

And so it was agreed. We found him at a pot-house, on our way down—a short, fat, vulgar fellow, with a gold chain; very greasy, and smelling nastily, like an unsound codfish. I took care that he never came between me and the wind. He was the exact realization of Dryden's picture of the bookseller, Jacob Tonson—

“With leering look, bull-faced, and codlike stare,
With two left-legs, and Judas-colored hair,
And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air.”

But he was a grand chap for all that. The beauty of his tactics was this: he made it a habit to go about everywhere, and say that he abhorred bribery; and that if a shilling corruptly spent could return his man to parliament, he would not give it. As soon as he had been at this talk for five minutes, he thrust a handful of gold into the pocket of the voter, and with a wink and his blessing departed to play the same game with the next. This trick he learned from our House of Commons itself, which always preaches against corruption; while, tall bully as it is, it never fails to protect every scoundrel briber it can; and if a fellow like Hogden could by any trick become one of its members, it would support him even though a thousand committees, or commissioners, reported him guilty of the crime, which all its hypocritical members pretend to look at with horror.

But did they not expel Walpole? asks some amazed reader, for an offence of the same kind. They did, my dear friend; but the parliament of Queen Anne was honesty itself compared to the rogues that now constitute the lower house, though it did not profess half so much.

After a long interview Bully and I rose to take our leave. As we did so, Lord Chesterfield handed to Rooke a leathern bag.

“Mr. Rooke,” said he, “this bag contains two thousand guineas; there will be two thousand more ready before the

end of the week. The number of electors I think is four hundred; we must have at least three hundred on our side. You may corrupt the men, seduce their wives, debauch their sisters, and promise to marry their daughters; if no other means succeed, empty the jails of imprisoned voters, and fill the jails with such as are in debt; distribute 'sugar' as lavishly as may be; in a word, stick at nothing, so that our man wins. Let this be your morning prayer and midnight orison—this election *must* be gained at all hazards. Now give me a receipt."

The Cannibal, who was a wag in his way, received the bag, and handed Lord Chesterfield the following memorandum:

"GROSVENOR SQUARE.

"Received from the Rt. Hon. Lord Chesterfield the sum of two thousand guineas, to be expended in the purchase of three hundred English souls; and to be repaid with interest on the Day of Judgment.

"BULLY ROOKE,

"Chief Chaplain to the Devil."

His lordship read the document, and smiled. Turning with his most fascinating grin to Dr. Young, he said—

"My dear doctor, I perceive that Mr. Rooke calls himself your chaplain—but the title is premature, for you are not yet an Archbishop, though quite ripe enough for any mitre;" upon which he bowed us out.

CHAPTER XXV.

ANIMATED by the sublime and noble sentiments which we had the advantage of thus hearing from this inimitable ornament of the peerage, we took our leave and proceeded

to Fetter Lane, from which we took coach to Bilgewater. The Cannibal was in high glee; his cock eye gleamed with a cat-like lustre; he put his hand repeatedly on the pocket which contained my lord's golden prescription, and as he felt it safe and sound, a gratified smile crept over his rugged features, as I have seen the torch-light play upon the boulders of the sea beach. At the end of the first stage we took up Shaveley Bill, a tall, awkward-looking customer, with tow-colored whiskers, mean, cowardly, malignant features, and an eye full of malevolence, cunning, and envy, badly concealed by an affectation of bluff honesty which deceived many, but could not blind me. This genius was at present rather under a cloud; Rooke and he had been old pals, and the former put the present job in his way. The two interchanged some hieratic signals which I could not understand, and held a private conversation, apparently on matters too delicate for the public ear, but I did not much heed what they were about, having fallen into a reverie of thought on the scene which I had just witnessed. Here were two men of patrician birth, with large fortunes, good health, and sound brains, and all that could make life pleasant, hereditary legislators in our happy land; yet they were so thoroughly impregnated with baseness, villany, and corruption, as to be wholly insensible to any truth, any virtue, any excellence, and to live only for the gratification of vile and selfish desires, which they were not ashamed, but indeed gloried to avow. What wonder could it be if Savage and fellows of that class, who had never known what it was to possess a ten pound note that they could fairly call their own, were so low and lost when men of this high rank were utterly dead to all decency? I have seen young fellows of eighteen or twenty, young women with babies at their breasts, hanged week after week at Tyburn who had stolen only a few shillings, or a few yards of ribbon; who had probably been

guilty, at the worst, of only mere recklessness, the result of tipsy jollity, or boyish folly, or thoughtless indiscretion, and who had generous hearts, courage, faith, and truth in all ordinary matters, while the ribald mob rejoiced to see them die, and my lords the king's judges, those scarlet colored beasts, as an old Quaker once called them, pronounced their sentences to be right and well-merited, as they adjourned to the corporation turtle soup and punch up-stairs at the Old Bailey. But here were two whom the world impudently called noblemen, and the law shamelessly pronounced right honorable, yet who in all respects—but an open violation of the statutes of their country—were as consummate scoundrels as ever swung upon the gallows tree. Here they were luxuriating like pigs in their filthiness, unconscious of their degradation, and half worshipped by admiring hundreds, perhaps thousands of persons, who thought themselves clever, and candid, and discriminating. When I looked up and saw my two ugly companions engaged in carrying out the same kind of manœuvres as those in which these eminent personages were plotting, I began to despise and loathe myself for being involved in such foul proceedings, and was half inclined to jump off the coach and walk back to London as poor as I left it; but I was almost starving, and I had not bravery enough—poor wretch that I was—to resist the fiend; so I stayed on. A base excuse, I own, but it is the true one.

We were now, indeed, engaged on one of the most rascally errands that can be imagined; we were about to corrupt the electors of an important borough, to vote black white, and white black; and by returning to parliament not the man best suited to make laws for this imperial isle, or to advise on state policy, but the most dirty, low, or piggish knave who bribed them best, we were about to poison law and right at their very foundations; and intro-

duce discord, dishonesty, and the certain seeds of dissolution to the whole empire. For as the franchise is a trust reposed in one man by several, and as upon the votes of a very few people the administration of the whole land depends, it follows that there is no responsibility on earth greater than that which thus enables a man to send a representative to the House of Commons; for the casting vote of that very representative may influence our destinies forever; as, in fact, it did in the Habeas Corpus Act when passing through the House; it may plunge us into a war that will entail ruin. It may involve us in a dispute with powerful neighbors or aspiring colonies that will involve the lives of thousands of men, the happiness of babes and mothers, and wives and sisters; the destinies of unborn millions, and the destruction of blood and treasure to an incalculable amount. And our late war with Spain, and our present contests with the colonies in America, are a striking proof of what I have said; for they include within them as much sanguinary wickedness as ever was perpetrated on earth; but they have got the sanction of Parliament, and all is therefore as correct as possible.

We got to Bilgewater late in the evening. We found that Hogden was well known there, he and Ganderbill having operated largely at the last election: both had been reported to the House for corruption and mal-practice; but the House thought it was a joke, laughed, said a few words to humbug the lieges, and went to something else, which also ended in a bottle of smoke. This is what always happens. The Red Lion, which was the head hotel, had been engaged for us beforehand, and we were ushered into the presence of the Hon. Thomas Vere Cavendish Plantagenet, eldest son and heir of Lord Rollo de Bayeux, and at the present moment one of the aspiring candidates in whose interests we were engaged. The Hon. Thomas was a small, mean-looking wretch, with a little head, a receding

brow, the eyes and face of a polecat, and a soul and mind to correspond; but his noble father had thirty thousand a year. The right honorable Lord Rollo de Bayeux carried gold candlesticks for his Majesty King George the Second, walking all the while backward, but with his face turned to that glorious monarch; he brought him waste paper, fetched his tobacco, carried billets of sweetness to his mistresses, or those whom he wanted to be so, and submitted to be kicked by the royal foot, and damned by the royal tongue when his Majesty was dyspeptic, or was out of temper with one of his German frows. For this dignified employment he drew about twelve hundred a year wages, and had the privilege of basking in the celestial sunshine of the court.

The opponent of the honorable Thomas was worthy of the town which he came to represent, and the honest people whom he proposed to buy. He was a dirty broker from the city of London, of the name of Johnson, who had heaped up gold by every fraudulent art known to commerce, and who would have sold himself to the Devil readily for any sum of money which that potentate would give. This fellow had sprung from nothing, but was now worth about two hundred thousand pounds. Now having exhausted almost all the knavish arts known on the Exchange for transferring money from the pockets of A into the bank of B, he resolved to get into Parliament, where he hoped to buy a baronetcy, and to shine at court, or at the levee of the great Sir Robert, whom all these moneyed men adored as the impersonation of every thing that was exalted upon earth. He longed, also, to transmit hereditary honors to an only son, a spindle-shanks noodle, with no more brains than a whelk, who spent all his time at the cockpit, and whom this worthy trader regarded as the apple of his eye. With these grand hopes he came down to the borough, and made no secret of his intention to buy as many votes as money

could purchase, and by hook or by crook to wrest the representation from the son and heir of Lord Rollo de Bayeux, whose castle was in the county, and whose family had usually commanded the consciences of the lick-spittle constituency whom we came to canvass. He had already set half the public houses flowing, and opened an unlimited credit at the Bank, but as he was new to the noble art of electioneering bribery, it was calculated, and not unwisely, that an experienced hand would eventually drive him out of the field. A third candidate had, indeed, shown himself, but he was only a great scholar, a most wise and honorable person, who had no landed estate, nor any considerable balance at his banker's. He could offer nothing to the constituents but unimpeachable integrity, the purest and most elevated views of politics, united, however, with a practical statesmanship that, had merit its due, would have raised him to the administration of the government. But when it was clearly ascertained that he had no money to lavish in purchasing the pigs of electors, he was hooted out of the place as one of the most rascally and shallow impostors that had ever dared to practice on an enlightened constituency. Indeed, his advent was looked upon as a crime, and himself a violator of every thing human and divine for coming into Bilgewater without bags full of gold and a brain full of fraud. So that the contest was now confined to the two honorable and worthy gentlemen whom I have described, namely, Plantagenet and Johnson.

The honorable Thomas, &c., &c., &c., (I can't write so many grand names,) was alone, and was reclining on a sofa. A table was before him, covered with fruit and various wines; and the honorable gentleman, if we may judge by his flushed features and staring eyes, had tasted rather freely of the latter. He attempted to rise, but the effort was too much for him, and he merely put out one finger to the Cannibal, and said, "How do, Cannibal, how

do?" at which gracious mark of friendly condescension the recipient of the finger and Shaveley Bill expressed their gratitude by genuflections and prostrations worthy of a Dutch ambassador at Japan. As I was merely one of the obscure rabble, I had not the superlative happiness of being introduced to the heir of Lord Rollo de Bayeux; so after staring at me for some time, he said to my companion, whom he appeared to know well, and treated with the most delicate politeness:

"Cannibal, who the devil is this?"

"One of our agents, sir," answered the party addressed; and then he spoke lower, and in a tone which I could not hear if I wished, and would not have bothered myself by hearing if I could. When he had ceased, our host motioned me to take a chair, and rang for fresh glasses which soon were brought, after which the business of the night began.

"May I ask, sir, is your address out?" asked Rooke.

"No," replied the other; "not at all, I didn't know what to say," at which lively burst of wit, Shaveley Bill burst into a large guffaw of laughter in which the Cannibal and the writer of this memoir (with shame I confess it) very quickly joined.

"May I ask, then, sir, how you have employed yourself since you came?" asked Rooke with the most submissive politeness.

"Look!" answered the other, and he pointed to the fireplace, on which a scene presented itself that would have gratified the worthy and independent electors of the town, had they but had the high privilege of being introduced as we were into this respectable presence. For there were about sixty rats, all dead and tied together by the tails, which formed a graceful festoon over the mantelpiece, and hung down to the floor at each side, like the flowing ends of a curtain, the carpet being spotted with the blood which dropped from the pretty creatures.

"Good God! sir," exclaimed the Cannibal, "what a sight," and he began to count the victims.

Shaveley Bill rubbed his hands, horse-laughed, and said :
"How jolly."

"Aye!" says the candidate, "I never had better fun in my life—it beats fox-hunting, which after this day's sport I vote low and vulgar in the extreme. Cannibal, you shall see my dog. You shall kiss him for the fun he has given me to-day," and reaching a bell rope, he tugged at it until it gave way and a frightened servant came into the room.

"Is that you, Fitz Howard?" asked our host, "yes—I see 'tis you; fetch Billy here, and be quick."

Fitz Howard vanished and soon after appeared with Billy. It was the renowned terrier which had given the honorable Mr. Plantagenet such rare pleasure, and the dog was certainly worthy of its master. Let us hope that in other and more spiritual regions, "His faithful dog shall bear him company."

"There are sixty rats in all," said the candidate, observing that the Cannibal was engaged in counting the heads of game—"only sixty—the infernal rascal of a ratcatcher could get no more. I paid him a shilling a piece for them. He should have had a five pound note if he had got me the hundred. But after scouring the whole place he could hunt up no more. So I laid a wager with the parson, Tom Fireaway. My father gave him the living. He bet me twenty guineas that Billy wouldn't kill the fellows in five minutes, and I took him, and we staked the money with the landlord. Then we housed the rats in here five minutes before dinner, and in four minutes and forty seconds they were all squashed. What a scene it was—by Gad! it was splendid—I never had such cursed fun before. For we stopped up all the holes and corners and windows, and the fireplace, and then the rats were let loose and Billy after them, while Tom and I got a table, and the squeaking

was fine. They scudded in all directions; they ran pell-mell about and up and down, like so many hunted devils. By Gad! Cannibal, you would have liked the sport—so we killed 'em all, and landlord and I fastened 'em together, and then Tom and myself sat down to dinner, and I had a plate and chair brought up for Billy too, and now Tom is gone away to evening service, and by Gad! Cannibal, you shall kiss Billy, for he has won me twenty guineas"—and he absolutely pressed Rooke to it, until the fellow consented and kissed the terrier with every demonstration of satisfaction. Shaveley Bill, scorning to be outdone in any thing, performed the like feat, ejaculating as he did so, "how jolly."

Mr. Plantagenet looked next at me, but I would not take the hint.

"Canny," said he, in a half whisper to the Cannibal, "your friend seems an infernal ass—don't he?" and he disdained to take any further notice of me for the rest of the evening.

Pens, ink, and paper were called for, and Rooke and Bill, sitting on opposite sides of the table, began to put down various hints and sentences, and after about an hour's work, in which they occasionally consulted me, (the honorable candidate was fast asleep during the whole period,) the following address was produced, and when it was fairly copied, Rooke hummed loudly, which waked up Mr. Plantagenet, who said—

"Why did you wake me? I was having a pleasant snooze."

"Sir," answered Rooke, "we have concocted an address to the electors, and we wish to know if it will meet your pleasure. Will you be good enough to hear it, sir?"

"Oh," replied the other, "you needn't have done that; you know I'll sign any thing; the whole thing is humbug, isn't it?" And he winked very knowingly, and began to

whistle "The Rogue's March," in which these two worthy scribes at once joined.

"Humbug, indeed," said all three, and then they laughed, and then my friend and guide read aloud as follows:

"To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the Ancient Borough of Bilgewater."

"GENTLEMEN—

"The vacancy in your important town, caused by the melancholy demise of your late respected representative, entails upon you the honorable duty of returning to Parliament a successor worthy of your confidence, and of the great agricultural and commercial interests connected with the locality."

"That is all fudge," said our host, putting his finger to his nose, "but it reads well."

"Fudge, indeed," rejoined Rooke, "for we know how the late member sold them whenever he could."

"And why the blazes shouldn't he," said Plantagenet, "when we know he bought them? Can't I do what I like with my own? If I buy a voter, can't I sell him?"

"Bravo! bravo!" cried out Shaveley Bill; a remark at which Billy barked in unison with his fellow-dog. The Cannibal resumed reading:

"Never was there a period in the history of this great country, when it more behoved the worthy and independent men whom I have the high honor to address to exercise their electoral functions with greater calmness, honesty, and discrimination. The eyes of all England are upon you; the whole empire watches the approaching contest with the most anxious eagerness as to its result; and you will be either crowned with glory by returning me as your representative, or politically annihilated by selecting the

gentleman who I understands means to contest with me the distinguished post of your representative."

"Very good, very good," muttered Plantagenet, who was again getting sleepy.

"The present is indeed a momentous crisis. Who can doubt that men like you—"

"And women," suggested our host, half waking. But Rooke paid no attention to the proposed amendment.

"Who can doubt that men like you will prove yourselves worthy of it, and of their country? The enemies of order—"

"Who are they?" asked Plantagenet, startled at the louder key in which Rooke read this paragraph.

"All humbug," said Rooke, in answer, "humbug—humbug," and he read on—

"The enemies of order, conspiring against our beautiful and perfect constitution in Church and State, seek gradually to undermine the foundations of the splendid fabric which has been reared by the wisdom of our ancestors, and has outlived a thousand years, the envy and admiration of the whole civilized world. Against these enemies you may reckon on me as your most determined champion. Return me to Parliament, and I will oppose them with all the energies I possess."

"Bravo!" shouted the candidate; "it's very fine."

"I'm glad you like it," said Rooke, with a self-satisfied smile, "but I'm used to this kind of thing." Shaveley Bill drank off a tumbler of port, and said "how jolly," but whether he alluded to the wine or to the address remains unexplained.

The Cannibal resumed—

"Few boroughs in this country have been more eminently adorned with members of the British senate, or have been more devotedly served by a long line of celebrated men. Nor is this owing to chance alone, but to the inde-

pendence, honor, and enlightenment of your incorruptible electors. The late statistical returns which have been laid before the House of Commons, by his Majesty's command, show, that while in all other boroughs in England the average amount of persons who can read and write is not quite a half-quarter per cent., among you, I am delighted to say, it is as much as seventy-three and three-ninths, thus affording the clearest demonstration of your superiority above other places that possess the franchise, and unfortunately use it only to abuse it—a thing which you have never done."

"Well!" interposed our host; but he added, thoughtfully, "I say, Cannibal, isn't that *rather* strong? I never heard of such statistics, and even if I had, I shouldn't believe 'em. Where are they?"

"Nowhere," answered Rooke, in the coolest possible manner.

"Nowhere!" ejaculated Plantagenet, with open eyes.

"Of course not," answered Shaveley Bill; "the whole thing is a lie; every thing in politics is a lie. You didn't believe it, sir, did you?"

"But we shall be found out, you artful boy."

"Who'll find us?"

"The enemy—the opposite candidate."

"What! and by telling the worthy electors that it is all moonshine, awaken their self-love against himself, enable us to denounce him as a libeller and villanous slanderer, and probably secure his being tossed in a blanket for daring to question what the asses' own vanity will make them swallow down like new milk?"

"Egad!" ejaculated our patrician friend, "you're a precious pair, and I think the thing will do devilish well, so read on."

The Cannibal continued:

"With these principles—"

"Stop, stop," said the host. "I have heard of no principles or pledges yet. Have you not missed some portion?"

"Not at all," replied Rooke; "there are no principles. Would you have us pledge you to any thing? Principles, indeed! I thought you had none, sir."

"Of course not," said the other, "of course not, my dear boy; I see you're quite right; I see, I see."

"Principles be blown!" said Shaveley Bill; and the Cannibal laughed, and read on—

"With these principles animating my public conduct, I ask you to return me to the Commons House of Parliament. Descended from a long line of ancestors, whose names figure in the brightest pages of England's history, you may be sure I shall do nothing to disgrace them"—the Cannibal here winked at both of us, and made a sly gesture towards the dead rats; but Mr. Plantagenet did not notice it. "I will devote myself night and day, with an unselfish zeal to the promotion of your public and your private interests, with a fearlessness of the court and a freedom from popular interference that will, I hope, add to my influence as your representative. I shall be guided by the principles of glorious John Hampden, and actuated by the policy of our present Heaven-born minister, who, I believe, under Heaven and the king, is the best friend of liberty that England has. My efforts shall be directed to make our country the standard of wealth, freedom and enlightenment, and to promote in all possible ways the best and truest interests of my constituents.

"I have the honor to be,

"Gentlemen,

"With the most devoted sincerity,

"Your truly faithful Servant,

"T. VERE CAVENDISH PLANTAGENET.

"Bayeux Castle."

Rooke laid down the paper, and burst out laughing. His example was contagious. We all indulged in a hearty explosion of mirth at the nonsense that had been read. I have read plenty of such things since, and when I do I always think of the "Red Lion," and laugh.

"Now," says the candidate, "this will do 'em finely; and the beauty of it is, it pledges me to nothing, eh, isn't that so?"

"Except to the minister," put in the Cannibal.

"Oh! of course, of course—that's a matter of course," said our new friend; "and now, gentlemen, good-night—I'm sleepy. Send this humbug to the printer, and come to me in the morning to breakfast."

So he yawned, and we went away. We sat in the bar for an hour, drinking and smoking at his expense, chatting to the barmaid, and sounding his praises far and wide.

When we got into the streets next morning we found them placarded with long posters containing the precious epistle which had been concocted the night before. Before each one was an admiring crowd, and we could see by the looks of the electors that our flummery had not been thrown before swine, but that they believed all the fine things that we had told them, swallowing it down with a truly British gusto, for who so gullible as dear fat John Bull, with all his boasted common sense?

We found our host at breakfast; he had not condescended to wait for us; and when that meal was finished we prepared measures—Bully, Hogden, Bill, and I. The following was only a portion of our tactics:

We first engaged about a dozen deep knaves, who went into the enemy's camp, and by the most furious denunciations of Mr. Plantagenet and his principles, got into the confidence of the opposition, and were initiated, before the week was over, into all their devices, every one of which they communicated to us, thus enabling us in all things to

countermine the foe. As the whole constituency numbered about four hundred, five-and-twenty of whom alone were unbribable, we engaged a great proportion of them, their wives, brothers, sisters and sons as messengers, musicians, laundresses, seamstresses, &c., &c., at the simple remuneration of five-and-sixpence a day; and as the nomination day was about a fortnight off they thus secured a very handsome allowance. But as the day of the grand struggle came near we found out that the other side were paying seven shillings a head for messengers, and numerous were the deserters from our side, whose names were nightly repeated to us. We were now obliged to pay up the difference in arrear, so as to make the pay given by our side equal to that which our opponents had given from the first. Suddenly there was a great demand for cider, and we purchased from a doubtful publican twenty pounds worth of that delicious beverage which, as his wife assured us, would make him ours forever; as for the publican himself, he declined to give any pledge, but referred us to his wife, who, he always said, guided him in politics. The other side gave her a brocade silk dress; the Cannibal sent her one of satin, embroidered with velvet, and a pair of glittering gold ear-rings—we bought them off a Jew pedlar for half-a-crown, but they certainly *looked* splendid. Hogden sent her a hymn-book, with a bank note inside, which carried the day, and we had, after that, no more staunch or devoted adherent than the publican and his spouse. The excitement now became dreadful. Mr. Plantagenet ordered two dozen pairs of boots, and the worthy maker received for each of these useful articles of attire the moderate price of five guineas—leather, I suppose, having suddenly been raised in price, owing to the war, or the peace, or the bad harvest, or the plentiful supply of rain, or some other calamity of a similar description. Hats were sold for five pounds each, whereupon the other

side bade six, and fairly drove us out of the market. We could not get a single independent hatter to have any thing to do with us; they voted us mean, shabby, niggardly, and enemies of the British Constitution. Every tavern in the place was now kept open at the expense of one or other of the honorable candidates. Hogden was in his element; he became more sanctimonious every day; he seemed to have got the whole of Sternhold and Hopkins off by heart, and wherever he went he poured it into the ears of the godly. He had already presented a couple of sucking pigs, one to the Rev. Aminadab Groanly; another to the Rev. Jehosaphat Diggan, who presided over a few select spirits, whose religious tenets were hardly known, but who numbered certain voters among them, and made no secret that money was the god of their political principles. These sucking pigs had a new kind of stuffing, of which Hogden was the grand inventor; this was simply a bit of paper, which, when opened, discovered to the delighted recipient a fifty pound note; and it was marvellous what a stimulus to electioneering zeal a dainty of this kind gave to the reverend recipients! Nothing but Plantagenet! Plantagenet! rang from their lips, at pulpit and tea party; nor were they silent on the virtues of Hogden.

Two more wretches remained, who were also secured. These rascallions were joint proprietors of the *Bilgewater Post*, a wretched rag which circulated in the town, and had a good pot-house connection. A few pounds bought this journal, with all its staff, body and soul; and though the little rat-catcher could not speak two sentences of decent English, they represented him as a second Pitt. They sent the same assassins to our opponent's meetings, and every thing he said was so colored, falsified, and perverted that the electors who did not attend half believed he was little better than a maniac; and this, though it did not prevent their taking his money, merely gave them an excuse for

demanding higher prices, for the greater the fool the higher the bribe. This became the shibboleth of the town, and increased our opponent's expenses—a trick never to be forgotten in elections.

All soon became riot, drunkenness, and debauchery as befits an election carried on according to truly Constitutional principles. We were blue, our opponents were scarlet; and when the respective bands and backers of each met, awful and sanguinary were the struggles. These brought the surgeons, the apothecaries, &c., &c., into requisition, and as we paid handsomely as well for our own wounded men as those of the enemy we had the medical profession secured. Shaveley Bill shouted every night from the balcony of the hotel until he got hoarse and could speak no more. Hogden attended no end of pious tea parties, quoted scripture, and insinuated guineas. The honorable candidate also addressed the electors, but nearly ruined himself by once having his umbrella held over his head during a shower of rain while the electors endured the pelting of the storm, and greeted him with groans and laughter for his effeminacy. Now the blue was in the ascendant, now the scarlet was victorious, and on the day before the election the Cannibal came to me in despair, and said:

“We must buy cats, bottle voters, bid for bloaters, and poll dead men, or we shall lose the election.”

The feline merchandise at once commenced. Never had grimalkin been so valuable—at least never since Dick Whittington sold his cat to the Soldan of Morocco for a ton of gold, and blessed the day that he came back a happy boy to Bow Bells. Mousers that belonged to free and independent voters were sought after everywhere—those of the constituents who hadn't cats stole them, and great was the outcry among the old women whose tabbies were ruthlessly abducted from them. The “Red Lion” was soon filled

with these unfortunate creatures, and as each was purchased for twenty pounds, there seemed no end to their importation. We could only destroy them as fast as they were brought; and a man offered Fitz-Howard sixpence a piece for their carcases, which that worthy was but too happy to receive. Hogden went about in all directions purchasing bloaters at unheard-of prices. He penetrated every lane and alley; wherever he went he opened his pockets. In one hole we bought a gray parrot for fifty guineas; in another we gave the same amount for an old pig which was at the point of death, kindly allowing the owner to kill and eat it. To the women who were in the family-way we said, "Goody this, or Goody that," whatever her name might be, "wouldn't you like a silver cup for the young 'un? Christen him after Mr. Plantagenet, and the thing is done." And there were actually some twenty cups brought down from London to the "Red Lion" for these precious babes.

Mr. Plantagenet's address was printed on blue satin by one of the mercers in the town and distributed in hundreds. This cost a vast sum, but the worthy mercer's vote was won. Such an exhibition of high and patriotic principle worked an astonishing change in our favor. We now began to "bottle." Thirty-five doubtful voters were invited to a champagne supper at the "King's Head," the landlord of which was in our interest. Shaveley Bill was appointed to fill the chair. Three large wagons, each drawn by six horses, with plentiful relays, were engaged. After a most delightful entertainment the wagons and the visitors were found next night some fifty miles away from the town where the election was held, and even then the independent freemen had not wholly recovered the intoxicating effects of the champagne which they had drank—I won't say how much our laudanum bill was, as Rooke managed all these matters. Rooke next prepared his "dead men." The lists of the constituency were carefully gone through, and various

worthy fellows were procured who personated voters who had long since lain at rest in the churchyard. The make up of these varlets was excellent, even the widows of the real defunct parties, and in many instances their mothers, and surviving friends and relations boldly declared—after they had had a short interview with the Cannibal in a private room—that the dressed-up voters were the *bona fide* persons whom they represented, and though the other side were on the alert, Rooke did not care a farthing.

“Win the election any way,” said he, “then let them petition if they like. We can make it cost them nine or ten thousand pounds; the chances are we can buy them off for a quarter of the sum, and then the election will be ours.”

So we resolved to poll the dead men with the most utter fearlessness. This, and the bottling, and the lying, and the cat buying, and bloater catching, we hoped would secure us the election—a hope in which, as it subsequently turned out, we were not disappointed.

The grand stroke of all remained, in which our new but unsavory friend Hogden won great laurels; indeed, “The Bloater” considered it his trump card. Two or three days before the nomination the whole district, even for miles round, was covered with gigantic posters, bordered with black, in which our opponent was represented as a man noted for his blasphemies and debaucheries; the character of his wife—a most honorable woman—but what did Hogden care?—was virulently assailed, and she was dragged into all the filth of the election whirlpool, in a way that ought to have made any body of Englishmen blush; but the majority of the constituency were now so debased that they seemed to think any amount of dirt, falsehood or filth, which could secure a triumph for their favorite was perfectly allowable, and their reverend advisers, I am sorry to say, were foremost in their approval of these tactics. After

this other posters came out, in which our opponent was represented to the constituency as having come down to the borough under false colors, being bribed to sell his party; to profess principles of which he was not the true advocate, and to commit I know not how many other equally odious treasons.

It was in vain that our honorable opponent, Johnson, went about everywhere denouncing these as a forgery. Wherever he went he was followed by hired gangs, the very scum and filth of Bilgewater, pelted with stones, old bottles, mud and rotten eggs. On the day of the election a number of fellows were sent in every direction, with bells and hand-bills, and copies of the *Bilgewater Post*, in which the honest electors were warned against voting for him, as he had been taken to the county jail the night before on some criminal charge connected with the election. The lowest rabble, with eyes like ravenous wolves, and tongues like mad dogs, were posted around each polling place howling at all his supporters; dinning these and all sorts of lies into the ears of the general body of voters; hurrying them off to public houses and taverns; plying them with drink, till the whole constituency grovelled before us like dirty beasts; slipping money into their hands, and perpetually asking: "Would you vote for a man that's hired to sell you? Hasn't he got his price in his pocket? Hasn't he been expelled by his own church, after full inquiry? Didn't I hear him swear and blaspheme so and so?" repeating all the awful language which was contained in Hogden's placards. Need I say that all this had an immense effect?

Another and final stroke of ours decided the election. About the last hour, when there were still a great number of "doubtfuls"—and only conscientious characters, who even *then* could not make up their minds as to the respective merits of the rival candidates, and when *we* could

hardly be said to be safe, Rooke rushed into the head committee-room in great excitement. "Now is the time for the hundreds," he shouted, and with a profusion of oaths and blasphemies, he summoned Hogden, Shaveley Bill, and the bell-man to his presence. The three came, and the Cannibal pulled out an immense bundle of hundred-pound bank notes. Giving a handful to our two worthy friends, he said to the bell-man, "Up and ring the street, you ugly hang-gallows; up and down like wild-fire. Let your bell ring and your throat proclaim a hundred-pound note to every man who has not yet voted." And to Hogden and Shaveley he said, "Give these to all the doubtful, right and left." I started at this open act of suicide, as it seemed to be; but Hogden and Shaveley put their fingers to their noses and called out "How jolly!" then rushing into the streets, did as they were told. In less than twenty minutes all the "doubtfuls" were secured and had voted for us; and it was only when they took their notes to be changed that the unfortunate victims, who could neither read nor write, discovered they had been shamefully cheated, and instead of a hundred-pound note of the Bank of England, they found they had sold themselves for a base bit of paper which was payable only at the Bank of Elegance. But their votes had then been given, and it was neither bribery nor corruption, as several good lawyers held.* But I anticipate. The day preceding the election, Plan-tagenet, who was a horrid coward, sent for the Cannibal. We found him in his bed-room; he was quite pale.

"Cannibal," said he, "I'm told I shall be attacked going to the hustings to-morrow. How shall we manage?"

"That's all right," replied my friend, "I have got Figg, the Champion of England, down already; he represents

* This excellent electioneering device was afterwards imitated with success at an election for the county of Worcester, when Mr. Foley owed his return to it.

the heavy weights. Jem Blood, of the light weights, is also come. I have promised them twenty guineas a piece, and woe to the man that lifts his hand against your honor."

Plantagenet smiled faintly. The dirty little craven took courage, and shook the Cannibal by the hand.

"Bravo! my good fellow," said he, "you shall have the first Judgeship that I can procure; and an honor you'll be to the Bench!"

Next day we proceeded to the hustings, with drums beating, colors flying, trumpets sounding, dogs barking, the populace shouting, Groanley and Diggnan singing psalms, the women waving handkerchiefs, and all the other stupid folly of a contested election. Our plans and plots all succeeded; we carried every thing before us. The opposition candidate was half murdered; his proposer and seconder were overwhelmed with filth, and the day ended with the triumphant return of the honorable scion of Plantagenet.

A great moral victory this was, no doubt, and so the honorable member regarded it. We had a grand dinner, at which every one present got drunk, to the music of Sternhold and Hopkins, which Hogden led off, and from whose effects they did not recover for a week, to the great profit (again) of the medical profession, but to the great disgust of Brownlow Blades, a very honest fellow, who had written several excellent pamphlets, strongly recommending temperance. We had a chairing through the streets, and several more fights, and half the town was mad with gin, tobacco, and excitement; and the electors were in fact changed as by the Wand of Comus, into dogs, swine, and monkeys. We had a funeral procession, and a coffin bearing the name and character of our opponent carried through the town of Bilgewater, with Rooke and Shaveley Bill for mourners. Tom Fireaway read a burlesque of the burial service, in which he was assisted by the other two rever-

end gentlemen, and the coffin was buried under a dung-hill, amid a profusion of dead cats, for which we had so handsomely paid.

Now our election bills came in fast and furious, and the Honorable Thomas pulled several very long faces as he perused them; but the Lord Privy, &c., paid them, and so there was no trouble on that score; though the other side basely whispered that the "heaven-born Minister of the day" discharged them out of some secret fund which was annually set apart for that especial purpose. If Walpole did, I have no doubt he was quite right, and I am sure that he was very properly reimbursed for it by the patriotic votes of the new member; so all came straight and square in the end, and the Scarlet party were thoroughly put down, and scarcely ventured to wag their tongues against us. The defeated candidate petitioned, but nothing came of it; every thing seemed a humbug, from the beginning to the end; and though a few choice spirits called attention to the matter in the House, Walpole and some of his buffons laughed them down; and even Pulteney did not stick to his man. It was all a swindle. The House went the length, it is true, of ordering Hogden to be prosecuted for bribery; but that worthy was true to his colors, and having contrived to fee the Attorney-General's Clerk and one or two others connected with the office, he managed to escape that high functionary, who was himself probably too busy to bother himself much about such raggabrash; and thus Hogden escaped amid a derisive cheer of joy from all the bribers and blackguards of the kingdom. But what did *they* think of a Senate that connived at such rascality? Why simply this, that every fellow in it, being tarred with the same brush, thought it hard to press upon a delinquent like Hogden and his like, without whose aid, arts and appliances, every honorable member knew that he himself also must have lost the seat to which he aspired. Thus

this honest world wags, and so I suppose it perpetually will wag on, while the true British lion shakes his mane at all the earth, and with his roar quells the affrighted forest.

Mr. Plantagenet went into Parliament, where he distinguished himself by his anecdotes of rat-catching, told at Bellamy's with great applause, (for he was too modest to address Mr. Speaker,) until from rat-catching he mounted to the noble sport of dog-fighting, bear and badger-baiting, the cock-pit, the bull, and, finally, the prize ring, where once in a combat with his old backer, Jem Blood, who was teaching him to spar, at half-a-guinea a lesson, his left eye was unfortunately knocked out, which reduced him to a political nonentity, for he soon after retired from the exalted position of a British senator, and settled in the country as an active magistrate. Here he passed his rosy leisure, till he succeeded to the peerage, when he married the eldest daughter of the Duke of A., one of the loveliest women in England, who soon after ran away from him, and left him to the company of his dog Billy, who thus became the joy and solace of his old age. He—the nobleman, not the dog—enjoyed the reputation of having killed more rats and corrupted more country girls than any other member of the peerage, and his son and heir inherits the same exalted tastes. I met him at White's some years ago, and was present at a wager he laid with the Marquis of Queensbury as to the respective speed of two black beetles. The stake was five thousand guineas, and Queensbury won, (as he usually does,) and laughed at young Plantagenet, which I thought rather unfeeling.

An incident which happened a day or two after the election deserves to be recorded. The Cannibal, Shaveley, Hogden and myself, remained of course in town, to settle all outstanding claims, and to arrange certain little matters with our honorable and independent committee-men. We were rather surprised one evening to receive a message from

Alderman Bullface, who had been among the bitterest of our opponents in the late struggle. He was down stairs, and begged to be admitted. He was shown into the room, and the Cannibal warmly shook hands with him; for Bullface had great influence over his own people, and if we could but get him to our own side, all hope for the Scarlets would be utterly and forever extinguished, so nicely were these two great constitutional parties balanced. Bullface returned the Cannibal's greeting with equal favor, and having shaken hands with several of the committee-men, begged permission to be heard. It was at once granted.

"Gentlemen," says the Alderman, "I admire the spirit and the pluck with which the late election was carried. All is now over; let bygones be bygones. We have had a fair stand-up fight; we have got a bellyfull, and you have won the belt. All this is right and fair, and I don't complain. But the election has had this important effect on my own mind, and on those of the gentlemen who usually go with me. It has separated us forever from the Scarlet party."

Here there was a tremendous burst of applause, which nearly knocked the ceiling of the room to pieces. The excitement was perfectly dreadful; several of the committee-men in their wild eagerness to embrace and congratulate Bullface on his independent spirit, jostled against and knocked each other down. The Alderman listened calmly and philosophically; he was as unmoved as Socrates when his friends surrounded him in prison—and some wept, while others preached. I often wonder the Grecian sage did not kick both the pedants and the pulers to the deuce. When the hurricane had subsided, the worthy Alderman resumed:

"Yes, gentlemen, I have been treated with base ingratitude; but no more of this. I am here to make the arrangement I have mentioned; in all my coming struggles you

may rely on me and on my friends, and I hope to make up by my future conduct for any inconvenience I may have put you to by my former opposition. And now, gentlemen, I bid you all good-night," and the Alderman appeared as if he were about to withdraw.

The thing was impossible. What! suffer the worthy Bullface to depart in this manner? It was out of the question. He must stay—he must have a glass—a bottle—a pipe—any thing, every thing—nothing that money could procure would be too precious for this high-spirited and independent elector, who carried six and forty votes in his breeches pocket. We all gathered round him and entreated him to remain. The Cannibal would not permit his departure—he went and locked the door. The chairman of the committee, who happened also to be the Mayor of the town, never heard of such a proposition in his life.

At length, after great entreaty, Bullface again addressed them:

"Mr. Mayor, and gentlemen of the Blue Committee," said he, "this is the proudest, happiest moment of my life. It is impossible for me to express what I feel. Why, oh, why have we been so long on opposite sides? Why have we been so long blind to each other's excellencies? I am delighted to have found so many and such kind friends—and all for the performance of a simple act of duty. With pleasure I accept your kind hospitality—but only on this condition, that you also will partake of mine. When we have had a glass or two, suffer me to hope that you will not refuse to partake of a little supper with me. If I receive your consent, I will but step over to the Swan and order it; we shall have it nice and hot, and it shall be ready in an hour. It must be pot luck, gentlemen, for I really don't know what they can get at a moment's notice; but though plain and simple, we shall not the less heartily enjoy it."

There were several hungry fellows on our committee, who enjoyed nothing better than a feast at another man's expense. They smacked their lips at the anticipated Aldermanic banquet; the invitation was accepted, and Bullface stepped across the street to give his orders. He was not away more than five minutes, and when he came back there was a sunny smile on his face.

"Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen," said he, "I am happy to inform you that they can supply us. It is now eight o'clock—supper will be ready at nine. Until then, let us sit down and talk over the past, like good fellows."

And we did sit down; what capital boon companions we all were! We drank, at Plantagenet's expense, the most excellent claret that could be got for money—we swilled it about like water; we warmed it with real Cogniac. At nine we adjourned to the Swan, and were shown to the supper-room. Covers were laid for thirty. Bullface sat at the head near the door, with the Cannibal and Fireaway on his right, Shaveley Bill and Hogden on the left; the landlord of the Red Lion occupied the vice-chair, and the dishes were quickly uncovered.

"Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen," says Mr. Bullface, "it is a plain supper; at this short notice I could get nothing but rabbits in the borough—nor could even those be got in sufficient quantity, only that, as you know, to-morrow is our great rabbit fair, and I fortunately waylaid a higgler who was on his way to it, and bought two dozen of his finest. Mine host of the Swan tells me they have made a most beautiful stew, and indeed they smell deliciously. Let us despatch them as soon as possible. I have ordered four or five dozen champagne to follow."

Saying this, the Alderman began to help those who sat near him. There were six dishes of these delicious animals, each containing four; they steamed with onions, pepper, and many other fragrant condiments. The sparkling vision

of the coming champagne inspired the committee-men, and ample justice was done to the Alderman's rabbits. The company indeed was profuse in their praises.

"I never tasted any thing sweeter," said the Mayor.

"They are perfectly delicious," said Hogden.

"Rabbit me," cried the Cannibal, "but this is the best part of the election."

"Gentlemen," said Bullface, "enjoy yourselves, I am delighted to see you."

"But, Mr. Alderman," cried the Mayor, "how is it you're eating none yourself?"

"My dear Mr. Mayor," answered our host, "I have drank so much of your excellent claret, that I really have no room, but I will begin presently. In the meantime let me help you to this back—it is fat and plump."

And so the plates went round, and silvery was the clatter of knives and forks. I was myself rather a spectator than an actor in this happy scene. The fact was, like the Alderman himself, I had indulged in the claret, until I felt disposed for nothing else; I therefore fiddled with a bit of bread. But Groanley and Diggan stuffed themselves like boas.

Half an hour or more having been thus delightfully enjoyed, the Alderman arose, and apologizing for leaving the room, said he was going to see after the champagne. In his absence we drank his health in some very good beer, and all agreed that there was not a better fellow in the world.

In a few minutes the hamper of champagne was brought in, and laid on the table. A note at the same time was handed from the Alderman to the Mayor, which the latter read aloud. It was as follows:

"Friday night.

"DEAR MR. MAYOR:

"I am unexpectedly called away by a sudden matter,

which admits of no delay. Pray make my apology to the company for my unlooked-for absence. I hope you will enjoy the sham.

“Yours truly,

“JOHN BULLFACE.”

We had a laugh at the worthy Alderman's mode of spelling the first syllable of champagne.

“But as it's French,” says the Mayor, taking, as a matter of course, the vacant chair, “why our departed friend cannot be expected to know any thing of a foreign lingo. He's a good John Bull, and true son of old England, I know. In the meantime, gentlemen, so long as his wine is real, we can overlook the spelling,” and gently smiling at his easy humor, he drew the hamper towards him.

“Waiter,” said he, “bring the nippers and champagne tumblers. Gentlemen, we shall drink in bumpers and no mistake.”

It seemed to me that for a hamper containing so many bottles of wine, it was wielded without much trouble by our worthy President. However, he himself, intent on approaching bliss, evidently heeded nothing but to draw forth the contents as speedily as possible. He cut the cords and lifted up the lid. We could see no bottles, nor any straw in which they were likely to be concealed. The mayor put in his hand, and drew forth a brown paper parcel, nicely sealed, and addressed to “His Worship.” We all gathered round him. With anxious trembling hand he tore open the parcel, and revealed to our astonished view twenty-four cats' tails, together with the head and claws of an old gray parrot. In a moment the horrible truth flashed on us. We had supped on—but let me pause.

The whole company was sick in five minutes. Never was there a more awful *Catastrophe*.

* * * * *

The reader may probably ask me, "Pray, Mr. Montagu, what were you doing during all this hard-fought election?" That is my secret, which I am not at all bound to reveal. I only know, instead of fifty, I got a hundred pounds out of the successful candidate, and that was all I cared for.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DURING all this time I had not forgotten what I owed to my loved Francesca. I searched the peerage books, consulted a lawyer, and made inquiries as largely as I could without attracting particular attention to either of us. Under my incognito of Smith, I was to some extent safe; but I did not care much to go into the fashionable parts of the metropolis too openly, for I dreaded recognition, not only by my mother's friends, but by Dom Balthazar, whom I instinctively knew to be after me, animated as much by vengeance as by thirst of money. My Francesca scarcely ever ventured out, except in my company. I disguised myself so as to be as unlike as possible what I had been among the gypsies. It may be asked why I did not keep my promise to Francesca, to fly with her to my father, and replace her in her proper sphere? The answer is—and I know that it is an unsatisfactory one—I delayed doing so until I could present her in her true character. I plumed myself with the grand hope that I should go before Mr. Wortley Montagu, and say, "Here I am; I present to you as your daughter-in-law a scion of a most noble house. She is all mine, for she loves me entirely for myself. She loved me when she knew not that I was other than a wanderer." This, I thought, would be at least a part in which I should worthily appear. How could I venture before him until

the great object of my search was accomplished? To introduce into his house a gitana—for in no other light would she stand until her true descent was established—would be to incense him and his wife against both with an inextinguishable fury. Besides, to own the truth, I did not particularly desire to face him. There was a vagabond independence, an erratic Arab sort of freedom in my present mode of life that pleased me. For mere animal pleasures I did not care much. My father, with a million at his back, could live on fifty pounds a year. Why should not I be able to make the same boast? Our garret was neat and modest; we passionately loved each other; we read, wrote, and studied together. She was delighted—poor child—with my scanty earnings. Our treasures in that way seemed inexhaustible. My brain appeared a golden mine, on which I could draw at will. And then how exquisite a luxury was her praise of my works when perfected! One word of commendation from her was worth all the applause of the critics. Mrs. Sale was enchanted with her, as who would not be? She flashed upon her like a new star. I repeat there was a vagrant charm, a strange eccentric fascination in the whole affair, which restrained me from making any offer to return home, and though I knew that I had outgrown schools and rods, and had no fear on that head, still I did not really need Lady Mary, her husband, or their splendid home. We had love in a garret, and that sufficed for all things—let misers and money-grubbers say what they will.

One day when I returned home, (we had now been about six months in London,) Francesca told me, with an appearance of strange alarm, that she had seen Dom Balthazar pass by, and look up at our house. She happened to be at the window at the moment, and suddenly drew back, but did not venture to look out again to observe whether he had stayed to reconnoitre, or whether his movement had

been any thing indeed but casual. This information gave me some alarm; yet I heeded little that could be done in the way of open violence. I was in the middle of the metropolis, where it would have been hard at all events to perpetrate any great outrage, or openly violate the laws. However, I thought it as well to guard against all risk of danger, and we left our lodgings the following day, and went into an entirely different part of London. We neglected, however—as afterwards appeared—one most material precaution; for the person who removed our things carried them straight into our new dwelling, and we forgot to bribe him into silence, or rather we never suspected that our change of residence might thus by an active adversary be easily traced. We were now happy again. Francesca's fears gradually abated, and I went abroad as usual among my coffee-house friends and patrons. It happened that I remained there one night later than usual. When I left, it was past midnight. I had been detained by the buffooneries of that reverend quack orator, Henley, who held forth to an admiring audience of fops and witlings in the most extraordinary medley of learning, farce, scurrility, and indecency that has been heard since the days of Aretino, or Rabelais—or to go further back, perhaps Aristophanes himself, that mad wag of quality who has so many sins against propriety and Socrates to answer for. The subject was, I think, "The Marriage of Cana in Galilee," and while a large portion of the comedy was borrowed from poor Woolston, a great deal more was the proper lucubration of our renowned tub-Thersites; and loud was the applause which he excited. We cheerfully subscribed our sixpence at the close, and the mountebank making a low bow, wished us all with old Nickolas, who he assured us was his proper Metropolitan and Archimandrite, and would gratefully reward us for the lessons which we had just learned from his accredited clergyman. I walked home

part of the way with old Colly Cibber, who, among other profane sexagenarians, had been loudest of all the assembled rascals in his applause. He was not quite old enough to remember Sir Charles Sedley's horrible exhibition of himself in Covent Garden, or Rochester's sermon as a foreign quack on Tower Hill; but he had known persons who had been present at both, and having heard them frequently described, he declared that Henley's was a more agreeable treat to all blackguard-minded individuals than either; adding he wouldn't have missed it for a score of guineas. We parted at a cross street, and I wandered slowly homeward. Suddenly I felt myself seized, gagged, and bound. I was flung into a hackney coach; two men instantly jumped in after me; a direction was given to the driver, and I was hurried off with the rapidity of a hunt. The night was dark, and we moved so rapidly that even had I known my companions, I doubt whether I could have recognized them. A passing glimpse of light from a dying lamp revealed two faces masked. Not a word was spoken. We rode for about two hours, without once stopping. We made a momentary halt at some turnpike gates; but they flew open as if by magic, and we passed through unchallenged. At length, when the morning gray was almost breaking, we stopped at an iron gate; it opened, and we proceeded up a dark avenue. A house with one solitary light appeared in the distance. I was brought in, led upstairs, and thrust into a bedroom in which a fire was burning, screened by an iron-wire guard. A light also was hung against the wall, but so as to be inaccessible to the inmate of the room. The door was locked on the outside, and I was left to my meditations.

My first thought was, of course, home—I do not mean Lady Mary's, for that was never a home to me—but my true home—the home and household of my heart. My wife, Francesca—poor child! I said, what will become of

thee? Alone in London—I dread to think. Oh! let me fly to thee! I rushed to the bed—I tore off the clothes. I tied the sheets together in a long knot. I rushed to the window. It was fastened down and securely barred. All escape that way seemed impossible. I stamped, I thundered against the door, the floor. I broke the panes themselves to pieces, and shouted aloud through the aperture. But no voice answered. My words seemed lost in vastness and vacuity. No one came near me. I was left to my own reflections. Oh! how I raved and roared! My passion was frightful—but I was powerless. I could do nothing. I strove to get at the lamp, at the fire, that I might burn the house and take my chance of an escape during the tumult. But even here I was baffled. In a word, I could devise no method of getting out, and the agony of thought was worse than madness. At length I threw myself on the floor, and sobbed myself to sleep. To sleep—aye, and to dream—but those were nightmare dreams of horror.

I slept about an hour. When I awoke I could scarcely think that last night's scene was real. It was now day. I started up. I was still dressed. I looked around; the lamp still faintly burned; the fire was expiring slowly. I saw that it was all true. I was a prisoner. Why? Wherefore? This I could not answer. Dom Balthazar occurred to me. But why should he imprison me? This was not the way to get a reward from a loving, heart-broken, dove-like pair of parents such as I had. I rejected the thought. But then was it not a contrivance to secure me so as to practice against Francesca? I started to my feet at the suggestion. Yes—this it was—this it was—the secret was out. I am undone—and she?—oh! I was like a wild beast. I roared, I raved, I raged against my prison. They will destroy her—they will bear her away—she will be murdered—and I—am powerless—. After a wild paroxysm, I must have fallen insensible, for when I recovered I found food

placed near me—bread and water—but I regarded it not. The pangs of hunger had not yet seized me. My mental sufferings were now at fever heat. Reader! will you believe it? I lay in this place for three whole months. I saw no one but servants. I was denied paper, or pens, or ink; to my questions I received no answer. At the end of that time I was free. I flew as if on wings to the place where I had left Francesca, hoping against hope that I should find her there. She was gone—the people of the house knew nothing of her. She had received a letter the morning after I had been seized. She sat up for me the whole night—poor girl!—wild, wondering, agitated. In the morning a letter was brought from Mr. Smith. She opened and read it; she danced with joy. Oh! I am going to him, she said. She dressed and left the house; she had never returned. I rushed up-stairs—the room was as I had left it. There was the bed unlain on—the withered violets—the little trunk which contained our all in the corner—the volume of Tasso which she had been reading, open and turned down, just as she had left it in her hurry. My papers were untouched; my few books still ready for my hand in the usual place. All reminded me of her, and my irreparable loss. I looked into the people's eyes for tidings. Alas! they could give none. I felt my heart sicken; my brain turned around. I fell down in convulsions.

Five weeks passed. The crisis of my fever was gone. In my frenzy I had revealed all—my real name and rank—Francesca's rights—my fearful sufferings. When I recovered, I was in a room which I thought I knew again. A nurse was sitting at my bedside. She put her hand to her lips and made a sign to be still. I lay down. This, said I, also is a dream. It is like my old room at Twickenham—but this cannot be. Yet it was. For in a few days I

was better—I rapidly recovered. I was well. Lady Mary came into my room. She looked at me coldly, and said :

“So you have come back. We thought you were dead long ago. We did not know you had been a madman. What do you mean to do with yourself?”

CHAPTER XXVII.

I WAS now under my father's roof, and intolerably wretched. Lady Mary treated me with coldness, and contempt, and mockery. My father was immersed in politics and money-getting. With him, indeed, the first was only a means to the second, for he was above all vulgar notions of patriotism or public duty. He never came near me. I secluded myself with my books. He did not appear to remember that at the top of the house such a person was in existence. I could not bear to go out, or even to look into the bright open air. Francesca was lost to me forever. This was the fixed conviction on my soul. I should have run away again and sought Manasam and the encampment, but I had undone myself by my flight with Francesca and my encounter with the Gypsy Queen. I should have wandered back to Sale and Cave, and my literary friends—but why labor now at the oar, when I had no incentive to work?—when I had no Francesca to cheer me, no companion whose wants I might supply? I sank into a species of lethargy; all my powers were wrapped in lassitude. I could not bear to see or speak to any one. I ate my meals alone and in silence. I did not suffer the servants to address me. I signified my wants by signs. I was quiet only when I was wholly solitary. I could not endure to look upon a human face. It seemed the outward visible sign of

villany and falsehood. I then thoroughly, for the first time grew a hater of my species.

At the end of a year I woke out of my dreams, and began again to mingle with ordinary life. I labored hard to store my mind with knowledge, and I think I succeeded to some extent. My position was strange. I was the only son and expected heir of a great Commoner, yet I was allowed only something like ten pounds a year for all my wants. I was not absolutely expelled out of my father's house, but this was all—I was just tolerated there. If I pleased, I could have gone; if I pleased, I could stay. This was the cheering sort of alternative that was every day presented to me. For sympathy I did not look, for I was conscious of the hate of one and the indifference of the other, and I ardently reciprocated both sentiments. They thought, I suppose, that as I was dependent on Mr. Montagu for wealth, I should fall down prostrate and worship whenever his name was mentioned; but I scorned himself and his money equally; I would not enslave myself or degrade my soul by a lying pretence of a love which I did not feel for all his wealth, or for all the wealth of England. While I pursued my present course I respected myself; but if I became his serf, I should have so loathed my own meanness that I should have cut my throat to avoid the horror of reflection. The fashionable world could not understand why I did not adore the man who owned a million, and so it was kindly set down by the mass of boobies to my own perversity, and wickedness, and folly—a notion which my mother kindly encouraged. Wherever she went, she represented me as a rogue, blockhead, weathercock, and liar. Fortunately, she was now so well understood that her calumnies did me no harm; and there were some who even judged for themselves. The women, by their advances, told me I was handsome; the men, by their sneers and envy, and affected coldness, convinced me that I was learned; but I needed not either

the women or the men to give me this pleasing information, for my looking-glass informed me of the first, and my conscience whispered me of the second. For a year I lived as I have described; after this I went into the "gay world," where every thing was false, hollow, and melancholy. There was a perpetual hunt after pleasure, and as perpetual a disappointment. It was sought in routs, balls, ridottos, and masquerades; in the opera, at auctions, and in great supper parties; in races, china shops, lotteries, and gambling. This latter virtue the women carried to an outrageous extent, and my mother was perpetually involved in money squabbles, in consequence of her reverses at cards; in stock-jobbing also, in which the leaders of fine society mingled with the basest covetousness and the most shame-faced boldness; in gallantry and intrigue, with a total scorn of the seventh Commandment. But though quested after in these various spheres of joy, happiness eluded her votaries; and the haggard face, the wrinkled brow, the sickly smile that never sank beneath the surface, attested the disappointment and the vanity of human wishes when centred only in externals.

I take pride in myself that I always despised these follies; nor did I less bitterly scorn their wretched votaries; what to me at this period were the painted smiles of the vain things in brocade and gold, who—I had almost written *which*—paraded the drawing-room, or sparkled in the dance? I tested them only by one woman, who was perfect, and I need not add they would not bear comparison. The innocent beauty of my Francesca every day rose up before me like a vision of Paradise upon some enraptured mystic; those eyes, full of virgin light, that hair that sparkled so lustrously over her snow-white neck, as I have since seen the golden beam of sunset rest upon an Alpine peak; that mouth, so full of beauty; that voice, which was like harp strings agitated by the summer breeze, so soft,

so sweet, so musical, so exquisitely thrilling; that sound sense and exquisite understanding which, though a child, she manifested in all things; her elevated ambition; her sympathy with all noble and pure aspirations. These were what I had lost in her, and feared that I had lost forever. How discover her? How ascertain if she was not even at this present moment in the hands of the gypsies, subjected to the chance of death, wrong, outrage?—I knew not what, and scarcely dared to think.

There was not one of those women who moved around us that would not have surrendered herself body and soul to the young heir of the wealthy Wortley Montagu. I was now eighteen, tall, lively, enterprising; my descent was good, my connections powerful. What more did I need to become their god? Nothing. But I did not profit by my opportunity. A profound grief kept me and preserved me sacred. No morning dawned that I did not devise some scheme to discover tidings of my beloved; no sun sank without witnessing my baffled hope and renewed disappointment. Yet I rose again next day, confident as before, but still doomed to the vesper mockery of my hopes. I employed emissaries, as much as my scanty means and credit would enable me to do, and despatched them in all directions for tidings such as I desired. I sought out the mad-house, or private prison where I had been confined, but the place was untenanted and desolate. The persons who had occupied it disappeared immediately after my liberation, and left no trace that could lead to their discovery. I went myself and saw the landlord. He appeared to be a sort of Quaker, and like Hogden, and others of my electioneering hypocritical friends, made great pretensions to piety; he even affected to sympathize with me—for I hinted my sufferings—but he could give me no information of his former tenants. I knew by his look that he lied, but it was useless to tell him that I thought so.

Among those who saw me frequently at this period was my cousin Fielding—the chance companion in my first wild escapade to Oxford. He was now a literary character of some repute. His father, General Fielding, had thrown him loose upon London almost without a penny, and he began to live by his wits, or rather to starve by them, for nothing could be more precarious than his mode of subsistence. He was scarcely twenty, when in 1727, four years or so before the period of which I am now writing, he picked up a sort of scrambling acquaintance with the players, to whom wit, conviviality and gay humor are always a recommendation, and became intimate with Wilkes and Cibber, who introduced him to Mrs. Oldfield, then preserving by her bounteous generosity the wretched Savage from starvation. He described his exact position in one sentence. “I had no alternative,” he said, “but to become a hackney coachman, or a hackney writer, and I chose the latter.” Ah! me, methinks he would have been more fortunate, had he taken to the rein, or even to the road, than to literature in this accursed era. The poor youth, driven to his wit’s ends to pay his tailor, or buy a dinner, or supply his father, scribbled off a comedy called “*Love in several Masques*,” which was produced at Drury Lane, and dedicated to my mother in virtue of her relationship to the distressed author. Like all writers, he fooled her to the top of her bent, as far as flattery was concerned; and had she possessed only a tithe of those magnificent qualities for which he gave her credit, I should not have written these Confessions, nor would my father have left his hardly- hoarded money to a Scotch scoundrel like Bute. But poor Fielding was not the first who mistook a cloud for a goddess; for he got nothing from Lady Mary but a smile. His relationship, and connection with the papers, however, produced him an introduction into our house, which was of some use to a young fellow struggling hard in the wild

sea of London. Lady Mary, I suppose, discovered from him our accidental meeting when boys so many years ago, and she now threw us together. I rather suspect her object was to let Fielding drag me into his own headlong course of dissipation, as a means of making me forget my Francesca; for my lady well knew by this time that I was married, and though she could have no doubt that Francesca was of noble birth, still she always spoke of her as "a washerwoman," which would have been laughable for its absurdity, only that it was galling for its insolence. From several circumstances I began to fancy that Lady Mary herself was privy to the plot which had rudely separated us both; for she exhibited so much malignity and feminine spite whenever that loved name was mentioned by me, that I could scarcely attribute either to exist against one who was an entire stranger. I subsequently learned that my suspicions were correct, and that while Lady Mary well knew nearly every thing relating to Francesca, she took care to give them such a coloring to my father, that he also believed like the rest of the world, that she was of ignoble birth, and little better than an impostor who inveigled a rich man's son into a marriage with the most sordid view.

Fielding was too noble a fellow, and too sharpwitted also, to be made a complying tool of, even by one so ingenious as Lady Mary. Himself a man of quick and ardent sensibilities, and notwithstanding all his grossness, of the purest sentimentalism when true love was in the debate; he was so moved by my artless descriptions of her whom I had lost, and of the felicity we had enjoyed in our brief summer time of rapture, that I have seen the tears roll down his manly face, and he would sit for several minutes in a thoughtful reverie, in which sympathy for me had a large share, and hatred of my enemies a still larger. So far from conducting me into those scenes of boisterous madness, in which he was nightly indulging, and which

finally destroyed one of the finest constitutions ever given to a man, he dissuaded me from any such resource, and deplored his own failings with a bitterness that was sincere at the moment, but which melted away in the first glass of generous claret that he swallowed. He even aided me in my inquiries, under a solemn pledge that I would not discover him to my lady; and from his versatile acquaintance with human nature, and his profound sense, wherever his own passions did not interfere, he gave me advice as to her discovery, which would probably have been successful, had Francesca been in England. But an incident that occurred soon after, by putting me in the right track for discovering her, proved that all my efforts had been misdirected, and that I failed, because to succeed was an impossibility.

Fielding was in the habit of talking to me about his literary projects, and I communicated to him in time what I had learned from Akiba my Gooroo. We had many disputations on the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, and it was after one of the conferences that he mentioned to me his notion of writing a little novel on that subject, in which, using this Brahminical doctrine, he might give expression to that curious medley of observation and experience which he possessed, and conduct one of his characters through a variety of scenes as mixed and as surprising as those of Gil Blas, or Asmodeus. I approved of the notion, which had every thing in it likely to attract a youthful imagination, and in a few weeks he brought me that sketch of the Emperor Julian, which he afterwards introduced into his strange work entitled, "*A Journey from this World to the next.*" I read it and was pleased. The motley nature of the scenes through which the deceased Emperor transmigrates, operating on an imagination half Arab, half gypsy, deeply impressed my mind, and I thought to myself if I were free this is just

the sort of life I should like to lead. I should traverse many lands and appear in many characters. To-day a pilgrim, to-morrow a gentleman, now a soldier, now a merchant, this time a sailor, the next a physician, a Jew one week, a Mohammedan the following, a priest, a fiddler, a quaker or a buffoon,—there was rapture in the idea, and I fed my fancy upon it till I had lived through a whole romance.

In the midst of our discussions, I one morning proposed to him an excursion to Portslade, and an investigation personally into the condition of my gypsy friends. We had a few guineas, and we went by the coach. Some odd adventures befel us, which Fielding afterwards used in his romance of "Joseph Andrews," but they are not worth referring to in this place. We got to Brighthelmstone, and I took up my quarters there at an inn, while Fielding proceeded to the encampment. He was away the whole afternoon, and when he returned late in the evening, he was a good deal excited. He then gave me the following account of his adventures:

"I took the route you pointed out, and after lingering about the lanes for some time, I pulled out a pocket book, and began to sketch that old ruin, on which the camp of your friends abutted. I had not been very long employed, when a very pretty gypsy came up to me, and asked me to cross her palm with gold. I looked at her sparkling eyes and roguish face, and I half envied you your sojourn among these engaging Ishmaelites. Ah, Wortley, you must have seen some strange amusing sights, and you must give me an account of them in detail some day, for some great and wonderful work of fiction in which we shall go shares. You may suppress all your own intrigues, or dish them up under another name, but you must at least give me a full, true and particular narration of the

"' Battles, dangers, sieges you have passed.'

"I told the wench that gold was to me one of the rarest commodities in the world, but that I would give her a kiss or a piece of silver, if she could tell me where I could find one Manasam, one of her people, as I had a message for him from an old acquaintance. Now, by one of the rarest chances in the world, this girl had known your wife, and had a sort of wild attachment to both of you, and before I had quite finished my sentence, she divined what I came for, and burst out with—

"‘Ah, I know you. You came from Zala-Mayna. Is it not so?’

"I was so taken by surprise, that before I had time to invent a lie I was forced to confess that it was so, and when I had so disburdened my soul, she said—

"Well, I am glad you have come. We have all been sorry for the poor boy, and have wished a thousand evils on that accursed Dom Balthazar for interfering with them; but Zala-Mayna did wrong to strike the Gypsy Queen, and it will never be forgiven by the tribe. Had he been seized that night, he would have been stoned to death—such is the penalty by our law; and even still, if he should be in their power, I know not but they would inflict it. But if you give me the piece of silver you spoke of, I will seek out Manasam—though I should be sorry any of the tribe knew what I was doing. However, Dom Balthazar is gone, so I don't fear much.'

"I gave her the silver; but when I offered her what I thought would have been the more agreeable half of the present, namely the kiss, she gave me a smart slap in the face, which I assure you I feel still.

"She then told me that I must not linger in the place but get back to the town as speedily as I could. 'It would never do,' she said, 'for Manasam and myself to be seen together. There were a dozen prying eyes always about the camp, and Manasam had always shown so much sorrow

for Zala-Mayna's misadventure that he was narrowly watched by the tribe, and would get into trouble if he were seen conversing with me. She asked me where I stayed, and I told her. I expect the gypsy here to-night."

Ordering up a fresh bottle, he opened wide his legs before the fire, and threw himself back in his chair, with the apparent determination of a man who has made up his mind to enjoy himself for the remainder of the evening with the best that he could get. The wine appeared, and after a hearty glass, Fielding resumed—

"Wortley, my dear boy, I don't know what your lady mother will say to me if she ever finds out I have been your companion in this adventure. If she should, no more Twickenham for me; no more sugared compliments. I shall become as odious to her as Pope or Swift, and she will pursue me with unrelenting lampoonery—

"Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest men turn tail,
And bravely scorn to turn their backs
Upon the desperate attacks.

"But I suppose I must risk all, for there is a spice of adventure about this love-feat of yours that pleases me, and I verily believe it is just the sort of thing I should myself have liked above all others. For there is so much paint, folly, and flippant falsehood about our court and drawing-room dames, that I would any day prefer a hay-maker or milkmaid to the finest duchess in the land—so long, I mean, as I had the price of a dinner and a bottle in my pocket. That is a rare occurrence." And my cousin sighed from his very heart. He solaced himself with another glass, and as he did so Manasam was announced.

The gypsy was little altered since I had last seen him. I rose up and shook him warmly by the hand. I looked into his eyes, and could see that his friendship was sincere. He felt an honest interest in my welfare, that was written

there as plainly as it was possible for Nature to write. For Nature pens his character on the front of every man in letters plainly legible to all who use their eyes, and they who do not deserve to be deceived. I have never yet seen that face which was not to me as an open book, wherein every trait of the soul, every passion of the heart, every habit of the spirit was clearly traced by the unerring hand of Nature, or rather of God; and as He cannot deceive or be deceived, it is we only who err in our estimate of mankind for want of bestowing proper attention upon those with whom we come in contact. Were I a monarch or a prime minister, I would undertake that no man should ever enter my immediate service until he had passed through my close scrutiny; and this obtained, I should not be deceived. No man or woman has ever misled me, for where my observation fails, instinct comes to my aid, and I know them all thoroughly and well, though under the most artful mask. This probably is one of the reasons why I take a more gloomy view of life, and indulge in more sarcastic observations than pleases the many. For as *they* judge by the mere outside, they are every moment deceived by their own superficiality, taking mankind for what they appear to be; and as it is the interest of the majority to *seem* good, the shallow suppose them to be what they seem, and all those who have penetrated deeper they call misanthropists, evil minded, and detractors. I who have the art of piercing beneath the false outside, and beholding, as in a map, all the true nature of a man, delineated unto even its finest strokes, speak of them as I find them, and as God will see them on that dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed. Hence, if in this narrative I please, I shall please few; the great mob of readers will run after him who paints man in genial colors, and thus contributes to those delusions which delight us all, even when they mislead us most.

I invited Manasam to be seated, and poured out a glass for him; but with the abstemious habits of his people, he declined the draught. He took a biscuit and began.

“Much, O Zala-Mayna, have I longed for this hour; much have I lamented that I knew not where you could be found, or that I heard not from you. I returned some days after you had fled. Dom Balthazar had broke his leg when his horse fell on him; he lay on the road till day-break, when he was discovered by some of our people who had tracked your course. He said that he had ascertained your real name and position—that you were of great and noble blood, and had deceived our trusting people with a false device. It was rumored also that he was to receive a sum of money for bringing you back to your father and mother; and a large reward if he could separate you and Francesca forever. I rather fancy he knows her uncle. I rather think he is in his employ to find Francesca out, and that if he can by any means place her in his hands, great will be the treasure he is to receive. Guard her therefore, O Zala-Mayna, as the life-blood of your heart from Dom Balthazar, for he will part you if he can.”

I groaned, but remained silent. Manasam was evidently ignorant of the loss that I had sustained. I did not interrupt him.

“The Gypsy Queen also vowed a vow of vengeance against you. It was resolved in full assembly that if you were discovered and brought back you should die. Akiba and I were not of this council; if we had been, we probably should have felt ourselves constrained to sanction it, for it is a law of our people, and cannot be broken. The person of the Queen is sacred. Dom Balthazar disappeared from among us for many moons; at length he returned and announced that you were a prisoner. He was asked why he had not brought you to the tents, that you might die? He laughed, and produced gold—gold immense—the

price of your bondage. This, he said, the tribe gains by his life—but nothing should we secure by his death. The gold was divided. Yet there were many who would have preferred vengeance, and the law. Dom Balthazar said no more. In a few days he departed for Spain, where he now is. He dropped mysterious hints, but we understood them not. Since then we have lived as before; but no one has inquired for Francesca; she is safe with you. Is it not so, O Zala-Mayna?"

Alas! I could not answer. Fielding told him of my loss. Manasam was affected. We consulted what was to be done; but nothing seemed to offer us a chance of discovering where Francesca was. She had evidently been lured away by Dom Balthazar—but whither?

A light flashed on me.

"You said he went to Spain, Manasam. What business bore him thither?" Manasam did not know.

"Depend upon it," said Fielding, "Francesca is in a Spanish Convent, and Dom Balthazar was her convoy. I know the gentlemen of these places, and what they will do for gold. Many of the abbots are Zingari themselves."

I restored Manasam his pistols, and offered him five guineas. He accepted the first, but peremptorily refused the second. After a long interview we separated for the night. He promised to see me again next day. On the morrow he came with Akiba. I was pleased to see this old man. Fielding was greatly struck by him. He said, he made him think of the ghost of Samuel appearing to Saul. We dined and passed the whole day together. I invited him to divine for us. Akiba at first refused; but he could not long withstand entreaties urged so passionately as mine were. He called for water, and dropped a small quantity into my hand; he then threw me into a magnetic trance, such as I had once before witnessed when he used the mystical Waren. And this was what I then saw.

A small cell of hewn stone was opened before me, the light penetrated dimly through iron bars. There was a wretched pallet and a jug of water. It seemed an apartment in some vast building. An air of gloom pervaded the whole scene; it was in the shadow of mighty mountains. Every thing seemed still, desolate and monotonous. A small book lay on the floor; a rosary was on the bed. It might have been at first sight a dungeon, but there was no warder's tread, nor clank of chain. It impressed me with the notion of one of those immense convents that are found in such great numbers all through the Peninsula; prisons indeed, and full of dungeons, and horrors and dread secrets; but guarded by a force stronger than that of sentinel or fetter—the force of ignorance and superstition. As I looked, the idea of solitude, silence, desolation and wretchedness became more and more impressed on my mind. I could feel them like a heavy weight upon my heart; they loaded me; they weighed me down like atmospheric pressure. I could discover in that pressure the sad and fearful mass of sufferings, sorrow and despair that were congregated within that dreadful place. My heart was filled almost to bursting.

Suddenly a door in the cell opened. O! Heavens, how shall I support this sight? It was my Francesca—my loved, my adored, my lost wife. Gloom and wretchedness were printed deeply in every feature; her eyes were red with weeping; they were fixed with a cold despair. That young face bore the tracks of tears—the furrows of age were already methought traced upon it. She entered with a slow step—the step of one who moves despondingly to the scaffold, and who seeks to protract every minute between himself and fate. There was a whole volume of misery in that measured walk—she who had been so light, so buoyant; like the thistle down that swims on the summer breeze—like the winged beautiful moth that floats in sunshine and dances on the passing winds; like the spark-

ling wave that rises to the sunbeam and is wafted with a motion like that of music to the strand. I would have spoken, but I could not. I would have stretched out my arms to enfold her, for she seemed within my reach; but the magnetic force held me tight within its grasp, and I was powerless in every limb. Eye and brain alone were free; for the rest I was a marble statue. Her heart heaved; a heavy sigh burst forth, but it was not followed by tears; alas! that sweet fountain must have been drained dry. She took the rosary, looked at it a moment, and put it away. She raised the book and strove to read, but I could see that though her eyes were turned upon its page, her thoughts wandered away, and were afar off. She raised her head to the bars, and sighed again deeply. Then leaning on her hand she covered her face, and bursting into an agony of woe, flung herself on the hard floor.

Akiba saw my agony, and released me from my trance. Oh! who can tell what misery I felt? I was again mad as I had been before. It required the strength of all three to hold me. The paroxysm lasted for some minutes; at length I fell exhausted. Next day Fielding told me what had passed, and accompanied me to London. When I got to Twickenham, without a moment's pause I rushed into my mother's room. She was reading a letter, which she hastily crushed up when she saw me.

"Woman," I cried, "give me back my wife of whom you have robbed me. Give her back to me, or tremble."

She seemed frightened at my energy. It was enough to make her so. She grew white as death. But the clever woman conquered her fears immediately, and half smiled.

"Mad boy," she said; "what do you say? How know I any thing of that person? I suppose she is making up fine linen somewhere. If she wanted you she would have found you by this."

"Woman," I answered; "not worthy of the name of

mother; cold, heartless and wicked as you are; have you so utterly lost all human feeling as to see me die before your face by inches and not stretch forth a hand to save? You have ever been my bitterest enemy. You have poisoned my father's heart against me. You have sought to drive me forth forever from his roof. Well, exult, rejoice, be glad at length, for you have succeeded. Give me but a hundred pounds and I will leave your sight forever. Give it me this moment, for I am half mad."

"A hundred pounds! and for what? To give to your pretty laundress?"

I could have stabbed her that instant. But I answered coldly, "I want to go to Spain."

She started involuntarily, but almost instantly recovered herself. I watched her with an intent, calm gaze. I thought I saw her guilt in that unconscious start.

"To Spain, fool, and why?"

"Madam," I answered, "you know. Give me the money."

"I have none," she replied; "and if I had I am not going to let you squander it in frenzy. We have had enough of this already. Leave the room; I am engaged."

"What," I said, "you are engaged? With what? and how? With love-letters from your Hervey?"—she gave another start—"with assignations and intrigues; with satirical verses on all your female friends and male pursuers, and all the devilish machinery that makes the fabric of your whole life? Well, go on. There shall come a day when *I* also shall have my hour of retribution. I go; I leave your presence. Solace yourself with your daughter. Deceive, plot, scheme, to enrich *her* with all that is justly mine, and let that heartless cully, who thinks himself her father, endow her with imperial wealth. Even this shall not break my spirit, nor make me bend to either. Nemesis will avenge me, and in the gloomy evening of your life,

when frivolity shall fail, and folly cease to charm, you shall curse this hour, and pine amid a land of strangers and of foes for the soothing presence of your son."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I WENT straight to Fielding. That admirable philosopher was then living at Buckingham street, in the Strand. By a rare chance I found him at home. He was usually denied to all inquirers. He was stretched on a sofa, a bottle of wine by his side, and a plate of cold meat. A lady's black silk mask and a pair of gold fringed gloves gave evidence of some affair of the heart. His table was covered with papers, and he was evidently hard at work at a comedy or a love-letter when I entered. I informed him of what had just happened. He laughed a good deal at the scene with Lady Mary. Filling out a glass of wine, which he pushed towards me, he said, "This is my cure for all troubles; let me recommend it also to you;" and he almost forced me to drink it off. He helped himself to another and another, and then asked me what I meant to do with myself.

"I mean to leave England and seek Francesca."

"A very good resolution," he answered. "How many thousands have you got out of the old gentleman? I hope you have bled him finely. Faith I should not mind going with you."

"Thousands!" I replied, "why I have come to borrow a few pounds from you. Thousands, indeed, from Mr. Montagu—you must be jesting."

Fielding looked at me with great gravity; he seemed to doubt whether I was in my senses.

"Upon my soul, Wortley," says he, when his amazement had worn off, "if mine were a jest, your notion is far more comical. To think of borrowing a few pounds from me, who live by borrowing pounds, shillings, and pence from every one else, is right good, and I congratulate you on the bright idea. It was worthy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Why, how do you expect I live?"

"By your wits, doubtless, and they coin gold. Besides, your father allows you an annuity."

"I wish to heaven, my boy, it were so, and none should share it sooner with me than yourself; but though my father makes me an allowance, he always forgets to pay it. I have not had a shilling which I could call my own for the last six months. I am now driven to my last shift. I should take a rope, or go on the highway, but for this comfort—claret. Colley will no longer lend me any thing, and though Mrs. Clive wants me to become her debtor, it is a thing I never will do. She has a father, a husband, a sister, and herself to support. Why should such a worthless fellow as Harry Fielding be added to the number? Yet it is with difficulty I can refuse her generosity; and it gives me pain to see her feel my refusal as a slight. But, poor as I am, I will never act in a way unworthy of a man of honor. But let me see—let me see—can't we swindle some damned tailor out of fifty pounds?"

"I do not possess so rare an appendage as a tailor. My father has never suffered me to order my own clothes; he has always kept me like a boy, and I do not know a single tradesman."

"It is a most infernal shame," says Fielding, "for if you had, we could easily have got plenty of money out of the rogues, and would have a trip together to the dominions of His Most Catholic Majesty, where we might get something from the priests for turning Papists. What then is to be done?"

Why, I suppose I must go away without money."

"A capital notion—excellent—excellent. You mean, I suppose, to get out of England as Sinbad did out of his diamond cave, by tying yourself to a roc. Isn't that it?"

I shook my head.

"Well, then, I know no other method for a man without money to get into Spain. What's your project?"

"I intend simply to go on board ship, and work my passage out as a common sailor."

Fielding looked at me incredulously. He laughed, and took another glass of wine. The notion seemed to take him by surprise. He had evidently never before thought of such a thing.

"Well," he said, "if you who can raise unlimited thousands by *post obits*, or by going in debt to the Jews, are such a regular nincompoop as to prefer working your passage out before the mast, by the labor of your hands, why I will put you into my Common-place book, among the most remarkable eccentricities in England; and would certainly introduce you on the stage in one of my farces, only that, if I did, I fear it would be damned by the critics for being false to all modern notions of nature and reality."

"However that may be, I will cheat no one, except myself, and will never raise a penny on *post obits* or by the Jews. I should be a common swindler if I did; for I know my father will never leave me a sixpence."

"And is there a young man of fashion in England or out of it, who would not swindle a Jew or a tailor if he could? Are not *they* ever engaged in swindling *us*? What then is the *lex talionis* for?"

"For rogues, no doubt; but not for you or me, Harry."

"Well, Wortley, I believe there is some good in you still. Who the devil is that?" and Fielding half rose, as if about to retreat, and turned rather pale, as he heard rather a loud knock at the door. His fears, however, were as in-

stantly dispelled, for a vulgar, bull-puppy-faced, short man, with a hard, cunning, sensual eye, and coarse mouth entered. It proved to be our old acquaintance, Colley Cibber.

"I protest to Heaven!" says the dramatist, "you frightened me. I thought you were a bailiff; and if I did not know you, I should have taken you for one when you entered."

"Mr. Fielding," says Cibber, "I am obliged to you for the compliment; but I want to know whether that foolish farce is finished which we have been so long expecting? I think it is now some ten months since it was paid for."

"Oh, you old rogue," replied Fielding, "sit down; have a glass, and let me tell you what Kitty Clive said about you t'other day." And he immediately, with infinite liveliness, invented a scene, in which Mrs. Clive had professed the greatest admiration for Cibber, whom she described as a perfect husband, father, wit, fine gentleman, actor, and I don't know what else besides. The old fool swallowed it all down like honey, and forgot to pester Fielding about the farce—or, what was really as bad, to remind him that it had been paid for. He drank a glass or two, and then, for the first time, began to recognize me.

"My good Mr. Smith," he said, "I did not remember you. Pray excuse me, and let me know how you are getting on."

Fielding stared at him with great amazement. Cibber, however, did not notice it, and I gave the dramatist a look. He smiled archly.

"Colley," he said, "what in Lucifer's name do you mean by calling my cousin Montagu by that rascally misnomer? Smith—Smith—allow me, sir, to present you to him, and then make one of your best stage bows. Mr. Colley Cibber, patentee of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, I present you to Mr. Wortley Montagu, Junior, only son and heir of the Right Honorable Edward Wortley Montagu, Lord of

the Treasury, &c., &c., and Lady Mary Wortley, daughter of His Grace the Duke of Kingston. Cousin Montagu, know Mr. Colley Cibber, who is one of the most refined rakes, rogues, and wits in Great Britain."

I was covered with confusion. Old Cibber almost humbled himself in the dust before me. Never was seen a more wonderful change from patronizing politeness into crawling subserviency. Cibber had always behaved to me as a respectable elder, with a position well established, to a poor devil of a junior, with no position at all, or probably with even no prospect of one. But here was a magic change, indeed. The only son and heir of the richest man in London was before him, and he at once grovelled in the dust at my feet. Fielding saw and enjoyed the rapid metamorphosis—but I was wholly confounded. The old rogue saw it, and hastened to relieve me.

"Ah," he said, "I see an intrigue—sly—sly—damnably sly. In the city, too! as Mr. Smith—capital! capital! quite a dramatic incident, full of novelty and fire, damme—but who would have thought it? Mr. Wortley Montagu, I am proud and honored in renewing—or rather I should say in making so distinguished an acquaintance. May I present you with a pinch of snuff?"

We talked on various matters. Cibber was great on his friend Lord Chesterfield, and other noble lords whose toady he was. Rumor said he supplied them with actresses; but all managers of theatres do this for their patrons—so that there was nothing wonderful in that. I have known one of the most charming, modest, talented young creatures in the world, who sought employment at a royal theatre; her recommendations from country managers, under whom she had eminently distinguished herself, were first-rate. The director looked at them scornfully, but at herself impertinently. "Well," he said, "all this is very fine; but if I engage you, you must get somebody to take a private box

—we have some remaining at a hundred guineas.” The young creature was silent. It was her first visit to London, and she did not understand him.

“Private box—hundred guineas,” she murmured. “My dear sir, I don’t know what you mean. I have come to ask employment, and you tell me I must take a private box.”

The manager looked at her with curiosity. Such vestal ignorance was rather new. At first he did not believe it possible that any one should be so benighted in these polished times; but a searching glance into her clear eye showed that she really was so.

“Madam,” he answered, “we have applications every day from scores of young women, all as clever, pretty, and well recommended as yourself. We are in no want of talent—the town is pleased with what it gets. But you want to make a name in London—to win a reputation. Well, you must pay for it. It is worth your while to make some sacrifice to get on the boards. Get some nobleman or gentleman to take a private box, and if he does so, we will then take you on. If you can’t do this, you can’t act here.”

Even still she did not understand him. She replied: “But, sir, I don’t know any one in the world who would do such a thing for *me*; I have none to depend upon but myself.”

“Very well,” said the manager, “good morning; but you needn’t come here again.”

And this system, to my absolute knowledge, now prevails almost universally at all the great theatres—and I suppose it will extend to the minor ones in time. So refined a people have we become! The honorable writers and critics connected with these haunts of infamy take good care not to let the gentle public into the secret; and

I believe I am the first who ever did so. I have no doubt I shall receive my reward—abuse.

In all these matters, Colley was of course a proficient. Oh, how the old rogue crowed, laughed, rejoiced, revelled in his scoundrelism. If you could believe himself, he was the most desperate villain alive. No age or rank, or sex, or condition was sacred from his profanation. Every man was a scoundrel; every woman a wanton. Thus he ran on. He furnished examples as he went along, that his views were not merely theoretical—but founded on solid facts. Did he weep, lament, or sigh over this? Not he. He gloried in it; he triumphed in the universal baseness. He enumerated his own debaucheries, gaming, subserviency, and filth, until it made me sick. Here was an old man, upwards of seventy, who seemed a walking demon, and was proud to be considered so.

Fielding at length came to the point at which he had evidently been running for half-an-hour. With fine irony he began as follows:

“After all, Colley, from what I have known of you, you are a good man, a feeling man, a kind man, with all your eccentricities. Just hear me, and when I have done, say whether you have not an opportunity of performing one of the noblest acts that ever man did?”

Cibber's eyes sparkled. He was evidently glad of this encomium on his merits, thus made in my presence.

“Mr. Fielding,” he said, “I shall be glad to know what you mean.”

“It is not for myself I speak,” resumed my cousin. “I know if I were in the lowest pit of Tartarus, or even worse, in the Fleet Prison, you would not get me out if ten pounds paid down would do it. Nor do I complain of that. Nay, don't look so surprised, but help yourself to another glass—I shouldn't ask the money, and you wouldn't give it, so

no harm would be done; but I now speak to you for another."

Fielding narrated a most piteous tale that would have drawn tears from the hardest congregation, and melted even a company of professed Christians. I only recollect the outlines. A young girl in the country, the daughter of a painter, beautiful and innocent, engaged to be married to a gentleman whom she devotedly loved; the day fixed for the wedding; the father thrown into prison by an unrelenting creditor, who took advantage of the approaching union; poor old man seized with paralysis: another week's confinement will destroy him; the debt is only fifty pounds; the daughter takes the whole liability on herself; the father is released; the lover is disgusted at finding they are so poor, and basely repudiates the match; the young girl is now arrested by the scoundrel who imprisoned her father; she is lodged in prison for debt; the old man dies when he hears the sad news; will no one release her? Will no one fly to the rescue of this perishing virgin? Yes, there is one generous man who will do it—to whose heart charity never appealed twice, whose bosom is the shrine of pity. That man is Colley Cibber.

My cousin stopped. The tears were in his own eyes, so moving was the pathos of his narrative. But he spoke to a rock.

"Mr. Fielding," says Cibber, "I should be glad to assist this lady, indeed my heart feels for her"—the old rogue wiped his eyes, into which he called some theatrical tears—"but money, sir, money is very tight just now, and I really cannot do it—I really cannot. In a week or so—"

"Zounds, man, in a week she will be dead. She cannot survive her father's loss."

"Well, then, if it is only a week surely that will make little difference. It is a great pity she was so imprudent.

I feel for her—I feel as if she were a daughter of my own—the dear child; but money is tight.”

Fielding looked at him and changed the conversation. He rattled on love, gallantry, the stage, the green room. Lord Chesterfield became the subject of his discourse, and he kept us in a perpetual laugh. Suddenly he kept his eye upon Cibber, and said—

“Apropos, Colley, what do you think brings young Montagu here to-day? His old screw of a father won’t lend him fifty pounds, so he came to me to borrow it. Was not *that* an excellent notion?”

“Impossible,” answered Colley, “I know hundreds who would lend him thousands.”

“To be sure they would,” says my cousin, “but he is a prudent youth, and don’t intend to run into their nets. Besides, this is a little private affair of gallantry, and he wishes to be sly—quite sly. You understand, Colley, don’t you, you elderly sinner?”

I protested with my eyes against all this; but Fielding wouldn’t see it, so he went on in his mad way. Cibber licked his lips.

“Such a pretty little rogue; only fifteen, fresh from rural scenes, budding into perfect loveliness. Her mother has some scruples; she won’t let him have her unless he pays fifty pounds down to the wretch, and faith he hasn’t it. So he came to me. Absurd, Colley, wasn’t it? I tried to persuade him to be moral—but youth, youth—you know. He is quite in despair about her.”

“Ah! yes, youth, youth, and only fifteen did you say? Upon my soul they would be nicely matched. But that old haridan of a mother; was there ever any thing so unreasonable, so wicked? I did not think there were such wretches in the world. Not sell her daughter to so pretty a young gentleman for less than fifty pounds? Won’t even take his word for it? Oh! horrid; the age grows

quite blasphemous. Mr. Montagu," he added, turning to me, "I shall be forever your debtor if you will honor me by the acceptance of this trifle. It would be cruel to disappoint so fine a young gentleman. There is the money; repay it at your leisure. No, no, not a word. I won't take a refusal." And he pulled out his pocket-book and wrote me an order on his goldsmith for fifty pounds, which he thrust into my hand, and before I could prevent him, left the room.

My first movement was to knock him down and kick Fielding himself; but the latter winked at me, and I determined to wait a while and see whither all this tended. When the door was closed on Colley, Fielding flung himself back on his sofa and laughed for an entire quarter of an hour. He was quite beside himself. I could not make him hear or answer a word. At the end of that time I put the order into the fire. My cousin saw it, but too late to save it. This at once changed his laughter into profound gravity.

"Zounds! Wortley," he said, "what have you done? You have thrown away fifty pounds."

I explained to him that I did not approve of the jest; he saw that I was really angry, and he offered me a hundred apologies.

"Upon my honor, cousin," he said, "I could not resist the temptation of showing up the old vagabond in his true colors. I think I did so, and you must forgive me if I made you the stalking-horse. The thing is done—I wish you had kept the money. I beg your pardon." And he held out his hand. I could not refuse it, and we were friends again.

"Now," said he, "in the name of Lazarillo de Tormes, Gil Blas, and Sir Robert Walpole—as good a beggar as any of them—how shall we raise money for the Opera House to-night? I have made up my mind to go, and you

shall accompany me. As Falstaff says, 'But what money hast thou in thy purse?'"

I produced it; it was only two guineas.

"Bah," said he, "that will never do. Stay here a moment," and he ran into another room, from which he immediately returned with a periwig, a blue velvet suit edged with gold, not quite new, a silver-hilted sword, a pair and a half of silk stockings, two shirts, finely laced, a cocked hat, a ring belonging to his grandmother, a family Bible, a pair of red-heeled shoes, and a lady's satin petticoat.

These he arranged with some neatness and tied into a bundle. I asked him what he was doing.

"Oh!" he said, "only going to a kind friend, who obliges me with money sometimes, but as I don't like to be outdone in generosity, I usually deposit some little superfluous articles like these with him, and he generally gives me his note of hand."

"Do you mean a pawnbroker?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "that is what the vulgar call him. How on earth were you clever enough to make the guess?"

The parcel was now tied up.

"Remain here, Wortley," said he, "for a few minutes." Galloping gayly down stairs, he called a coach, into which he popped with his bundle, singing and whistling like a big school-boy.

In about a quarter of an hour he returned capering with joy.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" he said, "Evoe! Io Bacchus! never was any thing so fortunate. I am the luckiest fellow on earth. I am richer than Cræsus, or your father. I am the happiest fellow in the world," and he ran up, and putting his arms about me, he kissed me in the excess of his madness. Opening his hand, he produced ten guineas, the gleam of which set him capering again.

"There," he said, "did I not tell you I was Dives him-

self? Now come and let us prepare for the Opera House. No time is to be lost. We shall go in dominoes. All the fine people in the world will be there."

CHAPTER XXIX.

I WAS scarcely in any humor to go a-masquerading, but Fielding's genial manner was difficult to resist, and he half thrust me into a mask and domino, amusing his fancy all the while with images of the adventures we should have. We called a coach and got to the Opera House about ten. The rooms were already full, and we resolved to take a survey of them at first before we engaged in any more particular pursuit. There were Soldiers, Monks, Demons, Jews, Priests, Cardinals, Harlequins, Clowns, Shepherdesses, Kings, Turks, Pantaloons, Bandits, Negroes, Fox-hunters, Princesses, Nuns, Fairies, Frenchmen, Corsairs, and Maids of Honor—a motley assemblage, symbolical in its variety of the real world about us. Twenty masks, one after another, ran up to us, and saying, "Do you know me?" were rather disgusted with our ignorance of one and all; for we spoke in feigned voices, not intending to reveal ourselves until we had performed the entire circuit of the place. This was at length achieved, and we sat down at a table for some refreshment.

"Your present condition," said Fielding, who was half-sentimentally tipsy, "reminds me somewhat of Cornifix, Count of Ulfeld, Great Master of Denmark. For this noble person was like you, the son of a great nobleman—indeed his father was Lord Chancellor of Denmark, and like you his spirit was so lively that at the age of ten, the

old gentleman being wholly unable to control him, or reduce him within any reasonable bounds, was obliged to send him to Paris under the care of a governor, with strict orders to curb the growth of a most licentious temper. Although he labored in this honorable employment for five years, he was unable to check the young Count, and at the end of that period he wrote to his father, resigning the task in despair. The old man, enraged at such perversity in his son, discarded him forever, and Count Ulfeld, thrown on his own resources before he was sixteen, was little better than a wandering outcast, though whether he went in masquerade among the gypsies hath not been recorded by the historian. In his last extremity he travelled into Germany, and made his case known to Count Oldenburgh, who was a distant relation. The Count was pleased with his wit and figure, and entertained him for three years, at the end of which period half the husbands were jealous of the young Dane, and all the women, particularly the wedded ones, were pulling caps for his favors. When the war broke out between King Christian and some of the Germanic princes, Count Ulfeld, being tired of Venus and longing after Mars, solicited letters from his kinsman to General Fowlk, one of the greatest captains of the age, under whom he campaigned for five years, until he became as thorough a soldier as he had before been a courtier. On the restoration of peace he went into Italy, and became acquainted with Signor Cremonini, a noble Venetian, who made him an accomplished diplomatist, and by his influence he was sent into Denmark in the train of an ambassador from the Republic. At Copenhagen he was present at all the conferences which the Chancellor, his father, had with the Ambassador, and the former began to feel a wonderful liking for the young stranger, whose ready wit and general knowledge were of great advantage to the Ambassador's councils. He took occasion to solicit a private interview

with him, and after offering him all the services in his power, and entreating earnestly that he would enter into the service of Denmark, he begged to know of what family he was. The young man at first refused to satisfy him on that point, but being pressed much he at length said, 'My lord, I am that unfortunate son of your own, whom you discarded for his youthful follies on his governor's report. May I hope that I have sufficiently atoned for them?' The Chancellor was delighted with the discovery, and made the King acquainted with the whole story, so that in a little time Count Ulfeld became the idol of both court and kingdom. May I venture to hope a similar termination to all your escapades?"

"You certainly may venture to hope it; but my mother's hatred of me is so intense, and my father's folly about his money is so perfect, that I think the notion that I possibly some day may enjoy his wealth, is alone sufficient to make him loathe me, and I do not anticipate so favorable an ending of my drama as that which happened to Count Ulfeld. In the Montagu as in the Guelph family, the eldest son is always hated by his family."

"Well, let us change the subject," he said; "and *apropos* of nothing we shall have the Guelphs here to-night, father and son, both followed by some of the basest gold-embroidered knaves on earth, fawning and smiling on the 'fountain of honor,' and ready to sell their souls for a smile or a promise. Who that looks upon such a scene can entertain any feeling but that of scorn for the rogues in purple who call themselves 'most noble,' 'right honorable,' and 'full of grace.' Such titles seem conferred in irony; they are certainly the bitterest sarcasms on their possessors; yet these fellows carry them about as gravely as if they expressed their true inward nature. They always remind me of that right honorable jackdaw that dressed himself in peacock's feathers."

"There is an old saying, Harry, that 'fools are the favorites of fortune;' I think it should rather be that knaves are."

"Fools and knaves, dear Wortley, are convertible terms. I never yet knew a fool who was not a knave also, only that he had not the capacity to carry it out; I never yet knew a knave who was not on the whole an arrant fool. Here comes one who is a beautiful compound of both."

And Lord Hillsborough, the wildest and most scandalous libertine of that day of libertines, passed. He was engaged with a couple of pure shepherdesses, one of whom had a pastoral crook and another a sylvan pipe; Hillsborough himself being attired as Paris on the Dardan Hills, but looking like a bacchanal of Drury Lane. He had pulled his mask off, and was half drunk already. A rabble followed him, listening to brutal wit and ribaldry, only coarser than that of Swift or Rabelais, of whom he seemed compounded.

"I wonder is his wife here?" said Fielding. "I hope she is."

An elegantly dressed fop now approached us. Bowing to Fielding, he said, in a lisping voice, half song, half recitative—

"Do you know me? Fal, lal, lal, la."

"I certainly do," said Harry, "you are Jack Frothwell."

"The same at your service, Mr. Fielding. Damme, I am delighted to see you here. I am looking for the divine Phillis! Fal, lal, lal, la. What do you think of my dress? This pink satin is the heavenliest thing. This ring I got from the Countess of ——."

"I think the Countess Fal-lal has shown exquisite taste in her selection of a lover," answered Fielding; "you are both well matched."

"'Pon my word, you say truly," answered Jack, "and I'll repeat your compliment to her, the moment I see her

ladyship. Have you seen many here to-night that you know?"

"Oh! hundreds—England realizes the proud boast of one of the knights of old, all whose sons were brave, all whose daughters were chaste. The superlative degree of both are congregated here to-night."

"Divine England! divine pleasure; the first, the only land for the second—the second enjoyed nowhere but in the first. Don't you think that a good observation, Mr. Fielding?"

"Which? England or pleasure?"

"Nay, if you grow satirical, I must be off. Faith, I see her ladyship yonder. O, Divine! Adieu—adieu. I kiss your hands." And the beau went off, like a squib of gunpowder, muttering his favorite "Fal, lal, lal, la," softly echoed in the air.

"That man has ten thousand a-year," sighed Harry, "and you see how he spends it."

While we were thus engaged, my old friend Lord Chesterfield, attired as a Spanish grandee, passed near; he wore no mask, and he was followed by a well-dressed crowd of giddy youths, who seemed to think him divinity; and I could see many a stray glance from bright eyes wafted towards the strutting little Don. Fielding looked at me for a moment; his eyes twinkled with fun.

"Behold," he whispered, "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form—Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. He is reputed to be the finest courtier we have; look at him and acknowledge that the eulogy is merited. He mocks every man, and boasts that he intrigues with every woman, though his recent affair with the Duchess of Manchester has not tended much to his glory as a lady-killer."

"What was that?"

"Why, just this. Her grace has been married about nine years, and having no issue, our peer thought it a pity

that the honors of this noble house should be transferred from the direct line to a brother. He accordingly waited on her grace a few mornings since, though he knew but little of her, having only seen her once or twice at court. After a few compliments, which no man can pay with prettier grace, he delicately alluded to the absence of an heir to this most honorable title; informed her that he should be most happy to form such an acquaintance with her as would probably produce so desirable a consummation. The Duchess, who is a namesake of yours, was silent for some time; in fact her indignation stopped her power of speech, which gave my lord so much encouragement, that he was proceeding to kiss her hand, when the lady, rising, thus saluted this well-bred worshipper of the graces. 'Begone, sir, from my presence, nor ever again dare to enter it—and think yourself well off that for this affront I do not order my servants to thrust you headlong out of doors.' My lord smiled, bowed, and I suppose has come here unmasked, to exhibit to the world his grand indifference to such trifling accidents, which are unable to disturb his composure even for a moment."*

"I suppose my lady namesake was not so much displeased at the measure as with the man. Had the proposition come from another, who was an Antinous, it would have probably been better received. But this fellow seems an antidote to all love. His short figure, thick make, large rough-featured ugly face, black teeth, and head as big as Polyphemus, are more calculated to frighten the women than to captivate them. Only that he is a great deal uglier and more vulgar-looking, he would have reminded me of little Will, the waiter at the 'Turk's Head.'"

"Aye, and he is always prating of 'the graces.'"

* This story is repeated also in the "Life of Johnson," by Sir John Hawkins. Page 180.

"Yet you dedicated to him your 'Don Quixote in England.'"

"Yes, I did, and got twenty guineas for it. What could I do, Wortley? The old general was sending to me every day for a loan, and I could refuse him no longer. It is not every son would do so much for a father—as dedicate to Chesterfield."

The music now struck up, and we walked about the rooms. Fielding's fine figure and proportions attracted the fair sex in crowds. The pretty moths gathered around him as if he were a flaming candle. He reminded me of the Grand Seigneur. I, though nearly as tall, could of course present no counterpart to his vast attractions. A good deal of his own experience in these matters subsequently appeared in "Tom Jones" and "Amelia"—those glorious novels.

A tall, thin figure, with a most affected manner, passed us. He was dressed in the extreme of splendor—but it was an effeminate splendor. It was the luxury of a manikin aping a fine gentleman. His gait was slow and pompous; but its pomposity made it laughable. I felt an icy chill as he came near. I have always thought there was a vast depth of sagacity in that observation which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of one of his witches—

"By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes."

I am never even unconsciously in the presence of a foe, or a thoroughly bad person, that I do not, as if by instinct, feel uneasy. The same sense of oppression, annoyance, and dislike now came over me.

"Who is this?" I whispered to my companion.

"What," he said, "don't you know him?—

'Narcissus praised with all a parson's power,
Looked a white lily sunk beneath a shower.'

So Pope sang of Lord Hervey, after he had read Middle-

ton's dedication of Cicero to him." And then he continued, half audibly, half in an undertone—

"Let Sporus tremble—What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk?
Satire or sense alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon the wheel?
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way;
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,
Or at the ear of Eve,* familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad.
Amphibious thing that acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart.
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord;
Eve's tempter* thus the Rabbins have expressed,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest."

Fielding repeated these terrible verses with so little heed as to who heard him, that I am satisfied "Sporus" himself had the benefit of it all. He darted a look at us that even under his mask betrayed rage. "Good Heaven!" I thought, "can this be Lady Mary's favorite Adonis?" Fielding divined my thoughts, but he was too well bred to allude to one of the current scandals of the day.

"This man," he said, "is another example of what we have been saying. When he married Molly Lepell, whom the wags now begin to call 'Old Brimstone,' though it is surely too soon, he sent her every night to Court, to induce old George the First to take her into keeping. The Duchess of Kendal got alarmed, and gave her four thousand pounds to stay away. Our noble friend accepted the money with great devotion, and bought a town house and furniture with it, and our noble lady became a rank Jacobite. So much for Courts. What do you think of the wife? But she was early schooled into the true value of money. Her father, old General Lepell, was colonel of a regiment of horse, and Mary Lepell regularly drew her pay as one

* It was thus that Pope alluded to Lady M. W. and Lord H.

of his cornets; the thing lasted up to the time when she was appointed Maid of Honor—when it was thought too scandalous to continue it, and it was transferred to another sister, who I suppose has it still. My lady is a very nice Latin scholar, and is not without wit. What do you think the King said the other night to her master? ‘My Lord Hervey, you ought not to write verses; it is beneath your rank. Leave such work to little Mr. Pope.’ I suppose this explains the verses—

‘And justly Cæsar scorns the poet’s lays,
It is to history he trusts for praise.’

And history no doubt will give it. But hush! here comes Moll Skerrett—Walpole’s lady of the harem, daughter of the parish clerk of St. Andrew’s, Holborn. O, Moll Skerrett! Moll Skerrett! many ups and downs have I seen in life, but none more worthy of renown than thine. Mark my words: Walpole’s man (the King) will make *her* Countess also some day.”

The crowd saw not St. Andrews, and heard not A-men in my lady, but perceived only the quintessence of St. James’s, and the perfume of the Treasury—a whole drawing-room full of the finest people followed her worshipping. It was the old story of Vashti. The noble herd cared not that my lady was Sir Robert’s avowed and shameless mistress, and that his wife was living. They only saw the favorite of the all-powerful Prime Minister. In her train was Lady Mary, always one of her chief friends and backers. Lord Hervey immediately joined them. My mother appeared in her fancy costume—an Eastern robe and head-dress. It became her well. All the honorable and fashionable witlings fluttered about her; all the noblemen and illustrious women dangled after Moll. The Duchess of Kendal, that tall, lean, ill-favored mawkin, paid court to her; the huge Madam Platen, whose two fierce black eyes shone like moons eclipsed, or burnt holes in a blanket, over two

continents of painted cheeks, and a whole ocean of neck, did not disdain to flatter the Holborn goddess. The three were, indeed, "birds of a feather," and shed splendid light on Court morals. That night, I think, decided me forever, and gave me a repugnance to society which I have never got over. I am glad of it. Solitude has made me a better man.

"Can this be Lord Cavendish?" whispered Fielding. "Yes, it is he, by Jupiter, and still full of his grand exploit, riding from Hyde Park Corner to the Lodge at Windsor in an hour and six minutes—twenty-one miles, for five thousand pounds! And here is the fool who lost the money, Sir Robert Fogg—himself also a horse fancier. No wonder it has been said that England is the hell of horses, since they are spurred to death in this style. But where is Pulteney who pinked Lord Hervey in a duel some time since, and would certainly have sent him across the Styx, only that his foot slipped just as he was making the final lunge. And where is the Duke of Cumberland, who stands godfather to every one that asks him, and can give him a good feed? But what have we here?"

And a Mask mounting on a chair, cried out—

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! all good people, come and listen to a right merry ballad, written by the Virgin Mary, the greatest wit and brightest nymph that ever celebrated the praise of Bath." And the silly crowd began to gather at his cry.

I knew the voice; it was that of Dr. Young. But the parson did not care where he went or what he did, so long as it served his purpose.

When a sufficiently large mob of fashionable people had assembled round the crier, and silence had been at length procured, the reverend gentleman read the following ballad, amid great applause. I insert the thing here—first, because it is not printed in my lady's published works; and, sec-

only, because it so vividly reminds me of the whole folly of the scene that night :

To all you ladies now at Bath,
And eke ye beaux to you,
With aching heart and watery eyes
I bid my last adieu.

"You see, gentlemen, what a fine thing it is to belong to the ancient and honorable order of beaux; to draw brilliants from the eyes of this fair and noble lady must indeed be a rare chance, and such has been that of your Bath brethren. Let us hope it won't be her last adieu, and that she will again return to illuminate that Bladudian town, though we can never see too much of her here." An observation which elicited general approval from the crowd.

The reverend gentlemen in disguise read on—

Farewell, ye nymphs, who waters slip,
Fresh reeking from the pumps,
While music lends her friendly aid
To cheer you from the dumps.

"Aye, faith," says one; "they must have been in the dumps when Lady Mary was there, for she carried off all their lovers."

"No," says another; "the reason they were in the dumps was because they drank water instead of ratafia."

Farewell, ye wits, who prating stand,
And criticize the fair,
Yourselves the joke of men of sense,
Who hate a coxcomb air.

"Gentlemen," says Young, "this observation applies only to the Bath wits—for so I hear they call themselves. They should come and learn of us here in London, who alone have true wit and humor; not of Beau Nash, who is a very dull fellow, indeed."

"There you lie," shouted a mask; "and if I had you in

Bath I should order you to be pumped, though you *are* a parson."

"You lie like a knave," says Young, trusting to his disguise; "I'm no parson."

"Ain't *you* Neddy Young?" asked Nash.

"No, indeed," answered the other, with an unblushing bronze that would have done honor to the Court.

"Then I'm sorry to think," retorted Nash, "that there are two of you. I thought the devil could have made only one."

"Hear him—hear Harry Nash," bawled two or three; "demme, he wants to give laws here; but we'll toss him in a blanket if he tries."

"If you do," says Nash, "it will be the best thing you ever tossed; but I don't think you'll try."

"Go on, parson," cried Jack Frothwell; and Young resumed—

Farewell to Deards, and all her toys,
Which glitter in her shop,
Deluding traps to girls and boys,
The warehouse of the fop.

Lindsay's and Hayes's both farewell!
Where in the spacious hall,
With bounding steps and sprightly air,
I've led up many a ball.

"Ah! you lovely woman," cried one; "would to Cupid I had been there to see. These bounding steps and sprightly airs are the very things I like best of all others in the world."

And here he sighed in a most ludicrous manner.

Where Turberville of courteous mien,
Was partner in the dance,
With swimming Hawes, and Brownlow blythe,
And Britton, pink of France.

"Three cheers for 'swimming Hawes,'" cried Jack; "she is now Lady Vane, and faith, there's no fish in the sea I'd sooner swim with." This sally produced great laughter.

Poor Nash—farewell! may fortune's smile
Thy drooping soul revive,
My heart is full—I can no more—
John, bid the coachman drive.

"There now, Nash, there's comfort for you," said Young, as he stopped and folded up the paper. "By the Gods, such a wish as that proceeding from so fine a lady must raise you to the seventh heaven of Olympus, if there were such a place at all, which I don't believe there is."

"Aye!" retorted the King of Bath, "but such cursed folly as you have been speaking sinks me back again into the seventh pit—where I should gladly leave you if I believed there were such a region."

And the crowd separated to seek some other foolery.

"You hear all this," said Fielding to me—"but her ladyship exposes herself to it. When will she learn sense?"

"Let us change the subject, Harry," I said, "I am tired of it." My cousin was silent. After a pause he asked—

"What do you think of the King of Bath?"

"Nothing," I answered.

"You are right," he rejoined; "he is nothing, but out of his nothingness he makes a princely income. He it was who first led the fashion of riding naked on a cow for a wager, which some of our fine gentlemen, Lord Gainsborough among the rest, have mimicked. I have known him in London watch a whole day at a window in the Smyrna Coffee House, in order to receive a bow from a Duke or a Duchess, as they passed where he was standing, and he would then look round upon the company for admiration and respect."

"I fear the world is full of such."

"Yet," pursued Fielding, "the fellow is a kind of humorist in his way. He once gave out publicly that he would drink no wine but what was strained through his sweetheart's smock, and I have seen him eat a pair of her shoes tossed up in a fricassee. Though this savors of the ex-

treme of madness, there were fifty young fellows who imitated him in all this. Yet I admire one part in the fellow, which shows him not to be entirely lost. He is noted for never mentioning his father. Dr. Cheyne swears he never had one. The Duchess of Marlborough one day said he was like Gil Blas, who was ashamed of his father. ‘No, madam,’ he replied; ‘I never mention my father in *this* company, not because I have any reason to be ashamed of him, but because he has some reason to be ashamed of me.’ Then he bowed to all around. I hardly think they saw the sarcasm. But whom have we here?

“He is the best-dressed man in town, Lord Portmore—with his new wife, the Duchess of Leeds, whom he has not yet got tired of”—and Fielding showed me a fine-looking figure arrayed in gold and velvet and a blaze of jewels.

“He certainly does look well; does his inner man correspond with this gorgeous outside?”

“Hear what the Duchess of Queensbury says of him, and judge for yourself. He was about building a house in their neighborhood; they proposed him a very fine situation where he might have a splendid view of the sea; but the fine gentleman cried out, ‘O! the sea looks so fierce it frights me.’ Is he not a pretty fellow to be a legislator?”

“Who comes here? Antony Henley, one of the most brutal profligates in England, and only inferior to his brother, whom we call ‘Surly Bob.’ Have you heard of the letter he sent to his constituents last week? They wrote to him to oppose the Excise Bill. This was his answer—

“‘Rascals, I received yours, and am surprised at your insolence in troubling me about the excise. You know what I very well know, that I bought you, and I am determined to sell you. And I know what you perhaps think I do not know, you are now selling yourselves to somebody

else. And I know what you do not know, that I am buying another borough. May God's curse light on you all; may your houses be as open and common to all excise officers as your wives and daughters were to me when I stood for your rascally corporation.'

"Now, Wortley, if ever you stand for Huntingdon, you will know how to address your voters; this indeed may be regarded as a model of composition."

"Nay," said I, "I know something of these matters too, for I had a little to do with the last election for Bilgewater. I think Henley must have been its member, for there is not a line in his letter which is not applicable to that noted constituency."

Henley seeing us looking at him rather keenly, walked unceremoniously up to where we were.

"Hallo! Fielding," he said, "what have you pulled off your mask for? Ain't you afraid of the bailiffs?"

"Why, yes, I was," retorted Harry, "but when I saw you walking about so fearlessly, I knew that there were none here, and that I was safe."

"Damn ye," answered Henley, "you're out there—my privilege of Parliament protects me—so you're bitten."

"Well, then," added Fielding, "the true reason why I pulled it off was this: I heard you were to be here in a domino like this, and not to be mistaken for the veriest rogue in Parliament, I uncovered my face."

Henley abruptly left us.

"But who is this that trips so nymph-like over the boards? by her swimming motion I cannot be mistaken—by the monkey at her side I can scarcely be deceived. Let me wait till I hear her voice, and then I shall be more certain."

Fielding put on his mask, and went up to a lady dressed as Night—a dark lace dress with a profusion of gold stars, and a veil of the same costly material floating to the floor.

She was leaning on a gentleman attired as a French position—and he became the character well. Harry made an elegant bow, and whispered, “Do you know me?” He received an answer in the negative, but the voice was like the wild soft strain of a harp—it thrilled through every one’s very heart. Fielding again bowed and retired.

“Yes,” he whispered to me, “I was right; it is Lady Vane—the ‘swimming Hawes’ of your mother’s ballad. She is just married. Her father is a rich West Indian; he was in the South Sea swindle, by which he increased his estate £40,000, and bought a most lovely place near Reading; but ill-gotten gains seldom prosper; and this old knave having, like a big rogue, taken a mistress and got a new family, he brought up this innocent young creature to town, and published everywhere that she was to have an immense fortune; five hundred negroes with silver collars and so forth. This drew all the young lords and rakes after her; but she ran away with Lord William Hamilton; and old Hawes used this as a pretext not to give her a sixpence—he himself having, unknown to her, devised the whole plot of the elopement by bribing her maid, who encouraged her to the step. Poor Lord William was a very honorable fellow, but like all Scotsmen, he had no money; he was disappointed, but what could he do? He died soon after of a fever caught in an election contest, and her father immediately sold her to Lord Vane, the imp by her side, whom she detested, but who it is said settled an immense jointure on her, which I don’t think he ever means to pay. But trust me she will soon leave him—or I have no skill in women, or in men either.” How this prediction was fulfilled, all the world knows.

Poor Lady Vane! I am truly sorry for her. Dr. Smollett has lately published her life and adventures, and has been much abused for it; but I am heartily glad he has committed them to the press; otherwise she might have

floated down to posterity in the same rank with mad Lady Oxford, and still madder Lady Orford, and worst and maddest of all, that wild woman, Charles Townsend's meteoric mother. I followed her with my eyes. I was under a species of fascination for the moment. She half entranced and bound me in her spells. With all her follies there was an amount of *heart* in all she said and did; she was so evidently genuine, frank and good natured, that had I not been all-enthralled to the noblest of women, I fear I should have found myself among this lady's adorers.

A lank lean-looking man, something like a horse-jockey, now came up to us. "Mr. Fielding," said he, "have you seen my Lady Burlington here?"

"Yes," said Harry, "she has just passed with the Grand Vizier—or one that would be like him."

A peculiar smile, half silly, half spiteful, passed over the other's face, and he left us.

"There is a fellow," said my cousin—"he resigned a place at court some time since, because he would not vote with Walpole,—but his wife, who is openly intriguing with the Duke, as his Grace is evidently amouring with the prim Princess Amelia—would not give up hers, and the fool has nearly made himself ridiculous by losing a post worth £3,000 a year, sooner than sacrifice his patriotism, while he dishonors his family rather than give up the £1,200 which he gets for serving *cette diablesse Madame la princesse*, as the King calls her. How can you account for such things? Does God give the same sort of brains to these creatures that he bestows on ordinary mortals? Here is that blundering blockhead, Lord Falmouth—I know him well, though he is disguised as a Spanish Grandee. Avarice and meanness are as proverbial in that family as coarseness and lying in the Stuarts. When this fellow's father was dying there was only his apothecary present. 'Watson,' said he, 'give me a shirt out of that drawer in

the corner.' The apothecary stared and begged him not to disturb himself—he thought he was raving. 'Pray give it me,' said the dying lord, 'for I understand it is a custom that the shirt one dies in becomes the perquisite of the layer out; this I have on is a very fine lace one, but that in the drawer is an old ragged one, and good enough for the jade.' He would not rest and could not die till Watson had changed them."

"Gentlemen," said Jack Frothwell—calling a crowd around him—"I beg pardon, Ladies, my Lords and Gentlemen, who among you can help me to two hundred guineas?"

"Not I," says one, and "Not I," says another, and a third said "I'll see you damned first."

"Ah," says Jack, "I thought how it would be; none of you will own to this robbery."

"What robbery?" demanded a hundred voices.

"Why this robbery advertised in all the papers," and Jack read aloud as follows:

"Lost or mislaid, one pair of large brilliant diamond earrings with drops, the first water, and one odd night earring, with three brilliant diamonds; three large bars for the breast, set with rose diamonds. If offered to be sold, pawn'd or valued, pray stop 'em and the party, especially if it be a young lady, and give notice to Mr. DRUMMOND, Goldsmith, at Charing Cross, and you shall receive 200 Guineas reward for the same."

"There now, Ladies," resumed Jack, "you see how it is. Can't you put this sum of money in my way for nothing, and drat me if I won't give half of it to the informer and myself in the bargain, if she's a pretty one?"

"Bravo, bravo, Jack," shouted out his companions, and they rushed after a huge figure arrayed in the robes of Lord Chancellor, who was singing an indecent ballad.

"Who, is that tall, thin, lathlike man, something like the Monument," I asked, "who is dressed as Æsculapius?"

"That," said Fielding, scanning him very closely, "is Dr. St. Andre, who came over to this country a perfect pauper, but by some lucky lines, got himself into notice, and would probably have been appointed sergeant-surgeon to the King himself, only that he made himself the town jest by the rabbit business, which produced so great a noise a few years ago. He was himself, I believe, persuaded that Mary Tofts was the veritable mother of I know not how many of these interesting animals, and he invited Sir Hans Sloane and the chiefs of the Royal Society to be present at the incubation. They went, and were deceived likewise, and the Society was about to adopt her, and identify themselves with the deception, but luckily the cheat was discovered, and the Fellows saved from irremediable disgrace. For they have patronized so many absurdities, that one or two more will squelch them utterly. St. Andre retired into the country, where he, and the woman who is with him, Lady Betty Molyneux, daughter of the Earl of Essex, contrived to poison her husband, by which the lady came in for thirty thousand pounds, and is now married to St. Andre. Pope has preserved her in his amber, as 'the poisoning wife.' They are a very happy nice couple, and do well to figure at this place."

"Why, Harry," I remarked, "you are as good as Asmodeus; you know all these people, as well as if you were their father confessor."

"Better, my dear Coz, better," he answered, "for when you have lived as long as me, and seen as much, you will know that it is only the minor sins that are revealed in confession—the greater never are. For the honor of the state and our high civilization, this is not the only lady poisoner we have here to-night. Unless I mistake I see Lady Deloraine;" and he pointed out a mask who now

slowly approached us. She was dressed in Indian costume, and looked magnificent, but I could not see her features. The opportunity, however, was soon afforded. Anthony Henley walked up to her, and without the slightest ceremony pulled off her mask. Her face instantly grew filled with blood; she darted at him one baleful glance, but in an instant her whole expression changed. She absolutely smiled on him and gave him a cordial welcome. I could then observe her; her eyes were round and bright just like an adder's; they were vividly clear and still; the lips were thin lines of red; the motion was soft and gliding. All poisoners have this peculiarity. I happened once to be thrown by circumstances into the company of the greatest poisoner of this or any other age. When he moved it was with so soft and gentle a step from place to place that you started to find him beside or behind you, when you had only a moment before seen him at the other end of the room. His voice was low and modulated, but an observant ear could detect something sibilant in its under tones. The whole appearance was remarkably sleek, smooth and clean; and so it is with the most venomous of adders (the puff adder), which would be miserable if the least speck begrimed its glittering coat.

"Who is this woman?" I asked Fielding.

"She is bedchamber woman at Court," he said; "she sings loose songs for the king every night before he goes to bed, and the woman she poisoned was a pretty Scotch woman named McKenzie, who was rather in her way."

Here a middle-sized, ill-shaped sort of woman, with fine eyes and thin nose projecting to a point, suddenly pulled off her mask, while she used her fan to cool herself. In doing so she exposed a magnificent pair of diamond earrings.

"Are these Jack Frothwell's jewels, I wonder? If so, hadn't we better claim the reward?"

"No," answered my companion, "they are Lord Pomfret's, and are well paid for."

"How do you mean? Is this woman a—"

"Oh! dear no; don't be mistaken; she is no less a personage than Lady Sundon. I happen to know that she got those very ear-rings for procuring the Mastership of the Horse for Pomfret. She does well to wear her bribe in her ears. But I wonder that she has boldness enough to do so."

"Nay; I think she does not only well but wisely. How could you have people know where there is wine to be sold, unless there is a sign hung out?"

"That saying is worthy of your mother, my boy. Sundon, who is decent in other respects, ought to be above this, for she is now enormously rich. O, England, thou art a glorious land for prime ministers and royal serving women. Walpole came up to town with only eight hundred pounds a year, debts innumerable, and a heap of brothers, and country cousins and sisters to keep out of it, and he now owns Houghton, the greatest house in Norfolk, and with a gallery of paintings perhaps unequalled in the world. Lady Sundon was, like Craggs, a servant at St. James's, and taking money from bishops, archbishops, courtiers and parsons, she is now worth one hundred thousand pounds, with probably forty thousand pounds more in jewels and finery—the gift of the well discerning, who have quick eyes for that sort of merit, which can give rewards to its believers."

"Here comes Sewallis Shirley," whispered Fielding, pointing to a thin, well-made man with blue eyes, but a dissipated air; "they say he loves Lady Vane, and if I were my lord I should beware of him, for he is a dangerous man with the sex. And there is Lady Pomfret herself, Jeffrey's granddaughter—a great crony of your mamma, who probably had wit enough to make her husband bribe Lady Sun-

don. But who is this in full canonicals? As I live it is Orator Henley; but where he has got the money to buy his ticket I know not, unless some mad wag with more gold than brains has sent him here to make us laugh."

The Orator swaggered towards us, and was evidently pleased at the admiration which he excited; a crowd of young fellows fresh from Oxford followed him, and wit and puns, and classical allusions were bandied freely about between them. One of them now pulled forward a chair; and arranged some benches in a circular shape, and there being a general call for a sermon, the reverend gentleman with great meekness mounted the temporary pulpit, and adjusting his bands and trying hard to look demurely, began as follows:

"Beloved brethren, and ye, my sisters, more beloved still—hearken unto my speech, and give ear unto my words. for verily they will be of sweet savor to your worldly souls. Clouds ye are, without water, carried about of winds; trees whose fruit withereth without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever. All this ye are naturally, I say; yet if ye do but follow the holy counsel which I shall bestow, ye shall ascend with Paul into the high heaven, which I wish he had described for the edification of all sinners like yourselves. Ask ye where ye shall hear that holy counsel? In the sacred groves of Academe—I mean Clare Market, it may be heard; by the classic waters of the Ilis—I mean, the pump of Clement's Inn, the words of wisdom may be gleaned. Therefore do I counsel ye, one and all, repair thither without further delay, and lay up store of that holy treasure, which shall abide unto you when all others shall have passed away. But unto those abandoned ones, who will not listen, woe unto them, for they have gone in the way of Cain, and ran

greedily after the error of Balaam for reward, and perished in the gainsaying of Core."

Here a young wag, in a horribly nasal tone, cried "Ah-men!"

"We are told by holy Jude, the sanctified brother of James the Apostle," resumed Henley, "that Michael the Archangel disputed with the devil about the body of Moses, but how he discovered the burial place of the Hebrew patriarch hath not been revealed, for he was entombed in great secresy somewhere in the land of Moab. Many people believe this to be a literal fact, and the infidels and scoffers—of whom this wicked city is full—have often grown irreverent on the subject, even in the presence of these men of God, the Right Reverend Bishops of the Church that is by law Established. But it has always appeared to me that holy Jude merely meant to speak figuratively in that place, and that he hath bequeathed to us a metaphorical type, which might often be applied with singular force to the great variety of things which we daily see around us. For it cannot be seriously contended that the narrative should be taken literally; the dead body of the son of Amram being, as I conceive, of no earthly use whatever to the Prince of the Air, whom some call Lucifer. For to fry it in his fires would avail nothing, the soul suffering not by the dead body's discomfiture; and the soul itself we know he could not get. Therefore I have always regarded the text in question as being one of those grand outbursts of fancy for which the prophets were famous; and which is capable of being turned to the most useful account in all the transactions of living life."

Here the same wag again groaned out "Ah-men!"

"When I see a Minister of State doubtful whether he shall sell his country to a foreign prince for a bribe of fifty thousand pounds, or whether he shall not rather content himself with the thirty (and security) which he may have

by robbing the credulous public at home, methinks I think I see the Devil then contending with the Archangel for the body of Moses.

“When I see a very reverend clergyman, high in the Church, balancing his conscience between his support of public measures, which he knows to be inimical to the country, and his ambition after a mitre, which he is assured is worth ten thousand a year, then methinks I see the Devil awfully contending with the Archangel for the body of Moses.

“When I see a young virgin hesitating between the arms of old age, holding forth in each hand a well-filled casket of gold and jewels, and the seducing smiles of some younger cavalier, to whom she has given what she calls her heart, then methinks I see the Devil wrangling with the Archangel for the body of Moses.

“When I see a merchant great on 'Change, immersed in anxious reflections, whether he shall secure five thousand guineas by some bold fraud in stock or merchandise, or whether he shall not rather be more safe if he heaps gold on gold by his accustomed quiet dribblets of speculation, then methinks I see the Devil stoutly fighting with the Archangel for the body of Moses.

“When I see the blatant patriot, who has entered the House of Commons, sworn to wreak vengeance on the enemies of freedom, secretly selling himself to the First Lord for a place in the Ministry, while with many a pang of anticipation he hears the groans of his deluded countrymen, and is half inclined to wait a little longer—that he may get a higher price, then methinks I see the Devil squabbling with the Archangel for the body of Moses.

“When I see the ermined judge condemning a man to jail whose only crime is that he differs in opinion with the ignorant many who constitute what is called the State, while under his belt he carries the promise of the King

that he shall be made a Privy Councillor for his suppleness, then indeed I see the Devil clapper-clawing the Archangel about the body of Moses.

“When I see the skilful doctor listening to his patient’s enumeration of symptoms, and prescribing for him the pill, while he pockets the daily fee, yet all the while confessing to his own heart that better than pill or potion would be that hermit abstinence from the bottle or the feast, which is the true source of the disease, but which he nevertheless hints not to the gold bestower, then also I see the Devil brangling with the Archangel for the body of Moses.

“When I see the assembled wisdom of the nation, making the loudest outcries against electoral bribery and corruption, and denouncing it as an iniquity before heaven, while among them they know that some of the most odious bribers and corruptors that ever lived are fat and flourishing, and though they make innumerable false pretences to a virtue which they have not, they take no real pains at all to discourage the villany against which they disclaim, or to expel the bribers whom they abuse—then in truth I see the Devil wrestling hard with the Archangel for the body of Moses.

“In fine, whenever I look abroad upon the vast theatre of society, and see the struggles which in every rank and order hourly do take place between conscience and villainy, the fights that happen between our moral sense, and our own immoral sensualisms; between our conviction of what is true and our devotion to what is false, between our scorn of the beautiful, and our pursuit of the base, then, my brethren, is forcibly brought before me the terrible contest that is always going on between the Devil and the Archangel about the body of Moses.”

“Ah-men,” groaned the wag who had before officiated, and with a burst of laughter, the congregation left the

orator and ran after a new figure who carried a puppet show. Henley, no way disconcerted, was seen the next minute discussing a bottle with two or three ladies who would never have done for Roman vestals, though I half think they were disguised in that character. So the scene went on, and the whole of Pandemonium seemed let loose.

CHAPTER XXX.

Now the Prince of Wales entered, his royal highness Fred (his father called him "Fritz," and his mother "Griff,") a little man of pink complexion, light hair and spindle-shanked, with lively eyes, but remarkably awkward and ungraceful. He was attended by his sham Court, who in all things set themselves up in pigmy opposition to Walpole and the right honorable lords and ladies who basked in the sovereign presence. There was fat Windham, Pulteney and his wife, Annie Gumley, half vixen, half doxey, and Lord Scarborough, who made a jest of all religion, and Lady Bolingbrooke, and Bubb Dodington, and Lyttleton, tall, thin, ugly-faced, and ill-formed, with a voice like a scritch owl—the very counterpart of his description in the ballad—

But who is dat bestride a pony,
So long, so lean, so lank, so bony?
Dat be great Orator Littletony.

"Yonder," says Fielding, "are Rigby and Winnington; you may know the first by his matchless impudence of forehead, and the *purpureum lumen* of perpetual burgundy which seems to flash out of every coarse feature. His father was a South Sea robber; the son is not yet a senatorial Turpin, but he soon will be ready to take money and spend it in any business. Winnington, who is member

for Droitwich, seems on the look out for our friend Audrey Townsend, whose favored love he boasts himself to be, though I think she is wild after Harry Nisbett too, and *he* shares her with half a dozen stout chairmen of my acquaintance. Both have come, I suppose, from a cock match. But what brings old Gibbon here? Are all the South Sea plunderers here to-night? They should have poisoned themselves like Craggs. Yonder old fellow was fined £10,000 for *his* part in the pillage; had it been £50,000 it would not have been enough. Look at him."

I did so; the perfect image of a baboon he was. Many years afterwards I saw his grandson at Lausanne—he seemed to have been spit out of the old gentleman's mouth. He is a most laughable fellow to see.

Numerous were the illustrious lords and ladies who now attracted attention; conspicuous among them was Lord Carteret, famous as the greatest humbug of his day, and Lady Archibald Hamilton, who at the age of thirty-five got the place of cofferer to the Prince of Wales, and Surveyor-General of the Duchy of Cornwall for her excellent spouse. With her was Scarborough's brother, who was treasurer to the Prince.

Alas! all their glories seemed but short-lived, for scarcely had they entered when the king himself and Madam Walmoden came amid a tremendous clatter, followed by the bowing courtiers; at whose sublime appearance the rival worshippers of the rising sun looked small indeed. Heidegger at once advanced to the orchestra and ordered them to play up "God save the King," which they immediately did, and as that sacred song arose, the loyal audience seemed bursting with enthusiasm for the royal manikin, who, if he were indeed "the Lord's anointed," made one think that God must have been sadly in want of men when he made a monkey his representative. For the fellow was

so hideous a dwarf that when poor little Lord Edgcombe was presented to him at Court, it was said his Majesty—

Rejoiced to find within his Court
One shorter than himself.

But here a new, a horrible incident arose. The Duke of Montagu had long been known on town for one of the most desperate of wags. He and some friends had decoyed Heidegger a few nights before to a noted tavern, where under pretence of drinking his health they had rendered him so stupidly intoxicated that they got a plaster cast of his features, and as they were horribly ugly, pitted all over with small-pox, and full of the most rugged ups and downs, and crosses and touches, they had no difficulty in getting a fine wax mask made, which presented even to the most skilful eye all the rough lineaments of this lucky Swiss. It was not difficult to discover in what dress the master of the ceremonies would appear on the occasion of the royal visit; and the Duke had a complete counterpart made in which he clothed a humorous fellow from one of the play-houses, who for a bribe of ten guineas undertook to personate Heidegger on this occasion. Scarcely therefore had that accomplished master given the direction which I have mentioned, and scarcely had the first bars been played, when the false Heidegger taking advantage of the momentary attendance of the true one on the king, came forward and very quietly said, "Gentlemen, play *Charlie over the Water*." The band was rather surprised, but they could only obey; so they changed the loyal note for one that sounded remarkably like treason. All was instantly confusion. Heidegger, who was following the king, ran back like a madman, and rushing to the master of the band, cried out, "What for you play *Charlie over the Vater*. Damn you, play *God save the King*." The band in perfect amazement, dropped the Jacobite air, and struck up the solemn strain.

Heidegger again rushed after the king, doubtless intending to explain and apologize, when the duke's Heidegger came forward and said, "Why for you play dat damned ting? Did I not tell you to play Charlie over de water? You shall all be dismissed to-morrow, by Gad, for dis." The band could now only conclude that the master of the ceremonies was drunk or mad. They however again struck up the rebellious air, to the horror of all the Whigs and Courtiers, but to the immense delight of all the Tories and Jacobites present. The king himself was now in a rage; the poor Walmoden was white as a sheet, when Heidegger, rushing into his majesty's presence, spluttered out—

"Please, your royal sacred majesty, it is not me—not me. De band is mad; de band is drunk; de band is bribed by some villain—some dirty rascal to do dis. It is not me, majesty; not me—not me."

The false Heidegger as instantly came forward, and pointing to the true Simon Pure, said—

"Please, your majesty, dis fellow is von rogue, imposter, knave, rascal. He it be dat do all dis. He have de money of de Jacobites. He do this for gilt."

The King burst out laughing; the courtiers at once joined in the royal mirth. Heidegger himself turned pale, and looked as if he saw a ghost. All was confusion, and there would have probably been a general row, had not the Duke himself come forward and humbly begging pardon of the King, explained (in French, for this English monarch did not know the language of his people) the joke which he had prepared for the royal delectation, and all passed off very pleasantly.

"If an angel could come from heaven and see this mumming, I wonder what he'd think of it," said my companion.

"You must be a pretty fellow to make such a remark as that," said a mask near us, "when there are so many angels all about you."

"Fallen ones, though," said the dramatist; "I wonder will they ever get back to heaven."

"Their heaven is here," answered the other.

"Well, I wonder where we shall all be this time one hundred years. No masking in the other world, I fear."

"Ah! now you grow profane." And the mask left us.

"I think I know that woman," said Fielding; let us follow her a bit." But the mask eluded us through the dense crowd, and we stopped to look a few moments at a table where gaming was going on at a great rate. Suddenly Fielding turned away and exclaimed—

"O, ye immortal gods and goddesses; ye who swelled the hearts of Agamemnon and Pelides with noble wrath, how heartily I wish that Dick Savage were here; but he is now, I suppose, lying in a kennel dead drunk, or fast asleep on a butcher's bench in Newgate Market. Marry come up, we should have had a glorious scene to which this of Heidegger is but milk and water."

I stared at this rhapsody. "Why, Hal," I asked, "what's the matter?"

"Matter!" he repeated, "why, matter for fifty dramatic scenes. What a splendid situation—the king present, the heir apparent, all the high nobility of the land. Heidegger and Handel in the full moon glory of their music; in every heart bounding joy; every silver-footed nymph panting for the minuet. Suddenly Dick spies two masked strangers—the one a tall and noble-looking Colonel, the other an ex-contessa, and still beautiful. He rushes towards them, tears open his shirt, and falling on his knees with a passion, cries, 'Mother, behold your son!' The Colonel clasps his hand to his sword; my lady lifts her mask and looks amazed; the music ceases; the minuet is suspended; the sovereign himself comes forward, when the lady recovers her speech and tragically exclaims, 'Begone,

imposter!' Dick immediately faints, and there is a grand tableau, worthy of Rich in his best days."

"In the name of common sense, Henry, what is all this about?"

"Why, don't you see Colonel and Mrs. Brett yonder, whom Savage supposes to be his mother? And don't you see Miss Brett following, who is a Court demirep, and whose influence saved the neck of her half brother when he was sentenced to be hanged? But who comes here? Sir William Yonge, Member for Honiton, and Tom Winnington with him."

They sauntered up slowly and unmasked; the place was now dreadfully hot and close. "We have had an odd discussion together," says Sir William Yonge—"Tom and I; nothing less than whether there is a future; and we want a parson to settle it for us."

"If you get a parson of the present time to tell you he will say yes, but laugh at you in his sleeve if you think him serious," replied Fielding. The pair strolled, or rather reeled and rolled away.

"There are two beautiful specimens," said Fielding. "But they merely proclaim what nearly all feel, but are too timid to say. Lord Hervey, who is at the head of the wits about Court, makes no secret of his atheism; he is Vice-Chamberlain, and sees all the begging letters which the Queen gets from the parsons to make them bishops, and he protests that every one is stuffed with envy, falsehood, detraction of each other, if rivals; and covert sneers if they are friends; together with a sum total of uncharitableness, avarice, and meanness that sickens him with the whole fraternity.* Now I don't say that this is true, but Lord Hervey says it is; and he makes it a rule whenever a

* Any one who reads the letters to Lord Bute in the manuscript department of the British Museum, can easily believe this.

Bishop pronounces the name of God, to laugh in his face as a hypocrite. This thing reacts on the whole parliamentary regiment of Sir Robert; and these two who have just left us are captains in the force; so that we are prettily ruled and finally fooled, and think ourselves the most religious people in the world, with the greatest amount of wickedness practised every day before Heaven and the Sun."

"You draw a very pleasing picture of things."

"Ah! it's no worse now than it has always been. Do you think Nineveh and Babylon were the only places where they practised vice? Nay, by St. Ann, we commit more in one day in England than those stupid Babylonians did in a year."

"Ain't that Grigsby?" says Arbuthnot, who saluted Fielding, "another of the South Sea forty thieves—Gadslife, but they're all here in honor of the Royal Family. This fellow was so vain of his wealth in the glorious days of jobbery, that he once ordered his coachman to feed his horses on gold. When the bubble exploded, and all the swindlers were before the House, one, Moore, moved that this fellow should be allowed £10,000 out of the spoil. A wag got up and said, 'That as Mr. Grigsby was in the habit of feeding his horse on gold, he had no doubt he could feed on it himself; he therefore moved that Mr. Grigsby might be allowed as much gold as he could eat, and that the rest of his estate might go to the relief of those whom he had pillaged. The house laughed, but they allowed the fellow £2,000.'"

While this was going on, Rigby pulled out of his pockets a bundle of Chinese crackers; and assuming his mask, went up to a lady dressed like a Peruvian vestal, to whom he made a low bow, and presenting them, said, "Madame, if you put this to the next sconce, and it burns blue you may be sure your lover is faithful." Luckily a sconce happened

to be near; and the unconscious nymph, without a moment's reflection, applying the first on the string, the whole exploded filling the room with smoke and a most unsavory smell, in the midst of which Rigby, like an evil spirit, as suddenly vanished.

A short, stout-made, coarse-looking man, but with an eye glittering with humour, a true English terrier face, and a firm mouth, came up. He shook Fielding by the hand very heartily, saying, "Mr. Fielding, I scarcely expected to see you here, patronizing this outlandish French thing."

"Ah! Hogarth," said Harry, "I am delighted to meet you. Surely you may know what has brought me, without suspecting that I had any partiality for the Mounseers and their funny frog-fashions. I have no doubt we have neither of us come to see that ugly owl Heidegger—

Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance,

but to sketch character; you for the easel, your humble servant for the stage."

"Gad so," said our companion heartily, you've guessed right. And a pretty lot of long-eared fools, I see—look! I have just taken one on my thumb-nail;" and he showed us a laughable sketch of Lord Chesterfield's face, in which "that little monkey full of tricks," as Sir Charles Hanbury Williams called him, was inimitably depicted—the baboon outlines which so many ladies loved, being hit off to perfection.

"I know a woman who would never forgive you, if she saw that," said Fielding, glancing towards a corner of the room where a couple seemed very fond.

"And who may the tasteless jade be?" asked Hogarth; "faith, she must be a female ape, I think—though she dresses like one of Eve's sex."

"Why, Lady Fanny Shirley, whom that fellow has flirted with for the last ten years, and after whom he is

now dangling in yonder recess," answered the dramatist, and he pointed them out.

"Oh! by George," shouted Hogarth, "I'll have her also," and he began to make a humorous sketch of the fair lady.

When it was finished he showed it to us—the thing was wonderful—worthy of so great a genius as W. H. certainly was.

"This place is horribly hot," he said, "I wish I could get a pot of honest English porter, and a steak—but this cursed Swiss lets nothing in but his foreign wines, and his French kickshaws, the very look of which makes me sick for the day. How much do they reckon the knave makes by this tom-foolery?"

"Why, at least £5,000 a-year, that is by the fair profits, besides what he gets by managing the assignations."

Hogarth sighed. He was then eking out a scanty subsistence for himself, like my poor glorious cousin, and must have found it no easy matter even to spare the money to come here. He probably had got a pass from Tyers, or some charitable lover of art.

"What's that Brutus said, when he was dying?" he asked.

"O, Virtue! I have long worshipped thee—now I know thee to be but a shadow," responded Fielding.

"Ah! true, true," said the other, with a sad gravity that contrasted strangely with that laughing eye and merry lip. And he repeated with a bluff John Bull sort of accent, that did one good to hearken to it, amid the sighs and simpers of this effeminate crowd:

As the brute world to Father Adam came,
Requesting with inquiring looks a name,
To every beast a title he assigned,
And nominated all the sylvan kind.
So savage multitudes about me throng—
Did Adam's power but to me belong!
Yet though they cheat the world by their disguise,
They are but asses to the painter's eyes.

And saying this, the splendid little wag moved off in search of new caricatures.

Dodington now sailed up to where we were.

"Ah!" said he, "I think I know you," addressing himself to Fielding, who had put on his mask some time before.

"That is more than I do myself," answered Harry, "though I have been long endeavoring to carry out Solon's advice on that point."

"Your answer convinces me that I am right. You are Henry Fielding. How is your father?"

"Faith!" said my cousin, "I scarcely know; he never writes to me but when he wants to borrow money, and then he always tells me he is dying. I begin to think he must be like Tithonus."

"And I hope you lend it to him like a dutiful son."

"I give it when I can, and I lend it when I cannot; and I am sorry to say the latter is the most usual condition with me."

"Every man of talent must be sorry to hear it. Shall I give you a cheque for £200?"

"I should be very glad to get it, but on what ground?"

"Why to abuse the Prince and praise Walpole."

"What! praise 'that big belly, those swollen arms, that huge body,' as Queen Caroline calls him! Mr. Dodington, I did not think you would insult me so. You know that I am poor; but have I ever shown myself a rogue?"

"Oh! damn it, I thought you had your price, like all writers, but as you haven't, good-night. I can buy as good as you any day in Fleet street."

"There goes a scoundrel," said Fielding to me, but loud enough to be heard by Bubb. "His vanity, insolence, and vulgarity are all insupportable. He is the King's pimp, yet he thinks himself a gentleman; he is Walpole's butt, yet he fancies himself a patriot; he is Bolingbroke's tool, yet he supposes he is a wit. If a lady but speaks to him, he

repeats among all his friends that he has seduced her; and if the King kicks him he falls down on his knees and begs to kiss his hand for such a mark of favor. Bridgewater has a member worthy of it."

I could see how nettled he was. To be insulted by any one is not pleasant, but to be insulted by the meanest of mankind, which this Dodington was, was assuredly a bitter pang. Notwithstanding his philosophy, he was sullen and silent for three or four minutes. At length he said, as if involuntarily—

"Why should this flea annoy me?"

And he recited, in his rich mellow tones—

"When for some time he sat at the Treasury board,
And the clerks there with titles had tickled his ear,
From every day hearing himself called a lord,
He begged of Sir Robert to make him a peer.
But in an ill hour,
For Walpole looked sour,
And said it was not in his will or his power,
Do you think, sir, the King would advance such a scrub,
Or the peerage debase with the name of a Bubb?"

This outburst relieved Fielding; his rage at the uncere-
monious insolence of this fat-faced fawner on the veriest
lap-dogs of St. James's evaporated, and all was clear
again. He laughed and said—

"Come, let us seek some new game. But before we leave
just look at that stiff-looking man following the Duke of
Argyle like his shadow; you have heard of Gyles Earle,
member for Malmesbury, now one of the Board of Green
Cloth—that is he, but I wish you could see his crabbed
face and hog's eyes. He is as covetous as the Duke him-
self, and a desperate glutton in eating oysters, while he
starves his unfortunate servants, and won't pay even his
butcher's or his Billingsgate bills. T'other day, as he was
gorging his favorite food by peckfuls, he said, 'Oh, what
fine things oysters would be if we could make our servants
live on the shells.'"

While we were digesting this joke, a smart female figure, with the archest eyes in the world peering through her mask, came hastily up to where we stood, and tapping Fielding on the shoulder with a splendid fan, cried out in musical accents—

“My dear Fielding, I have been looking for you this hour. Come with me.”

“My dearest countess,” answered Harry, but he immediately checked himself, and substituted for the inadvertent word the more equivocal term “creature,” but not so quickly as to be unnoticed by me, or a grinning mask, close by, who seemed to contemplate the moving crowd as Cerberus might look upon the thronging phantoms hurrying through the gorge of Pluto.

“My dearest creature,” says my cousin, “I am delighted that we have met at last. This is my cousin, young Wortley Montagu. Wortley, allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Johnson, of Bath.”

I bowed with great deference, the lady curtsied, and whispered something into my companion’s ear. He turned to me.

“Good-night, Wortley,” he said, “I *must* go. Let me see you in a day or two,” and Fielding and Mrs. Johnson of Bath disappeared through one of the doors.

The old Cerberus of whom I have spoken came up.

“So you are young Montagu,” she said, “and a horrid scapegrace too; and that spark’s Fielding, and Mrs. Johnson of Bath is—”

“Aye,” said I, “old woman, who is Mrs. Johnson of Bath?”

“Mrs. Johnson of Bath is no better than she should be, and Fielding will rue her acquaintance one of these days. Her maiden name was Ethelreda, or rather Audrey Harrison, and her father made his fortune out of the blacks, when he was Governor of Fort St. George. She is now the wife of

Charles Viscount Townshend, and a very pretty wife she is. She is squandering her black blood-money very lavishly, and has a particular affection for young fellows like your friend."

I heard, and was amazed. Alas, poor Harry! Had it come to this? Only a few minutes before he had described this lady in the strangest terms, and now—Had his necessities then been so dire? Doubtless. He described all afterwards in *Tom Jones*: that wondrous work: the most perfect picture of daily life since Homer sang.

My strange companion resumed:

"What are *you* doing here? I know your mother, Jack-anapes. Have you come with her?"

"Madam, that you are a woman prevents me from answering you as I should, but I beg—"

"Pooh, pooh, boy—don't talk to an old woman like me in your hoity-toity style. I am a grandmother—perhaps a great grandmother. I like your spirit myself, and I know more about you than you fancy. Lend me your arm—" and she put forth a hand beautifully white, and loaded with jewels worthy of a sovereign queen. Every finger bore a gem worth a king's ransom. I had never seen or even dreamed of such a sight as this.

I supported her to a seat, and examined her closely. I could perceive that she was what she represented herself to be, indeed, an old woman, but her hair was still beautiful, her eyes were bright, and her hands retained their loveliness. Her figure was bent, but there was an immense spirit evidently in that aged frame. She spoke with an air of command. I felt that I was talking to one who had known and lived with Emperors and Kings. She was attired as Margaret Finch, the Gypsy Queen, and now began to tell strange wonders to gaping inquirers. She seemed to penetrate every disguise, and knew the secret history of all who questioned her. The ordinary rabble who approached

her she disdained to answer; but the royal and noble persons who thronged the gay scene were immediately attended to, and I noticed that the majority went away with an air of chagrin. She kept me near her, but yet at a sufficient distance not to overhear all she said, as each new-comer came. A wild smile of delight played in her eye as some turned away—a melancholy gleam passed over it as she answered others. I was singularly attracted by this queer being, and was constrained to stay near her, not only because she told me to do so, but also because I really could not tear myself away. I expected at each new interview something definite and desperate, which would perhaps require my interference to protect her.

“Here comes Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough,” she said, as a wild-looking woman passed us. “I wonder does she ever think of her glorious father, who made her what she is? Yet I think not, or she would not have disgraced herself with that blind, gouty, vain coxcomb, Congreve, the player, or taken the ten thousand pounds, which he left her by his will, when he had so many poor relations starving in Staffordshire. I think she is worth a million—so what she wanted the fellow’s pittance for I don’t know. She has a silver statue of the villain brought to her dinner table every day—as the Egyptians had a skeleton—to remind her, I suppose, of hell. Yet I wish she hadn’t connected their names together on that filthy marble in the Abbey. Oh, that John Churchill could come back to earth but for an hour—then would rare changes be seen and heard of. Here is another Duchess just as mad, Kitty Hyde of Queensbury, followed by her literary lackey, Jack Gay, who has grown corpulent on his Beggar’s Opera profit, and his South Sea robberies. Doesn’t this seem to you the age when rascallions rise out of the vilest dunghills? We have for our Apollo, little Pope, the linen draper; here is Gay, whose father was a mercer, and who

was himself a mercer's shop-boy. Mat Prior, a tapster,—and so on forever. Our great people find their account in patronizing these maggots and giving them pensions for unlimited praise. Walpole is supported by some dozens of the vilest wretches that ever crept about the lowest corners of Parnassas. The Tories first called this spawn of vipers into being, and now the Whigs emulate their example. We have for poet-laureate a common pander to the nobility, (I smiled at hearing this allusion to my old friend Colley,) and we have for Premier a man who behaves before all as if virtue were a farce, and decency of speech and manner a hypocritical pretence."

In this way the old woman went on blending strange shrewdness with the most cutting sarcasm, and rivetting me by her wit and bitterness—for there was something singularly congenial in our tempers; both being misanthropical, from the best of all reasons, I suppose, a wretched experience of the world. Whatever gayety I brought with me into the Opera House departed wholly. I looked round and felt as if I could pierce under each disguise—and what I saw there presented nothing to remove my sadness. I fell into a reverie on my own desolate position; desolate, because I would not bind my soul in fetters, and crawl at the feet of a man who was a father but in name, and had much less feeling for me than for one of the guineas that he adored. My companion observed me.

"Come," said she, "Master Jackanapes, what are you thinking of? This is no place for meditation. You look like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage."

"And if I do, am I not amid more melancholy ruins still—the ruins of human souls, utterly destroyed by vice!"

"Do you see that man that walks like a tongs—he is all legs and scarcely any head. I know him through his vain disguise. The Venetian Senator's robe was never on a more unsuitable body. That is Neddy Harley, son to the

falsest varlet I ever knew. His father and a slut named Hill (she is now Abigail Masham, and I shouldn't wonder if we saw her here) conspired together to get old Queen Anne wholly into their power, and they did so, by poisoning her mind against her only true friend in the world, the Duchess of Marlborough. They stole in at all hours of the day and night; and when the poor woman was heated with brandy, they got her to pledge herself to the most absurd projects—not the vainest of which was a trick to bring back the Pretender. When the old king was on his death-bed at Rome, some of the Jacobites got around him and made him write a letter to his daughter, praying that if she did not deliver over the throne to her brother, she might die childless, and must expect his bitterest curse. This so frightened Queen Anne, whose nerves were weakened by repeated drams, and was besides so singularly borne out by the successive deaths of all her children, that she was ready to consent to any thing, and the Tories here had all prepared, even to the proclamation of the Pretender himself, in St. Paul's church-yard, when the poor woman was suddenly taken off, and the chief rogues made their escape to France. Had Bolingbroke remained, he must have figured on Tower Hill, as Harley, to save himself, had given up all his papers to the new ministry, and sacrificed his best friend, Bishop Atterbury, who was obliged to fly also. This treachery was in keeping with all the scoundrel's doings—though I never will forgive Walpole for not having shipped off Mrs. Abigail to the colonies. She would have made a good slave-driver, being false, cruel and cunning as the snake that deceived our poor mother in Paradise. She is now a peeress, and figures grandly among the Lord's anointed. Thus is history made. For this sly, worthless waiting woman elevated Harley to the Government of England, who then devised a scheme that might have changed the fortune of the world, and influenced the

fate of unborn generations for the next thousand years; and Walpole now occupies the same place, wholly through his sister, Dolly Walpole, who was the first wife of that good-looking fool, Townshend, having by the rarest accident escaped being the open and avowed mistress of the Marquis of Wharton. Ah! boy, I could tell you such things. But the profane many never know these matters, and think every thing ministerial is grand, and great, and noble, and elevated. For my own part, I believe history is made up of the basest of all materials, though of course they are finely culled over to deceive the unthinking public, who are all born slaves, and ever keep themselves so by their ignorance, passion, and prejudice. There is Fox, whose father was a lackey or a groom, I don't know which. He spends all his time at hazard, and is nursed with every private vice—yet I have no doubt if he can steal my goose he will one day be Prime Minister. He certainly tries hard to do it—but I will prevent him if I can.” To my amazement she went up to the young man, since so celebrated as Lord Holland, and cried out, “Charley, Charley, what brings you here? You should have been at the gaming table, and when were you last in a sponging house?”

The old woman began to muse.

“Boy,” said she, “you ought to be a poet. Do you remember Dryden’s lines?” and with melancholy emphasis she whispered into my ear—

“When I consider life, ’tis all a cheat,
Yet fooled with hope, men favor the deceit,
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow’s falser than the former day;
Lies more; and when it says we shall be blest
With some new joy, cuts off what we possess.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what still remain,
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.”

Several persons now came up to my companion, and

taking her for the Sibyl she appeared, requested her to tell their fortunes. She seemed nothing loth, but first of all requested her hand to be crossed with gold. There was no difficulty in this. Among them I recognized Lord Hervey, Pulteney and Lady Mary herself. Even the Prince of Wales approached and seemed half inclined to consult her. But she solicited none. To Lord Hervey she said, "Ah! you couldn't sell your wife—I pity you; but Walpole wants her, and he will do as much for you as the King." To Pulteney, "When you fence with Walpole, aim at his liver, he has no heart. Don't let him escape like Sporus." To Young, who ventured to accost her, she merely said, "Begone, Caiaphas." To Lady Mary, "Woman, where is thy son?" Moll Skerret herself came laughing up, and said, "Gypsy, you know fortunes—what is mine?" The old woman fixed a glance of deep hate at her. "To rise from cinderwench to concubine, and from concubine to—countess I suppose."

A yell of rage broke out from the virtuous tribe of flatterers. One rushed forward, and would, I think, have struck the old woman, when I threw myself in front of her, but ere any thing decisive could occur, some half dozen persons flung themselves between us, and prevented violence. Whether they did so by accident, or were stationed round her by design, I could not guess. The lion spirit of the old woman negatives the last supposition; but this lucky interposition makes it not unlikely. There was a noise; the great Heidegger himself came forward and interfered; and even then I feared it would fare but badly with the Sibyl, for he beckoned to a soldier who was on duty, when a person came close and whispered something into his ear, at which he trembled, turned pale, and with the most submissive air bowed to the old woman, saying—

"My lords, ladies and gentlemen, here has been some

mistake; I can suffer no violence; let the music play up and the dances recommence."

The crowd separated, a gaper or two still, including Jack Frothwell, who muttered "damme," remained, and the old woman drew me to her side.

"Boy," she said, "you are just beginning your career; hear the words of one who must soon leave it. To persons like you earth appears a sort of paradise—to me it shows itself in the colors of hell. When I was at your time of life, I thought all men good and all women true; I went into the world with a frank open heart and hand. I would have gone a hundred miles to serve any one who needed service, and I would have fearlessly asked the same kindness from another for myself, so great was my confidence in human nature. I have seen life in all ranks and orders; I have mixed in courts and moved in cottages. There is no phase in human existence that is to me a sealed book. I have had children and they have deserted and betrayed me; I have had friends, and they have abandoned me; I have had bosom intimates, and they have proved false and hollow; I never knew but one man who was steadfast to me, and he was—my husband. I have had every thing that man desires or woman covets, health, power, treasure, fame. Yet with all these it is my fixed conviction that we are every one of us in hell at this moment; that this life is a place of punishment for our crimes; that it is really and truly no other locality than hell itself, and we are demons all, who find our joy in persecuting each other."

"A glorious theory, madam," I said, "to teach to one like me. Yet I confess my own brief experience goes a great way to confirm it."

"When you have lived to my years you will hold it as an article of faith, a great deal more positively than any one of our thirty-nine or forty solemn follies. For these in a

great measure have been invented by wicked bishops and doctors to keep themselves aloft, and to bind down the multitude below; but that which I feel is the spontaneous growth of wisdom itself within the heart, and if the whole world of thinkers were canvassed and polled, the great majority of them would confess the truth of what I have said. But amid the world of fools, the world of thinkers is lost. I remember I once asked Lord Shaftesbury what in his opinion was the true religion? He answered, 'Madam, men of sense are all of one religion.' I then pressed him, 'Pray, my lord, what religion may that be?' 'Madam,' he replied, 'men of sense never tell.' Thus he left me to infer that the only religion that can be true is that which is the offshoot of a man's own wisdom, and is not suggested to him by creeds, or liturgies, or prayer books, where we are taught things by rote, as if God were a schoolmaster who could be bribed by our proficiency in learning A B C. This is not so—there will come a day when you will remember these words and acknowledge them in your heart to be true as gospel."

She left me. I followed her at some distance, and when I saw her get into a magnificent chair, with the Churchill arms and a ducal coronet, I knew that I had been talking to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

I wandered listlessly about. The place with all its crowds now seemed melancholy and miserable. I sought in vain for Fielding, whose volatile spirits would, I hoped, rouse me from deep despondency. Though I searched minutely, I could not discover him. Two figures in close conversation now attracted my attention. They were so deeply absorbed that surrounding objects seemed to make no impress on them. In one I recognized Lord Hervey; the other, in his outlines, showed all the daring recklessness of Dom Balthazar. He was attired as a bravo—a very appropriate dress, if it were the same. I was impelled

towards them, yet I gradually came near so as not to attract notice. They were seated at a small table near one of the pillars. I thought it no breach of honor to get within earshot. If they were plotting against me or Francesca, it became in truth my duty to be made acquainted with their devices; but the ever moving crowd wholly prevented me. I could hear a word now and then from Dom Balthazar, who was evidently under the influence of wine; his companion, more cautious, spoke in so low a tone as to be inaudible to me. There seemed to be some altercation. The lord was evidently angry at the appearance of his confederate in such a place. I could see that the latter chafed under his remonstrances, but he was not a man to yield tamely. At length he said, fiercely—

“I came here because I could find you nowhere else. You have been denied to me at your door twenty times. I cannot and will not go to Spain without money. Money I want; money I’ll have. What hinders me this moment from rising up before all this company and telling them that the true owner of certain estates is now a prisoner in—”

My sense of hearing was now wound up to the extreme point, but as the bravo concluded his speech he looked warily about him, and whispered the final word into his companion’s ear. The latter started. “Come,” said he, “come with me.” And they left the place. I dared not follow. With an aching heart I left the Opera House. “Yes,” I said, “in Spain she is. Akiba was right. The airy vision that I saw did not deceive me. Let me seek her without delay. Let me at least fly from this land of villains, and in sequestered nature seek with her, its heavenly child, the happiness which belongs not to these worn-out and wretched communities. Why do I linger any longer here? I will seek her to the world’s end, and if I

fail or die in the pursuit, I shall have at least failed nobly, and perish without feeling that I have misused my life."

I scarcely know where I passed that night. I meditated on my proceedings, and arranged my future course. Francesca, if carried to Spain, had without doubt been conveyed through France. This was a journey which, in my present condition, I could scarcely make. A sea-voyage to the Peninsula seemed to me, therefore, the only practical mode of getting there; this would cost me scarcely any thing. I hurried to the city, and having parted with my fine clothes to one of that kind and benevolent confraternity who had assisted my cousin Fielding, I found myself with a few guineas in my pocket, and an attire suitable to the condition which I assumed. I made inquiries among the shipping, and soon found one that was ready to sail. She was bound for Bilboa. I entered myself on board as a common sailor, and before night was ploughing the dark waters.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OH! with what fierce delight I was again free. I turned my back on London—that vast metropolis of guilt and shame, infamy and falsehood, and was once more a denizen of open loving nature; gazing on her skies, borne over her waters, floating, as it were, like an eagle on her mighty winds. But for the branded agony on my soul, I should have been happy; even as it was, I felt a rapture such as I had not experienced since my sojourn among the dark Calore of the tents. Home, friends, kindred, all fare vell; I care not if it be forever. I am alone on the dark ocean—alone with heaven and my thoughts; the intrigues, contamination, vain, insipid joys, and vainer strifes and enmi-

ties of the educated crowd, vanishing away like fogs or frenzies, forgotten or despised by one who longs to be a MAN. What though I am poor, a vagabond, and unknown, still, have I not this divine celestial arch of beauty; now sapphire blue, now silvered with dappled cloudlets; now burnished with beaming stars; now golden with the splendors of the rising or descending sun; have I not mountain, ocean, vale, and river; and glorious forest and fragrant garden, to be the solace of my soul, and to companion it with sublime associations? And having these, what can there be of merely human mechanism I need? And my heart answered nought, nought; and I was content.

Our ship floated on before a favoring breeze; the sun gleamed upon the ocean all around us, and clothed it with a living light; the waves rose up, and on their white rolling crests I saw symbolized that dashing liberty for which I had pined so long; the sails swelled, the ropes rattled, we seemed bounding over the mighty element with pride and joyousness, and the elastic movement of the vessel communicated a portion of its own buoyancy to my heart, and made it for a while forget. An angelic vision methought glittered over the surging prow—more heavenly-fair unto my soul than to the weary, hopeless wanderer in the desert, the well-known star that leads him homeward from despair—the vision of my lost, my loved Francesca, who, I was persuaded, even now felt as if sympathetically, an instinctive dream that I was on my way to rescue her. In the day I saw it like a glittering halo—in the night also it was there, and it outshone the stellar glory of the Heavens. “Yes, Francesca,” I cried out, “I am on my way to free thee—to break thy chains, and clasp thee to this heart that beats only for thee. Lift up thy prayers, O holy one of my hopes, and let them ascend before the Supreme, that speedily the hour may come which shall witness once again the blending of our souls in one.”

On, on, and we sped onward, nor did the blessed wind abate once until we reached that noble cape, and anchored in the port. What incidents occurred throughout the voyage—if indeed there were any—I have long forgotten. I went through the easy duties of my place—for the wind made the voyage more like a bird's flight than any thing else that I can think of—I mingled I suppose with the other sailors, and obeyed the captain's orders when they were given. But nothing of these do I recollect. The whole voyage is a blank on my mind. I was in the land of dreams all the while,—and they were dreams brightened with youthful hope and smiling expectation. Whether I slept on deck or below, or how many days we sailed, or whether we saw other ships, or what was done or said by any one, I have wholly forgotten. I remember only the aspect of the ocean, the brightness of the heavens, the grand loveliness of sea and sky, the arrow-like motion of our good ship, and the bound of my heart as I saw the distant Spanish mountains. I went on shore. Of the language I knew nothing. To obtain a knowledge of it was indispensable. I lost no time, but proceeding to the nearest convent, I knocked at the gate, and in some way communicated my wish to see the superior. He came—a tall man with a bald brow; austere, dark, grave, cold, and hard as a stone; selfishness and command graven in every line and feature. I accosted him in Latin, and told him I was an Englishman, ignorant of the language, but anxious to learn it; a student bent on theological knowledge, unable at present to pay for it; a wanderer and an exile with a solemn duty to perform, which could hardly be achieved, unless I were permitted to sojourn there, or in some similar establishment for a short period. The Abbot listened gravely; and though I could perceive that his surprise was great, still only a practised observer like myself could penetrate that brazen mask—his face. He did not speak

for some time, but he scanned me with a searching glance—a glance of deep suspicion, though he endeavored to hide it. At length he seemed satisfied that I had no ill-design. He asked me my name? I told him. My rank?—I told him freely. My religion?—I answered that I had been bred a Protestant, but that I had long had doubts, and here perhaps they could be solved. This last answer decided him. The Church of Rome will run any risk to gain a convert. I was besides an Englishman—and to save the soul of one of that wealthy island has always been a favorite pursuit with the astute soldiers of the Church of Peter. It almost always brings gold into their coffers—it certainly tends to pave the way for the restoration of that long-lost land to its true and ancient lord—the Pope.

I stayed here six months, during which I learned the language perfectly. How exquisitely beautiful was this monastic solitude! For the first week I experienced only piety, solitary thought, purity and devotion—the silver light of philosophic calm. In a little while the true character of these people was revealed. The fiery passions which are in the hearts of all Spaniards broke forth; the most terrible feud became displayed. The Abbot was a tyrant whose sway was undisputed and indisputable. The Shah of Persia, the Grand Mogul, owned not more absolute dominion than he. The brethren bowed before him in fear; the slightest infringement of his orders entailed persecution and imprisonment on the unhappy transgressor. The very magnitude of his power destroyed and debased him; it gave full force to all his worst passions, and he surrendered himself wholly to their dominion. His frown was like death; his smile was life to these poor wretches. Thus to win the second, and to avoid the first, became the sole struggle of their minds. They hated each other with an inveterate fury; those who were out of favor, because of envy; those who were in favor, because they dared not

do otherwise than hate those whom the Abbot disliked. The whole atmosphere that externally seemed peace, serenity, sunshine, holiness and love, was charged with falsehood, treachery, dark suspicion, base insinuation, terror, anger, and revenge. The air at times has seemed to me as if thronged with invisible serpents exhaling venom. In our chapel, when the organ pealed and the hymns arose, I felt as if I were living in a den of snakes, whose every breath was fire and poison and malignity.

I was put under the tutelage of one Antonio, a middle-aged monk, with fraud and astuteness deeply marked in every lineament. Oil was not more smooth, honey was not more sweet than were the tones of his voice—they trickled softly into the ear like nectar from the cup of Hebe when she served the laughing gods. But this voice was *not* the echo or the image of the speaker's soul, as most voices are—it was not a true or natural voice, but a false, feigned, and fraudulent one, assumed for a purpose and admirably disguised. There were moments when the real tones penetrated through that deceitful mouth, when he was off his guard as it were; and he either remembered not his part, or was overmastered by some strong passion. Then, indeed, the horrid sound was heard, yet only faintly—but it was for the time the yelp of some savage creature—cruel, cowardly, bloodthirsty, and sneaking; a voice that made your nerves thrill; that jarred against your heart-strings; that gave you a sensation as of something harsh, rough and cold, against which all your senses had an antipathy. Even he himself seemed startled by it, as if he had heard some demon's whisper, for he immediately looked abashed, and glided, though not without effort, into his usual mellifluous accent, seeking hard to hide his awkwardness and confusion. But on these occasions his eye scanned you with suspicion; you could see its furtive light beneath his downcast modest lids, as if he sought to pene-

trate your very being and find out whether that tone so marked, yet so unusual, had awakened feelings within you such as he wished to slumber. For a whole hour I have observed him watching me after one of these chance ebullitions of his natural essence; and though I took good care to appear unsuspicious, yet I felt during the whole period as if I were walking in a forest while I knew that a hyena tracked my footsteps.

He took extraordinary pains to indoctrinate me in the language, and spared no labor to convert me to the true faith. He brought before my eyes the long and glorious line of Pontiffs from Peter to Clement, an unbroken succession of scholars of Jesus, such as no other creed could boast of. Here my lessons under Akiba came to my aid; and I at once confuted him by the far more ancient and illustrious line of the Grand Lama, which—an elective pontificate—has continued in unbroken succession for upwards of four thousand years, and has held unlimited spiritual sway over the greatest empire that the world ever saw. Antonio first affected to deny this fact—but the convent was not without a library—although it was little resorted to, except for schoolmen like Sanchez or Aquinas, whose lives were spent in weaving nets of hell for human souls—and when I convinced him that I was right, he merely replied by the old argument that God permits the Devil to do these things for the purpose of trying the hearts of men. When I told him that in my opinion this was reducing God to the level of the Devil himself, he made me no answer, but with a well-masked scowl, retired to his cell; nor did I again see him for several days. When he met me, he made no allusion to our recent controversy, but proceeded to some other argument; nor did he ever again cite as confirmatory of the holiness of his church the historical proof which had been so suddenly demolished. Had he been a bungler in his art, he would have harped upon it again,

and yet again, until I should have grown hardened against him—but he was a more subtle dialectitian; and I always observed that when he was thoroughly beaten on any one point he never again alluded to it—not confessing indeed that he was so beaten, but hoping that I myself might in time furnish an argument in his favor, which did not occur to him at the instant of dispute.

Meanwhile the Abbot affected to regard me as a prodigy of good sense and learning. He consulted me on classical lore; he sought my opinion on subjects of historical investigation; he even professed to ask my advice on abstruse questions of theology, and insinuated how great and glorious would be my position before the world if I would but enter the church and devote myself to her interests. Like Dom Balthazar, he struck that chord in my nature which he fancied beat to ambition—but like Balthazar, he was wrong, for I had, and have none. It has often occurred to me as strange, that two men of great discernment in mankind should both have so utterly misjudged me as to mistake for ambition my lordly feeling of independence—but they certainly did make this error; and no two feelings as it seems to me are more opposite. For after the most intimate knowledge of courts, cabinets and camps, I am convinced that what is usually called ambition is a dirty, mean, sneaking little passion, which has no self-respect at all, but which perpetually debases itself in the mire for the purpose of some wretched gain; despicable in the eyes of the truly great, who are scarcely ever known to the world because they so utterly despise it. The renowned general at whose name the nations are filled with wonder owes probably his advancement to some courtesan's caprice, at whose feet he has grovelled like a lap-dog; the powerful minister who wields an empire and its destinies has attained his elevation by humoring the foibles of some artful menial, male or female, who has the ear of the Sov-

ereign; and the celebrated statesman has paved the way to eminence by stooping to the filthiest rabble, and sinking below even their level, for the purpose of securing their support. Could we but trace the secret springs by which men of the most illustrious name have risen to the most exalted heights, we should hesitate long before we decided whether the baseness of the individual, or the folly of the multitude who worshipped as a God a very loathsome lickspittle, were the most worthy of surprise. These springs we never shall have unveiled, and it is only by accident that glimpses of them are seen. It is with this conviction that I look upon all history as fable—not more real than a painting, or a dream, but used by knaves to enslave asses.

There was a noble hall in the convent paved with marble, and wainscotted with black oak, on which were ranged the full length portraits of all the men who had successively filled the place of Abbot—dark and fire-eyed men, whose looks seemed to penetrate beneath their cowls, and to read the inmost tablet of the heart. They were in every attitude, from profound study up to rapt devotion; and there have been nights when as I paced this place alone, and the broken moonlight streamed in through the high windows, I have half fancied they were real phantoms congregated together, to devise new schemes to move the world at their will. In this hall the monks usually assembled when the pious meditations of the day were over, and some volumes of legends were read and commented on by each in turn under the supervision of the reverend superior. I had heard and read of the bacchanalian revels which take place in convents, but here there was nothing of the kind; all was gloom, asceticism, and repose, but the passions that lay hidden under this awful stillness were only the more terrible for being repressed. They were a large community—and properly speaking, I had no right to be one among

them; but an exception was made in my favor; for I have no doubt the Abbot had not failed to ascertain that I was a man of rank and great expectations; and my flight from home was considered only one of the eccentric aberrations in which the best regulated Englishmen indulge. I was treated no longer like a dependent living almost on alms, but as a visitor who amused his fancy or his leisure by assuming a species of odd disguise; and every little art was brought into play which could either attract my will or secure my judgment. Every thing I beheld seemed grave, decorous, holy; and the Abbot himself was represented to me as a sort of sainted being by those who I knew detested him as a fiend.

In my controversial discussions with Antonio, which were sometimes carried on in the presence of some of the other monks, there was one brother Juan, who never ventured to take part in any of them, but who seemed to pay the profoundest attention to all that was said, and to regard myself with great interest. He was a young man, not probably five and twenty, with a mild, benign expression, a noble forehead, and a proud eye, but the fervor of the last he strove to subdue with all his strength. He was silent, modest, and gentle; and I was very much pleased with him. In a short time a sort of acquaintance sprang up; my teacher saw that I yearned to the young man, and he gave him permission to come occasionally to my cell and enlighten me on some points of Catholic faith. By degrees our meetings became so frequent that not a day passed in which we did not spend some time together. The more I saw of him, the more I loved him. He appeared to possess all the virtues of a man, and all the sweet softness of a woman. We discoursed on a variety of subjects, and I was amazed to find him sceptical on many points which our reverend Abbot would have regarded as among the main essentials of salvation. He was the

younger son of a noble house, and had been thrust into this place solely against his will, to swell the wealth of an elder brother, and add another to the innumerable victims whom the Church engages every year in her death-enfolding maw.

Although my senior in years, he seemed to cling to me, as a weaker plant will circle round one that is stronger and more matured. I did not hesitate to admit him into my fullest confidence—to open my heart to him as to a brother; for although I scorn mankind in the mass, I have never done so in detail, but have ever reposed trust in those whom I believed worthy of it from the beginning, exactly as I have narrated it here; he listened with intense interest, and there were parts of it at which he even wept. More susceptible and passionate in soul than us of northern climes, he was alternately moved with anger, indignation, and pity; and he gave full utterance to the promptings of each emotion as it arose within. I consulted him about the means of finding Francesca—but here we were both wholly at a loss. We could not devise any scheme by which in broad Spain, with its innumerable convents, monasteries, and abbeys, we could with safety say in this or that province she was to be found. To make a pilgrimage from one religious house to another as I had read that the minstrel Blondel did when searching for his Master, Richard Cœur de Lion, over the castellated continent, seemed wholly hopeless, yet what other course remained? or by what other means could she be discovered? And thus might my whole life pass ineffectually, and the close be still clouded by despair. We consulted long and frequently, but without any end gained. Chance alone as it seemed must be relied on—yet what a weak reliance is chance!

Six months had now passed, and I was pressed to make some declaration of my faith. The conduct of my com-

panions was nothing; their creed seemed noble and sublime. A most extraordinary variety of subtle arguments had been brought to bear on my understanding, and being young, and of a romantic temperament, Protestantism appeared to me in all its chilling and prosaic features, while the glory of the Roman church, half chivalric, half celestial, was presented in a glittering light that excited a powerful interest on my heart. I noticed that whenever I consulted, or even hinted to Juan a thought of change, his countenance always fell, and his silence was like an icy wind on my budding hopes. He longed to speak, yet he was evidently afraid. His looks were wary and suspicious; he seemed to act as if the very stones had ears. I have often seen him beckon me to silence, and walk stealthily towards a picture behind which he looked, as if he half expected to discover some one hidden there; he has done the same in the evening to a large reading-desk, when the dark vesper shadows hover over the vast hall, and listened as if he heard the tread of some advancing footstep, whose owner longed to betray him to destruction. One of the monks suddenly disappeared. Had he escaped? Was he sick? Had he gone on a mission? Had he died? No one knew; no one dared to ask. Even the eye questioned not into the mystery. Every thing proceeded as usual. The Abbot looked the same; all the brethren seemed figures of stone on whom no outward circumstance could make the least impression. I was myself filled with a sort of vague awe at this strange incident in our community, the strangest thing of all being that it excited no more observation than if a fly had come and gone.

At length he said—

“Wortley, I can bear this hell no longer. It is slowly killing me. I had rather die at once. I will fly from this place. I will become a soldier, bandit, beggar—any thing so long as I can be free. I am surrounded by spies and

wretches; my every moment is like Gehenna. All this holiness which is professed here is but hypocrisy of the vilest kind. You have yourself, to some extent, seen it, but never can you dive into its depths like one who has been born and bred in this religion. You will say this is true of all religions. Perhaps it is. If a religion has not force enough to make its own professors pious, it cannot be a thing from God. If the theory which I have broached be sound, the consequence must be this; avoid us, we are not of God but man. *Princeps noster est Satanas!*

"If I am to wait," I answered, "until I find a religion which makes perfect men, I must wait forever. There is no creed that can perform this."

"That is true; I did not maintain any such absurdity. I merely said, 'Seek *that* whose followers are least wicked;' that is about the superlative point to which fallen human nature can ascend. Goodness is unattainable by man. If man could be good, he would not be man at all, but an angel; he would have no business on earth; he would be out of his proper sphere. But no man can be good. All he can hope at the utmost is to be least vicious. If you were acquainted with all the men and women of Europe, you would confess that of all other peoples they are perhaps the most vicious in existence. Their various systems must, consequently, be false. Observe, I do not speak of pure Christianity, for that, as a system, does not exist. It lives in a burlesque of that which Jesus really taught. Your form of it is probably better than ours, but after all, the difference is only slight. Let us depart together from this place; let us abandon Europe forever; let us penetrate to the Orient, which God from the beginning has made the cradle of all sublime and holy things, and judge for ourselves, before we finally decide on a step that is to regulate our fate for futurity."

"Can it be possible, my friend, that I hear this from you?—from you who are a sworn member of this church and a soldier of this community?"

"Why should it not be possible? Why should it be impossible? Think you I have lived so long and dared not to reflect? Think you that my daily observation of the men by whom I am surrounded has not produced seeds of meditation within my mind, and that these seeds have not produced fruit? Yes, I am resolved to fly—if with you, I shall be happy; if without you, nevertheless depart I shall. If I remain here I have a home for life; but what a home! My uncle, the Abbot, will protect me; will promote me; perhaps even when he departs I may hope to govern this community. But would that make amends for a life misused, and for an existence which is a living lie before my Maker? Wortley, we must part, or go forth together."

"Can you then abandon your uncle? He is a wise man, a powerful man; you say he is kind to you. Perhaps, indeed, since your father cast you in here, your uncle may be your only friend. Do you know what the world really is? Have you considered how precarious is the life of him who wanders penniless?"

"My uncle! Yes, he is wise and powerful. But know you why he is here? Of what use is his wisdom? It is the cunning of the world—no more; and what is that before God? When I look at *him* I am the more positively resolved. If the Church of Rome were true, my uncle should have swung on the gallows; as it is, he is one of her chiefs and generals."

"Has he then committed any crime that you so distrust him, and pronounce so severe a sentence against so near a relation?"

"Listen and decide. My father, as you know, had a vast estate. He married at an early age the only daughter of an opulent merchant, who traded to the East, and re-

ceived with her an immense dowry. They lived at Toledo, in a splendid palace. My uncle was in the habit of spending a month or two every year at Madrid. Our connections were powerful, and he figured at court; but he never brought his young wife there, nor did any of his acquaintances in the capital know that he was married. Among those houses at which he visited was that of the Marquis of Montana. The marquis had a daughter as beautiful as a young rose. An intimacy soon sprang up between her and my uncle; it was sanctioned by the father, and the nuptials were fixed. The young wife at Toledo wrote frequently to her husband, but he sent her a variety of excuses. At length her father wrote to some friends at Madrid to ascertain what business detained his son-in-law so long. They inquired. My uncle was sufficiently eminent in the capital to have his movements and his projects easily discoverable. The father-in-law was informed of the coming nuptials; he told his daughter, who was half-distracted. She wrote a letter to the Marquis of Montana, and another to the young lady. She did not upbraid her husband in the least, but simply informed them of the facts. My uncle was, of course, expelled the house. He returned home. His wife was then pregnant. She received him with every demonstration of the most passionate attachment; she did not once allude to what had happened, but behaved in every respect as if he had been the truest of lords. He received all her love in silence; he sometimes smiled upon her; she thought all was forgotten. Her relations vied with each other in giving him welcome; the most sumptuous feasts and entertainments were given to honor his return. He went to all, and to every appearance was happy and contented. When she was about a month before her confinement, he got up one morning earlier than usual, and told her he was about to retire to his devotions; he recommended her also to seek her closet,

and offer up prayers to God for a safe accomplishment of their mutual hopes. She did so, but in a short time her husband entered. He bore with him various articles such as are used for the funerals of persons of rank. Her heart misgave her; she tremblingly asked him what he designed. 'To murder thee,' he said. 'Now will I repay thee for all thy wickedness; now will I have vengeance for the agonies thou hast made me endure.' In vain she implored pardon; in vain she entreated forgiveness for an offence which had proceeded only from her love. He was inexorable, and bid her prepare. Her maid, who slept in an adjoining room, and overheard all that passed, rushed in and sought to save her. As he lifted the dagger she endeavored to arrest his hand; but he struck her down, and stabbed his wife to the heart. 'Die both,' he cried out, 'the jealous wife and the eaves-dropping maid.' He lighted the tapers, he darkened the room, he laid his wife upon her bed, and went to her father and mother. 'Come,' said he, 'to a little feast which I have prepared.' They went with him; he led them to the closet door, and, having shown them in, left them and fled. They supposed at first it was some pleasant device; but the expiring maid faintly informed them of all, and died ere she had well concluded the dreadful narrative. My grand uncle is a Cardinal, great at St. Peter's; my uncle is here. The murder was never redressed. Can I be happy under the roof and eye of such a man?"

I was horror-stricken; but before I had time to say a word the Abbot himself appeared in the distance; he moved gravely towards us, and with his usual philosophic calm. "Signor Montagu," said he, "I have marked your intimacy with my nephew; let me have the pleasure of the company of both in my apartment." A cold thrill shot through me; but I knew not how to act. I looked on Juan. He was as white as marble. Could it be that we were over-

heard? It seemed impossible. We motioned assent, and followed the Abbot, who led the way with sweeping robe. In a few moments we were in his room. He ordered wine and fruit; the convent garden was famous for the latter. They were soon produced, and we began to converse. But a dark chain seemed thrown over my tongue. I could not speak; I could but listen. A similar spell was on Juan; but the Abbot shone. Never before had I seen him so elegant; never before had his lip charmed with so much wit, politeness and gay elegance. He was no longer the grave, austere head of a religious community; he was the fine gentleman who had mixed in courts and camps. He spoke of his uncle, the Cardinal, of his power at the Vatican; his liking for myself; and the fine wonders he would do for me if I enrolled myself among his "sable soldiers," as he called the monks. I was infatuated—spell-bound. I forgot Francesca; I forgot every thing. I felt that this was the master mind. I strove to resist, to defer compliance, but my mind grew relaxed; I could feel its energy slowly melt away as the Abbot's tongue poured forth its manifold treasures. Was it the wine? Had it been drugged by one of those powerful soporifics known to the hierarchy? I had sense enough, however, not to pledge myself at once; in three days I would give him a final answer. We parted; the Abbot kissed his nephew, and embraced myself. He even attended us to the door, and softly bade us "Good night; God bless you both," said he.

When we were alone, Juan grasped my hand convulsively. "Fly," said he, "let us both fly at once. Our interview has been overheard. My uncle knows every word that we have spoken. This feast was but a trick to entrap you. Once you have taken the irrevocable vow you become his, body and soul; he will have an absolute power of life and death over you. *My* fate is sealed. I feel it; I know it. I have his Judas-kiss upon my lips, and I know

that there is death in that kiss. He would at this moment have ordered me to be immured for life, but that he dreads to lose you. Oh! Wortley, what a pang shot through me this moment. Hold me, hold me. I faint. The wine has overpowered me. I am a poor reveller."

We stole into the garden. By the fair starlight I looked into his face; it was fixed and bloodless. There was a strange wild expression about his eyes, such as I had never seen before. The air revived him a little. We were quite alone. He only of all the monks had a key to this place. It had been given him as a special favor by the Abbot. We walked about and concerted our plans. We crept softly to our cells, and gathered up our sheets and the few clothes we had; the first we twisted and tied together until they formed a rope capable of being thrown up the high wall which confined the monks within the convent territory. We searched in vain for a hook to hold it at the top, but none was to be found. At last we wrenched one of the iron bars away from the window, and with great trouble bent it into a half anchor shape. Some hours were passed before this was done. It was now three o'clock, and at four the convent bell usually rang to call the monks to their devotions. Juan's excitement now grew dreadful; he seemed frightfully agitated; he trembled all over; his deadly paleness increased. At times I could feel it was with difficulty he repressed a scream, for he seemed intensely agonized, but I supposed it was merely nervousness. At length we got once more into the garden. We tried to throw up the rope and hook, but wholly failed, although we used incredible labor. At length I got up into a tree, and with great difficulty flung the hook. It caught hold, and the line descended to the ground. Juan urged me to mount first. I refused, but he forced me. When I got to the top he told me to pull hard, and endeavored to ascend; but was wholly unable. In vain he put forth his arms;

they would not hold him; they were now too feeble to support his weight. Securely fastening the hook to the top of the wall, I descended. I found him on the ground, nearly fainting; he could scarcely move; he seemed to me even to breathe with difficulty; he whispered in my ear: "Fly, fly,—I am poisoned. Oh, fool! why did I trust him? I should have known better." I tied the sheets securely round him and again ascended, then putting forth all my strength, I hauled him up to the top, but the exertion nearly killed me. When I got him there I placed him for a few minutes on the broad ledge; the starlight gleamed with a melancholy smile over his white features, on which the death-agony was already written. "Fly," said he, "fly, I say, or you will be discovered—and then death;—see the sun is already in the East." I looked; it was so, but I was determined not to leave him. I untied the sheets and flung them on the other side of the wall, then securely binding the hook to the parapet, I lifted the dying man upon my back, and descended with him. We got down safely. A little fountain murmured by. I bore him to it, and bathed his face; the cold water seemed to revive him. He opened his poor eyes—their light was fading fast. I burst into tears. I pressed, I folded him to my heart.

"Wortley," said he, "remember my dying words. Avoid my uncle and his snares. Go to the East—the sunlight East. Seek Francesca, and if you find her, let her pray for me. Pray thou also for thine unhappy friend. Now leave me. God bless you—bless you." And he fell back.

He was dead. I laid his limbs at full length beside that holy stream. I offered up a brief prayer to God, and kissed his lips already cold. My heart was full almost to bursting. Here was my sole friend on earth—except perhaps Manasam. Well, mine has been a strange existence. Once again I smoothed his limbs and looked upon his face. I closed the eyes—those eyes once so soft with love, and fervor, and

enthusiasm. The early sunbeam had already come forth from behind the mountains; there was a sacred beauty in this sylvan place; the birds began to wake and warble; all nature seemed joyous, bustling, active; but in my heart was death. My friend, alas! was no more. With difficulty I tore myself away. I was tossed in a tempest of conflicting thoughts. Suddenly the convent bell rang out its deathlike peal, and I fled into the mountains; I found a cavern, and rushed into its farthest depths. I flung myself on the ground and slept.

CHAPTER XXXII.

I CONCEALED myself the whole of the day in the cavern, and ruminated on my condition. What was now to become of me? I was alone in a foreign land, at the mercy I had almost said of a ferocious priest, who from his antecedent history would probably have no scruple in destroying me if he could. It behooved me to be exceedingly cautious. Flight from his vicinity was indispensable, but the method of accomplishing it did not seem so easy. Already I pictured to myself in imagination the bands of military emissaries who were pursuing me. If a leaf trembled on a tree, I thought it was a soldier; if a dog barked I started and supposed it heralded the approach of my captors. I was conscious indeed that I had committed no crime, but I had now seen enough of life to know that innocence is but a poor shield against the malevolence of mankind. Thus the long hours passed, and I was without food in this gloomy hiding-place, within a short distance of the convent, and consequently every moment in danger. At length night descended, and I stole forth. How calm

and refreshing seemed the mountain-wafted breeze of nature! how much of glorious happy liberty did the open landscape breathe into my soul! For a few moments I felt glad, but the recollection of my wretched condition soon recurred to me, and I determined to lose no time in entering on my flight. There was a clear azure light falling from the heaven, and I could see that the moon would soon rise. I resolved therefore to get forward on my road before this occurred. I proceeded hastily, often looking back, but as it seemed without any reason. I heard no footstep, I perceived no signal of pursuit. The wood through which I took my way was silent as the grave. I began to walk with a stouter step, and a less anxious beating of the pulse.

I wandered thus for a week, concealing myself during the open glare of day, and as the evening hour appeared recommencing my journey. I subsisted on such wild fruits as I could find, and on the chance charity of the muleteer or peasant, who poorer than an Irishman is as stiff and haughty as a prince. I picked up a flute which some traveller had lost or thrown away, and often gained a supper and a bed in return for my musical skill. Our English airs, of which I knew a good many, were a perfect novelty to these people, nor was the flute less so; for Spain is the land of guitars or castanets. I saw much to reconcile me to human nature; hospitality, kindness, good feeling, good fellowship, even among the most humble; the grandees, however, scorned me, and would give me nothing. But Spain is a land of desolation. Every thing is arid, death-like, melancholy. The towns and villages are rapidly decaying; they seem to sink day by day into the dry and greedy earth. The people, stately, silent and desponding, appear to have resigned themselves up to a proud despair and stalk about with a ghostlike solemnity, which to an Englishman is any thing but agreeable to see. For to our

bustling eye of energy and toil this lounging laziness looks criminal; we immediately suspect an idle man of being no better than he should be. All Spaniards are so in seeming if not in reality. Every thing is at a stand-still; you enter a town and it is a dwelling, not of the living, but of the dead. All the essence of life has gone out of them; their motions are mechanical; there is no vitality in the people or in the land. They are like their own mountains, silent, lonely and unproductive; they are like their own vegas, dark, solitary and barren. The only living things in Spain are one or two of their rivers, which are rapid enough; and all their women, including duennas, who are as capricious and as bright as their river waves. I had nearly forgotten their goats, which are quite as frisky as their women.

On the ninth day of my flight I found myself in the boundless forests of Almorania. Here, at all events, I was safe enough. What a place! North, south, east, west, wherever I looked it was all interminable woodland. Cork, oak, and ilex trees reared their lofty branches; the ash and willow grew in thousands in the marshy parts. I began to fear I should lose my way amid this world of wood. The sun could scarcely penetrate its mighty depths; the widely spreading branches of the cork trees and the gnarled arms of the oak effectually excluded those scorching beams under which I should have perished during the past week, had I not hidden myself under rocks, and caves, and by the deep and shadowy banks of the rivers. The Guadarranque flowed through this mighty wilderness, but it was an unsafe guide. Nor was it always approachable. It wound under a perfect covering of woodbine, clematis, and other thickly foliaged creepers, and I have more than once almost tumbled headlong into its breast from the deep banks that girdled it in. The open glades that sometimes gleamed like bright islands of verdure reminded me of dear old England; but I had other business on my hands at

present than that of sentimental recollection or poetic fancy, and the sight of a wild boar has more than once put all my most romantic reveries to flight. At night the wolves howled horribly; but by this time I could climb a tree almost as nimbly as a squirrel; and when I was thoroughly fatigued I usually selected the softest greenest bough of an oak tree for my pillow; and there ensconced, surrendered myself to sleep, with only the stars, my guardian angel, and Providence to watch over me—no bad sentinels you will probably say.

One night, just as I had got into my perch, I was aroused by a sudden noise, and peering as well as I could into the darkness from my leafy bedroom, I thought I could see a number of figures mounted on mules riding rapidly towards the very tree on which I was housed. A hundred thoughts of a pursuing band of soldiers or alguazils crossed my mind, and I gave myself up for lost, more particularly as they all dismounted round the tree where I was hidden, and began to laugh and talk with the unrestrained freedom of the camp and guardroom. In a few moments my heart was again at rest. These gentlemen were not government banditti—they were only robbers on their own account. They had not the royal license to pillage and maltreat, which is one of the cherished privileges of the alguazils of His Most Catholic Majesty. They were merely a number of jovial gentlemen who were associated for the same purpose, but without the sign manual of the sovereign to justify them if they were detected. They were in all about sixty, and a terrible cutthroat crew they looked; but I had more faith in them somehow than I should have had, had there been the same number of alguazils with law on their lips and license in their hands to trample upon every law that hedges round the rights and privileges of the people. They soon kindled a fire, unpacked their wallets, and producing sundry joints of cold roast kid, a multitude of cooked fowls,

and unending baskets of eggs, cheese, bacon, bread, and garlic, and pigskins filled with wine, prepared a sumptuous repast, for which I can assure you my mouth watered and my stomach sadly yearned. The fact is I had lived upon nothing but bread and water and a cigar for the last four days of my pilgrimage, and I was tired of such eremitical, though heavenly food.

Now when they had feasted like Homer's heroes, and were filled with food and wine, that jovial spirit which no Spaniard can thoroughly hide, and no bandit with a full belly is ever without, broke forth unrestrainedly among these glorious minions of the moon. Clearing away their plates and dishes, they drew themselves closer around the fire; and as the night was somewhat chill, they largely heaped upon it dry leaves and branches, and began to smoke and drink like men who were resolved to be happy. They stretched themselves at full length on coats and capes, and junks of cork, and beneath the glorious green oak trees formed a group that a painter would have loved to see, or a poet to describe. The fire blazed brightly, and its glitter-sparks ascended almost to the bough on which I was hidden; through an opening in the leafy arch overhead, the living stars were seen shining in the blue ether, and when the voices of the bandits were hushed, the distant music of the rolling Guadارانque was softly heard. If I could have been quite certain that I should remain unobserved by prying eyes, I should have enjoyed the scene almost as much as themselves; but my trepidation was not a little increased by my hunger, which now indeed began sensibly to remind me, as it did Alexander the Great, that I was a mere mortal after all. However, I bore up as well as I could, and as I well knew the language, I was not a little amused by their conversation. There were some wild wags among them, and they seemed to enjoy some recent adventure with more than boyish glee.

"By the Holy Virgin of Toledo," said one, and he reverently raised his hat, "never did I think such splendid fun was to be got out of a rascal monk as we have had this blessed afternoon. Will you hear it, my captain?"

The Captain and the rest willingly assented.

"We had not parted an hour, my captain," resumed the bandit, "when we overtook one of those Capuchins who eat up all the food of the poor, and give them only empty words in return; so I said to my companion Julian Romea, 'here, let us have some fun with this fellow,' and faith, we lost no time in doing so. So seizing him, we bid him stand and deliver; but the wretch had nothing—no, not even a maravedi, or if he had, he must have swallowed his treasure—for nothing with the holy name of the king could be found in his capacious pouches. Well, this annoyed us—so we gagged him and bound his hands together, and having also tethered his feet with a short rope, so that he could only limp along—not half so well as the Devil on Two Sticks—we tied him up in an old cow's skin which we happened to have, and fastening the horns on to his head, and a couple of sharp bells to these, we dismissed him with our blessing, having just compelled him to give us his benediction; though I think it sounded marvellously like a curse. Oh! what a figure he was! We watched him into the next village, crawling, hobbling, jumping, ringing his bells, and altogether appearing like the devil himself, with a long tail streaming behind him. All the cattie ran away wild; the donkeys brayed with astonishment; the dogs barked and made the most laughable disturbance; the cows cocked up their tails and seemed ready to jump over the moon; the geese gabbled; the cocks and hens made a horrible noise; and the ducks cried quack, quack, while we ourselves were ready to burst. The people in the village came out, but could make nothing of what they saw. At last one bawled out 'It is the devil,' whereupon they

all scampered after their cows; and while the women screamed, and the children roared, and the asses capered, the friar himself managed to make a strange outcry through his gagged mouth, which completed the scene, and still more frightened the panic-stricken crowd. Romea laughed so much that he fell down in the mud, and I had some difficulty in getting him up. At last the priest of the village came out with a gun in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and when he came near our friend, he took aim, and would have probably shot—not him, but a donkey—when the friar fell flat on his face, and the priest taking courage, came up, and waving the crucifix over him, caught hold of one of the horns, which soon revealed the mystery, and when he had dis gagged his man the whole story was made clear. But it was too good an opportunity for the priest to let pass, so he called the people forward and told them he had worked a miracle by casting the devil out of a holy friar, in proof of which he showed the cow's hide and horns. Great was the amazement of the villagers, who soon assembled in crowds, and our priest cut up the skin into small shreds, which he sold to the bystanders as a charm against all the imps of hell; but the horns he removed into the chapel, and there suspended them over the high altar, in honor of the mighty deed which he had done, and he and the friar divided the spoil; and we heard him telling the people he had been met on the road by several devils, one of whom had transformed him into a monster; and then he muttered blessings on the priest for having accomplished one of the greatest miracles on record. But I and Romea, having enjoyed the scene, immediately betook ourselves on the journey which you, my captain, ordered us to make, and here are the results thereof."

Whereupon he produced a massive silver goblet, at which the eyes of all glistened with delight; and the captain, with

the air of a connoisseur, pronounced it to be a matchless specimen.

Then our friend Romea, rising, sang a ballad of the Cid in a fine, manly voice, which resounded through the forest, and woke up the distant echoes; and fresh logs were piled upon the fire, and the pig-skins were again handed round, and all was mirth and jollity.

In the midst of these revels one of the bandits was observed to sigh deeply.

"How now, brother?" said one, "why are you melancholy in the midst of this good cheer?"

"I was thinking of the Holy Virgin of Toledo," answered the bandit, demurely.

"A miracle!—a miracle!" shouted a third; "what! is Joaquim becoming religious?"

"Aye, faith, that will be a miracle," added a fourth, "for I know no man apter in despoiling a fat monk, or rifling a convent cellar."

"Or kissing a young novice," put in a fifth.

"Or pulling the ears of the bishop's pretty housekeeper," said a sixth.

In a word, every one had something to remark upon this new conversion.

Joaquim remained silent until all had had their say; he then spoke with great gravity.

"By my beard, my brothers, I am, in truth, grown religious ever since I was in the old Cathedral of Toledo, and saw the Holy Virgin decked on last Anunciation day, and I would willingly make the heavenly lady my own if I had the chance to do so, and not envy the Lord Archbishop for the rest of my life; for her head was covered with a golden crest set so thick with diamonds, emeralds and pearls, that there was not room to insert one stone, were it but the bigness of a needle's eye; and on her neck she

wore a necklace such as no king or queen of old Castile has ever worn; but her petticoat—”

“Ah! I thought you’d come to that,” says a sly fellow with a wink.

“Her petticoat was all adorned,” pursued Joaquim, “with flowers and pearls, among which were some as big as an egg, and these were mixed up with black pearls of so rare a lustre that each was worth its weight in gold a thousand times; and stars and suns, and other matchless devices, all worked with the finest jewels, covered over this sacred petticoat so thickly that, if I could, I would have sold my soul to Satan to possess this blessed virgin of my heart. And now I sigh from the bottom of my bowels whenever I think of the matchless Mother of Toledo, and I pray to all the saints that she were mine.”

“Bravo! bravo!” cried half a dozen; “so much for Joaquim’s conversion;” and they drank his health around.

“Gentlemen,” says the Captain, “I have news for you that will stir your blood, and bring forth every man’s metal. Two hundred of the king’s soldiers are on our track.”

There was a melancholy pause. Even these dare-devils were not particularly anxious to come to close quarters with well-disciplined soldiers. The Captain waited, but no man spoke.

“How now, gentlemen?” said he; “surely we are not afraid. We have beaten them before, and shall beat them again like brave men. But let us take courage. They received their orders at Madrid; so we have the start of them by several hundred miles, and if we don’t like close quarters we can easily beat a retreat.”

“Two hundred is a large number,” said one.

“The odds are disproportionate,” murmured another.

“I don’t see what we should gain by fighting,” remarked a third.

“Faith, I’d rather sack a convent,” sighed forth Joaquim.

This sally produced a general laugh. It seemed conceded by all that the better part of valor was discretion, and I could see, that though bold, they were not desperate fools.

"How now, gentlemen braves," said the Captain; "what is to be done?"

"Why pack up all our winnings, and retreat into Granada," said Julian Romea; "there is nothing to be gained by fighting, and I have always thought that it is the part of brave men to wait until they are attacked."

This proposal met with general approbation; the Captain himself applauded it, and it was passed unanimously.

"And now, gentlemen," said he, "let us go to sleep. In the morning, as soon as the day dawns, we shall commence our retreat. God assists him who rises early. We have several days start of the soldiers, and they must be nimble-footed fellows if they can overtake us, with our light baggage and our merry hearts."

Thus saying, they prepared for repose. This was an easy matter. They spread their valises and saddles under their heads; each man stretched himself at length with his feet turned towards the fires, after having well looked to his arms, primed and loaded his pistols, and seen that they were ready placed at hand, but sheltered nevertheless from the night dew. Julian Romea was chosen as sentinel, and the whole company were fast asleep in five minutes. Julian heaped a new pile of logs on the fire, and sat down by it. But in a little time also he began to nod. I suppose that secret pilgrimage on which he had gone with his companion after their little pleasantry with the friar had taxed his energies to the utmost; for Julian certainly exhibited all the signs of deep fatigue. He wrestled hard, however, with the enemy, and strove to drive off every attack of slumber, but the foe proved too strong for him; and in a little while he was as sound as his companions. He soon

passed from a sitting to a recumbent posture, and gave audible tokens that he also was in the Land of Dreams.

I now thought within myself what I had better do. Should I remain in my covert until morning, I should probably be seen and made quick work of—treated as a spy, and shot, or stabbed without ceremony; or should I endeavor to retreat while this lucky spell of sleep was over Julian? There was immense hazard either way. I had no doubt that discovery at any time would be death, and there seemed but faint hope of my being able to steal away from sixty men, any one of whom, the dropping of a leaf or broken branch, the cry of a wolf, or of an owl, might suddenly wake up while I was yet within their grasp. So far, I blessed my star that I had escaped unnoticed; but was it wise wholly to rely on their non-observance of me? The eyes of sixty prying men, keenly suspicious to all appearances, and made more keen still in consequence of the information which they had just received from their Captain, would be soon about the place where I was hiding, and it seemed impossible I should escape. On the other hand, cool reason said, “You have escaped so far—why tempt your fate by a wild endeavor to break away from this circle? It is hopeless for you to suppose that you can elude them if you leave your present hiding-place. In the hurry and bustle of their quick departure, in saddling their mules and preparing their baggage, they will have quite enough to occupy their minds, without peering up into the skies in search of wandering Englishmen, who are eccentric enough to make their bedchamber in the boughs. At all events if you are to be caught, it is better to be caught in the morning, when they may probably only make you their prisoner, and carry you off with them into the mountains; whereas if you are now discovered you will be infallibly butchered before you can have time to explain your position and your motives; for sleepy men, when suddenly

aroused, are about the poorest reasoners you can argue with. Lie still, therefore—go to sleep—and put your trust in Providence.”

This on the whole seemed wisest, and I prepared to do so. Sleep I could not, though I strove hard enough. An hour thus passed, and the whole band were buried in profound repose. Suddenly I heard a scritch-owl cry; something struck me as peculiar in it; my gypsy education had made me well acquainted with the tones of birds, and there seemed to me to be a dash of the unnatural about this such as I had never heard before. “It is a peculiarity in the bird,” I thought, and I again endeavored to fall asleep. In a little while I heard it again, and the unusual note jarred upon my ear. To my surprise it was answered from an adjacent tree, and in the answer there was the same peculiarity of tone. “It is some new species,” I muttered, and I looked forth to see them. All was darkness. The cry was now repeated for a third time, and answered in the same way; the bandits still slept on, and two men descended almost at the same instant from a couple of adjacent cork trees. They must have stolen into them while these gentlemen were amusing themselves over their wine, and they certainly had done so unobserved by me. I knew at once that they were soldiers, and probably they belonged to the King’s guard. After a rapid survey they disappeared together into the woods.

This incident gave me courage. If these men can thus effect their purpose, I said, why should not I? They have shown me that it was possible; I were a fool if I did not imitate them. I crept noiselessly down, and was already within a few feet of the ground, when a branch on which I was supported broke, and I fell on the earth, but lightly. No one stirred, and I was congratulating myself that all was right, when the captain suddenly opened his black eyes and fixed them full upon me; but had I remained still,

I should probably have escaped unobserved, and the bandit would have supposed he was dreaming. But seeing him intently looking at the place on which I stood, and surmising that I was seen, I put my hand to my lips to indicate silence, and said, "Hold," in tones sufficiently loud for him to hear, but not audible enough to wake the others. The captain was a brave man; he sprang up, but made no signal. He came towards me with his carbine. He saw that I was unarmed and did not attempt to fly. He laid his hand upon me, and led me away from the group. When we had got to some distance he looked at me sternly. Even in that midnight hour I could see the fixed fire in his eye, and I could feel the full determination that was in his voice. His grasp was like a vice; but I trembled not in the least; and this coolness saved me.

"What mean you?" he said. "What brings you here?"

"Release me," I answered, "I am an Englishman. Your life is in my hands."

"My life," he replied, scornfully. "Fool, it is *your* life that is in mine. With one word from me your moments are numbered. Speak instantly. Tell me who you are, and what brings you to this place."

I recounted briefly as much of my story as was requisite for him to know. I then came to that part which related to himself and the welfare of his companions.

"You were misled when you supposed that the soldiers were far off. They are at this moment in the neighborhood. I have seen two of their spies; they are probably now surrounding you in their toils. You must fly instantly, or you are undone."

"Is this true?" he said, slowly, and he was lost in meditation. He roused himself, "Aye! why should it not? It tallies with my dream; meanwhile stay here until I return, nor attempt to escape; if you do, a bullet shall stop you."

I pledged my word that I would remain. The captain

went and roused his companions. A hurried conversation took place. In five minutes they were preparing for flight; their mules were saddled, and themselves ready. Julian was already a prisoner for sleeping on his post; and I understood he would be tried, and probably shot, unless extenuating circumstances appeared. The men formed into rank, and rode rapidly away in a direction indicated by the captain. The latter remained with me. He was armed to the teeth.

"Senor Englishman," he said, "I am about to test you. Let us climb into the tree where you were concealed, and wait for the soldiers. If they appear you have saved my life, and my soul is yours; if not"—and he stopped.

"What then?" I asked.

"You shall die by my hand," he answered, "for this lie."

He said this with a coolness that convinced me he meant exactly what he said.

I could of course offer no remonstrance. To do so would have aroused his suspicion, and probably led instantly to the consummation which he threatened. I pointed out the tree in silence; he motioned me to ascend, and I did so. He followed and took his place beside me. An hour passed, and all was still. Another hour, and still no signal of surprise. The dawn began faintly to break over the horizon; we could see the light penetrate the branches, and the earliest birds began to waken. Suddenly we heard footsteps—tramp, tramp, tramp—tramp they came. It was the approach of soldiers; we heard the sound from the four quarters of the world at the same moment. All converged towards the point in which we were concealed. The robber drew closer to me.

"You have spoken English truth," he whispered; "they are here."

They were. Three hundred soldiers we counted. They carried a piece of artillery with them also. They had evi-

dently calculated on hemming in the foe while he was asleep, and destroying him at their leisure, if resistance were offered. They encircled the place which had been so recently the robbers' bivouac; but the foe was gone. Their rage no language can describe. The robber laughed within himself. They reconnoitered in all directions, and seemed utterly confused. After an hour they followed in the track of the bandits, but with a tardy motion that offered no likelihood of a successful pursuit.

"Senor Englishman," said the captain, "you have saved us all. Come with me." I obeyed mechanically, and we descended from the tree. In a hidden corner, admirably concealed, we found two swift Andalusian horses, of true Arab blood; mounting one, he motioned me to ascend the other. I did so.

"Now," said he, "ride as if for life."

We did so, and in about two hours came up with the rest of the bandits. By a route only known to themselves, they had effectually baffled the soldiers, and were now pleasantly encamped on the mountains that look over Ronda. We had ridden nearly six-and-twenty miles in that short space, and our horses required respite, though they could have carried us much farther. The mules had accomplished their work leisurely enough, and were now browsing upon what herbage they could find.

A meeting was rapidly summoned. The captain explained to the rest under what circumstances I had become his companion, and numerous and warm were the greetings which I received. Every one pledged himself to expose his life in my defence; the Southern vivacity broke forth in every word and gesture, and I was amazed to find so many stately Spaniards full of life and motion. One brow only was overcast. This was Julian Romea, who was still in custody, and with his hands bound. I took courage to intercede for him.

"Gentlemen," I said, "there is one man here who is unhappy. I can myself testify to his care and vigilance; but in truth he was overpowered by fatigue, and while he slept I vowed to keep watch in his place. You have seen that I did so, and was no idle substitute. For my sake let him be pardoned."

The request could not well be refused. It was received with unanimous approval, and the captain gave orders for his release. Julian came and thanked me with a noble air, and though he did not use many words, I could see that he felt the full value of my interference on his behalf.

We rested here all day, and at night passed through Ronda. The country through which we rode was grandly picturesque—the very land indeed for robbers. Vast mountains flung their awful shadows over our path; terrific precipices opened wide their jaws before and around us; woods of oak and cork trees now enveloped us in shade; anon we were in some steep and rocky pass, which seemed as if about to topple down on our devoted heads; in another moment we were buried in some deep ravine, thickly overgrown with trees and climbing plants, which made our journey tedious and laborious. Journeying onwards at night and resting in the daytime, without any adventures worth recording, we at length approached Granada, reposing at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, in whose safe recesses we sought shelter from pursuit. Here the golden Darro, and the silver bright Genil blend their waters, and all seems fabled land. We encamped in a ravine, difficult of approach, even to those who knew it all their lives, and bade defiance to the royal troops, which we thought would never venture within the terrible defiles and passes of these famous mountains. We reckoned without our host.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

I WAS soon flung into a new order of existence. A fortnight ago I was a lone recluse in a convent, immersed in studies theological or philosophical; now soaring aloft into the golden empyrean with the dreaming Plato, or bathing my soul in those fountains of light and beauty, the magic dramas of Calderon; now penetrating the deep ocean of metaphysics with Aristotle and Spinoza, or poring into the mystic secrets with which Dante has impregnated his grand poetic trilogy of Hell, purgatory, and Paradise; now disporting like a summer bird amid the perfumed gardens of Theocritus and Moschus, or the flower-bright haunts of Tasso and Ariosto; now clothing my soul with the spiritual mail of Origen—that fine philosophic speculatist of the early ages, so little known, so splendidly worthy of being known; and now walking in Paradise with the majestic thinkers of our own land—Bacon and Raleigh, and Hooker and Barrow, who seem, like the son of Peleus, to have been fed from their youth upwards upon the marrow of lions. From this glorious converse I was suddenly snatched—like Orpheus from the presence of his bright Eurydice—to what?—to be the associate, the friend, the saviour of a gang of thieves, every one of whom was stained with unmentionable crime, and whose career would probably close with the bullet or the garotte. I could scarcely follow the sequence of events by which I, the only son of one of the most powerful families in England, was thus made the sport of chance; but I had a happy indifference to all things from the beginning, and I could make myself comfortable with a crust when all other dainties failed.

I took an early opportunity of informing our captain, whose name I found was Bermudez, that however flattered I might be by his evident desire that I should link my for-

tunes with his band, and become a robber, I had nevertheless no inclination whatever for the pursuit, and I asked permission to depart. Bermudez listened to me with evident reluctance.

"My friend," he said, "leave me not. Thou hast rendered us a service, such as no man ever rendered to us before. What is there that thou mayest not command among us? My life—it is thine. The lives of all our band—they are thine also. Tarry therefore until in some way we have given recompense for that which we never can repay, but which we shall certainly acknowledge in the best way we can."

I have always been the most pliable of mankind in matters that are of no consequence. My Lady Mary was accustomed to tell all her friends that I was a weak and drivelling booby. Perhaps she was right, for I have never cared much to battle about trifles, and as this was really one, I did not resist my friend's entreaties. What mattered it to me where or how I lived?—whether in a palace or a robber's cave? Both were equally respectable in my eyes. Had I not had experience of the first and of its component parts, I possibly might have doubted, and sacrificed comfort to ambition. Had I not intimately known the whole secret history of St. James's Palace? Had I not seen with my own eyes that all the fine gentlemen were knaves, and all the fine ladies were jades? Had I not witnessed that Walpole himself was only a Captain Bermudez on a grander scale; and that our noble senators were only so many robbers, who grew fat upon the spoils pillaged from the people, and divided by the minister among his ablest thieves and counsellors of mischief?

It would therefore have been the meanest humbug—(yes! that is the proper word)—for me to talk to Captain Bermudez, in the style of Captain Grand, or to affect a wondrous squeamishness as to his life and pursuits which

I own I did not feel. I had seen the Beggar's Opera, and known and felt its wisdom. I had fully appreciated the characters of Captain Macheath and Lockitt; and recognized their likeness to actual living men whom they typified. That work has been called a burlesque—but it is the most actual truth ever written; except, of course, the gospel histories of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Oh! how I laugh when I hear ignorant fools call it a libel, and interested writers designate it a caricature. Ah! Messieurs Fools, ye do but play the game of your masters when ye so prate; ah! Messieurs Writers, ye do but serve your own well-beloved interests when ye persuade the fools—your dupes and drudges—that Johnny Gay was an impudent satirist, who ought to have had his ears cropped, like poor Defoe. Ah! this is right and proper as the world wags. I have no doubt that this veritable history will meet the same fate, and that when all the fools cry out against its bitterness, &c., &c., as false, shallow, and productive of evil, &c., the glorious company of knaves—who belong to the guild of critics—will cry Amen! and lifting up their hands and eyes to Heaven, will cry out, “Oh, what wise men these fools are!” So be it; I shall then be a skeleton in my grave, and shall not much care for censure and applause; and whether my book lives or dies, will be equally a matter of indifference to me. As some man in former days said, *Liberavi animam meam*;—I have given outlet to the feelings of my soul, and having done this I am content to die and be forgotten.

Nevertheless, I was determined not to be a robber, and so I plainly informed Bermudez.

“Captain Bermudez,” I said, “let there be no mistake as to our footing—let us perfectly understand each other. I am now willing to depart. I have business in Spain which occupies the dearest thoughts of my soul. I have accidentally fallen in with your gentlemen, and I have accidentally

rendered them a slight service. You are good enough to overrate that service, but I assure you I regard it only as a trifle." Here Captain Bermudez took off his sombrero and made me a low bow, which I returned as in duty bound—for form and ceremony are every thing in Spain. "I repeat, Captain, it was a trifle, and it is not worth thinking of. Of yourself and your companions I say nothing. I believe you are all brave men." Here the Captain again bowed with great solemnity, and I was obliged to go through the humbug of returning it, which greatly disgusted my John Bull-ism. "But I am an English gentleman, and I cannot become a Spanish Caballero." (I used this phrase as the least offensive—cutthroat would have been the true word; but expediency! oh, expediency! how necessary thou art in this rascally world!) "If you are willing to let me go, I shall be glad; if not I shall remain with you, but only as a visitor. I will have nothing to do with easing monks or merchants of their superfluities. Is this our compact?"

Captain Bermudez seized me by the hand.

"Senor," said he, "nothing was ever farther from my thoughts than that you should be involved with us. I do not ask it. I never supposed it. I have solicited your stay with us only as our honored guest. If you will abide with us in that capacity, do so, so long as you like. If not, go; you are free. But I own I shall be disappointed if you leave me."

Reader! do not condemn me. I felt the sympathy of a brother vagabond, with this vagabond, and so I stayed. I thank Heaven that I did so.

Granada, the Moorish city; the enchanted Alhambra! who has not heard of them? who has not seen? who has not described? It will not do for me to enter on this beaten track. Yet will I briefly note their principal features; for here occurred the crowning incident of my life. Never do

I think of thee, O splendid jewel of the Snowy Mountains, that I weep not from a full heart.

Granada is built upon three hills; the first contains the Vermillion Towers; the second, the sacred Alhambra; the third, the Albaycin, which is separated from the rest by a pass blooming with flowers and shrubs of rarest beauty; the pomegranate, the rose-bay, the cactus, the colocintida, the pistachio. The silver Darro flows beneath, rapid as lightning, and many a lovely garden blooms upon its banks. It is a scene of magic. Spain has nothing like it, perhaps the world—if we except Damascus. There is one view of the last named Paradise, where I have often sat for hours. It is called, I think, the Seat of Mohammed. That mighty Conqueror and true Apostle of God rested there for a moment, and exclaimed, "*This is the Paradise of earth!*" And truly said he so. Yet in our own glorious land I have seen a scene almost as lovely and sublime. I mean the Wyndcliffe. The distant Eden of Damascus surprised me not, but made me drunken with a sense of loveliness. The Wyndcliffe gave me an idea of the sublime and wonderful such as I never felt before. Go and see it, and then seek Damascus if you will. But condemn me not if thou disagreeest with me; for I also have seen many things, and God knows I have no reason to be prejudiced.

O! Granada, Granada! never shall I forget thee. When my last hour comes, and my spirit is preparing for that awful and mysterious flight into the Dark or Bright Unknown, still shalt thou be in my thoughts, the next after God, Eternity and Judgment. For thou hast become a portion of my soul; and if an earthquake were to swallow thee up to-morrow, then should I know that my hour was come, and I should resign myself to death and oblivion. Thou art a part of my inmost being. There is no Moorish arch within thy walls, there is no flowing fountain, there is no weeping cypress, there is no fallen Mosque that reminds

me not of her who is my spirit's twin, and who now lies sepulchred within thy hallowed bounds. I think of thy mighty mountain, peopled with a million fair traditions; and see even now the setting sun upon its silver summits. The rose-light glitters on my aged eyes; the opal-like irradiations gleam from many a cleft and shining peak; there is the deep azure of the blue sea and the beaming brightness of a silvery ocean mingled into one divine picture, and on the highest point appears, like a diadem of light, the blessed spirit of my lost Francesca; glorious in paradise-lustre, and opening wide her arms to enfold her wanderer.

My interview with Captain Bermudez took place when we arrived in the Sierra Nevada. I had lost no time in opening my mind to him. I had assented to his terms, and was now free to walk about as I pleased. Until this moment I had to some extent been watched; but now all was liberty and trust. On the following morning I strolled into the Albaycin. You may imagine my surprise when I found myself again among my old people. The place was full of gypsies. I was utterly amazed. Here was a community, nay, a very kingdom of the Calore. I could scarcely rely on my eyes at first, but in a few minutes I knew that it was so. Nothing could equal the surprise, the joy, the wild madness of these people when I addressed them in the Zingari language—when I came to them as a brother, and claimed kindred. I was immediately brought, as it were, in triumphal procession before their reigning Duke. He was an old man with a long and flowing beard; but his eye was still bright, and his brow was unruffled. I spoke to him in the secret dialect which has a charm for the gypsy such as no words can describe. I was the first Englishman he had ever seen—but an Englishman and a Calore were two combinations that he had scarcely ever expected to behold. Could they have fed me upon gold

and pearls, they would have done so. Young and old crowded around me with an enthusiastic wildness; the men looked at me with admiration; the women, old and young, kissed my hands with a kind of fanaticism.

I passed the night in their caves, and mingled in their wild gambols. I was happy, for I was surrounded by happy hearts and smiling faces. The Duke treated me with distinguished politeness. A courtier of Louis the Fourteenth could not have been more refined or fastidious in true courtesy. Goblets of gold and silver which had been buried in the earth for years; rare porcelain, which had been hidden in baskets almost for generations, were produced to grace their festal banquet; jewels that were as old as Cleopatra were worn, and rings of massive gold that were cœval with the past Pharaohs. Flasks of wine also were opened that had been buried in the days of Columbus, and amulets of rare value, on which were graven words that could make the Moon diverge from her heavenly course, were worn round the necks of the aged gypsies. In a word, it was a scene never to be forgotten, nor have I forgotten it. Thus it was till daylight. Even then they could not part with me; and I passed the rest of the day in the Duke's cavern. In the evening the same scene was renewed. The vesper star arose and shed her seraph light upon the scene. The younger gypsies, crowned with flowers, danced and sang; the older ones recounted legends, and the young men chaunted the glorious soul-inspiring ballads of the land. All was beautiful, wild, and full of the spirit of romance. Many a sweet smile was cast upon me from dark eyes, that flashed the soul in light; many an encouraging look was shed like sunbeams over me; the blooming virgins came as near me as they well could, and touched me with robe and foot, and wondered why I did not reciprocate their professed love.

"Ours is a happy life, Senor," said the Duke; "do you pass it equally well in England?"

I informed him of our employments and our sports, as I had had experience of both. He was anxious to know all that I could tell him of our island customs. He had a vague notion of them, but many of his ideas were wild in the extreme.

"And have you not a Gypsy Queen?" he asked. "Fin! Fin." And he seemed trying to say the word.

"Margaret Finch," I answered, and I described the old czarina of Norwood. Then I told him of Akiba, and his chequered life, and of the magic days of King Zandahlo. They listened and clapped their hands with wonder and delight. They were the same wild impressible race I had known in my own country. Indians in all their traits and habits—Indians to the back-bone—the Aborigines who founded Egypt and raised the statue of the black Memnon, children of the mighty, when we poor Saxons were painted savages, and when at the bidding of the glorious hierarchs of Boodh and Brahm (when those great creeds were one) they reared Stonehenge and Ambersbury, and piled on high the astounding tolmen that even now strike wonder into our so-called engineers.

"This also," said an old gypsy, "is an enchanted place. Wherever we look we see traces of the Magi and their art, and find memorials of our own people. It was they—not the Moors—who built the Alhambra; but the Spaniards are all liars, and the Moorish writers are not much better."

I smiled at this; but where is the good of dispelling a grand dream? I have no doubt the old man and his people believed it, and I left them in their faith. It is commonly said that the Gitanos have no traditions, but this is nonsense. There is no tribe without traditions; and these wild wanderers have thousands of them. They are all, it is true, discordant with each other, but what of

that? Consult the historians of all people, and see what a sad chaos they fall into when they treat of the origin of nations and peoples. Why should our people be wiser than Livy or Geoffrey of Monmouth? Why expect more from them than from William of Malmesbury or the Edda of Sœmund? Nay, is not Hume himself a farago of nonsense and lies?

They led me into the Alhambra, the palace of their sires. The moon now shone in all her glory over the scene, tinting every line with silver; burnishing every leafy tree and mouldering battlement with her soft radiant colors. We went into the palace of Charles the Fifth, which that gloomy conqueror hoped would survive the splendor of the Moorish princes, but vainly; for the modern building is little better than a ruin already, while the fairy-like arches of the Moor seem destined to defy time itself. I was disappointed in the size of the place. Like most persons who have read or heard of it, my imagination had run loose, and I pictured to myself something grand, extended and Titanesque. But it is not so. Every thing may be said to be on a small scale; but then, how beautiful are the proportions! Probably this very symmetry makes things look smaller than they are; as in St. Peter's, a saint, six feet high, appears no bigger than a little boy. We lingered in the Court of Lions; we lounged through the long arcades, and marked the light and shadow in this holy silent hour, and listened to the plaintive music of the fountains that sparkle with a kind of spiritual airy brilliancy in the descending moonbeams. We lingered in the Hall of the Two Sisters, and from the Golden Saloon looked on the dimly lighted city at our feet, and the dark valley of the winding Darro.

All who are acquainted with the Spanish annals know of the terrible decree which was issued at this period by the Holy Office of the Inquisition. The gitanos had now

grown into so vast a population, that the attention of the ruling powers of Satanas had been particularly called to them. They were to be counted by thousands all throughout Spain, and Granada was their head-quarters. Here they were in immense numbers. All the efforts of the Priests to convert them to the Church of Rome had failed; all the legislative measures of the Cortes had been unable to extirpate them from the land. True to the traditions of their eastern blood, it was found impossible to work any change upon them. Neither time, nor climate, nor example operated in the least. As the sun of Africa made them no blacker, so the temperature of Europe made them no whiter; so also was it with their minds and customs. All the other great conquering nations had absorbed into themselves the inferior tribes whom they had subdued, or had been absorbed by them when the vanquished were really the superiors. The Persians became Greeks; the Romans also yielded to their subjects, and had adopted the tones and habits of the Hellenians; the Franks became Gauls; the Normans absorbed the Saxon tribes; and the Cymri, who were a superior race, absorbed the Mantchous, who were their masters in battle. But the gypsies were still unchanged. They neither amalgamated with the people with whom they lived, nor would they become identified with them in any one particular. They were a nation apart and alone.

Some of the more zealous priests had taken occasion to get hold of many of the younger gypsies, almost in their infancy, and to breed them up in the Papal faith; but when they reached the age of puberty the gypsy blood broke forth; every thing that had been instilled into them was forgotten or despised, and they fled to the camp of their tribe; wild as Arabs, untamable as hyenas. What, then, was to be done with these Bohemians, Heathens, Tartars, Charami, Pharaoides, and Gitanos—for by all these titles

they were known? The Church was sorely puzzled; but the Church is subtle—there is no difficulty which they cannot solve, or which they do not strive to solve. They deserve credit intellectually, but what do they deserve morally? Let time declare; I won't. They met in secret solemn conclave, and passed a law that all the young gypsies should be forcibly removed from the contagion of their parents' example, brought within the pale of the Church and saved—whether they would or not. For this purpose they invoked the aid of the civil power; and the three hundred soldiers of the king's guard who left Madrid were part and parcel of this contrivance, though Captain Bermudez had heard otherwise.

One night, about a week after our arrival at Granada, I strolled with the captain into the gypsy locality. As usual, they were delighted to see me, and they received my companion with the warmest cordiality. We gathered about a large fire, and song and anecdote went round with light hilarity. Bermudez told us of Rodrigo Diaz de Bevar, surnamed the Cid, the mighty hero of the land; how when his father was smitten by the Count of Gormaz in the very presence of the king, and he called his sons together for vengeance, all of them were craven cowards, except the youngest, who vowed that he would revenge in blood the insult offered to his ancient house. Wherefore took he the rusty sword of the bold bastard Madurra, which he found in his father's armory, and went forth in search of the fierce Count. And when he saw the Count he challenged him to deadly combat; but the Count despised his youth, and called him page, and threatened him with the whip. Whereupon the bold Rodrigo rushed upon him with his drawn sword, and a dreadful fight ensued; and he cut off the Count's head, and carried it to his father, who was overjoyed at his son's bravery, and placed him before all his other sons at the head of his table in token of superi-

ority. Then Ximerra, the daughter of Count Gormaz, once and twice, and thrice, and twenty times, besought the king to wreak vengeance upon the young man ; but King Ferdinand consented not, for he feared his people, who were all enamoured with the youthful knight and his bold exploit ; and it were as much as his crown were worth to offer violence to that chivalric head. And Ximerra, in the lapse of days, herself softened towards Rodrigo ; and, as he had made her an orphan, besought the king that he would command him to protect her ; whereupon she became his wife, and he loved her as his own soul unto his dying day. And after these things the Cid went forth and fought the Moors at Estremadura, and won to his own share two hundred horses, and a hundred thousand golden marks ; but none of these did he retain, but gave them all among his men. And when the haughty Emperor of Germany proclaimed war against the Sovereign of Castile, because he alone of the kings in Christendom refused to give him tribute, then did my Cid go forth, and with eight thousand men he crushed the army of the Emperor on the plains of France. Nor did he cease to harass him until he begged the Pope to interfere, and save him from all further molestation. And after these things my Cid was banished ; but still he fought against the Moors, and having won two mighty fortresses, he sent the spoil to King Alfonso, who now sat upon the proud Castilian throne ; and many other mighty achievements did my Cid perform until the king restored him to his favor, and the court was once again brightened by his presence. Then did my Cid again wend out and vanquish many Moorish armies, until the whole earth rang with his renown ; and no knight whatever could be found to charge against him in mortal combat ; and the haughty Persian Soldan sent him an ambassador in token of his great deeds ; whereupon my Cid said unto him—"Welcome thou unto my city of Valencia ; were thy master a Chris-

tian with great joy would I go to his land and visit him." And the Paynim prince returned home, marvelling much at the wealth and power and glorious valor of my lord the Cid. And when my Cid was dying Saint Peter himself appeared before him, and welcomed him to paradise, and my Cid was pleased; and because the Pagan Moors then besieged Valencia, he ordered his corpse to be set on horseback, and to charge the enemy with his old and conquering banner, the which indeed was done; and when the Paynims saw the stately form of the dead Cid, as his horse was led into the vanguard of the fight, behold they were stricken dead aghast, and fled in pale terror. Then was the sainted body of my Cid buried in the Chapel of San Pedro de Cardina, and many a miracle was wrought before his tomb.

All this Bermudez told us in recitative; and there was a strange charm in the wild strain, which produced a marvellous effect on his listeners. We were in the midst of these amusements, when all the watch-dogs set up a fierce and simultaneous barking. Some of the gypsies went out to see what was the matter, and returned with fear and trembling. As a body, the gypsies are sad cowards; and they will endure almost any thing with impunity. But when they are urged on to combat by others, then indeed they fight like so many devils. It happened now, however, that they were wholly panic-stricken. The scouts who had gone forth reported that we were surrounded by at least a thousand men, consisting of soldiers of the royal guard, and officials of the Holy Inquisition. And soon the women's screams informed us that the horrid work of spoliation had commenced. From every cave and corner resounded wild and melancholy shrieks. The grief and fury of the Gitanos knew no bounds. They raved like mad things; but the soldiers and familiars of the Inquisition executed their office without stay or compunction. All the children were gathered together, hastily aroused

from their sleep, and naked as they were born, and were driven like so many goats into one place. In vain their mothers besought these hardened wretches to let them have a last kiss or embrace of these lost ones. Every request of that nature was sternly refused; and the gypsy mothers were in despair. When every tent and cave was thoroughly despoiled of all the young Gitanos of either sex, and under ten years old, some of the soldiers and familiars advanced towards us. I need not say that both Bermudez and myself had done all we could to animate the Zingari to defend their children; but a torpor of terror seemed to have thoroughly cowed them; and they remained inactive, drooping, and afraid, setting up only fierce and angry cries which had no effect upon the spoilers, except to increase their passions into fury, and to induce them to maltreat the poor creatures whom they had so rudely seized. Bermudez, seeing them coming, stood firm; nor did he blench in the least. A person in command addressed him.

"And you, Sir Gypsy, how dare you kick against the king's edict? Were I not disposed to mercy, I should shoot you like a wolf."

"As you please, Sir Soldier," replied Bermudez, "but I only did what was my duty—to protest against this hellish act."

"And who the devil may you be," asked the other, "that you dare address me in this language?"

"That matters not," answered Bermudez, turning away; "you shall perhaps know at some other time."

One of the familiars now came forward, and looked carefully at the captain. After scrutinizing him some moments, he turned and whispered to the officer in command. The latter started, and cried out:

"Ah! sayst thou so indeed? This must be looked to. Soldiers, seize this man." And in a moment Bermudez was seized and bound.

"I am told," said his captor, "that you are the notorious bandit, Bermudez."

"Whosoever I am," replied the other, "I am not likely, after this insult, to give you any information."

"Lead him away," said the officer, "bind his hands and legs, and take care that he escapes not. Let him have a guard of six soldiers, and I swear, by Heaven, that if he eludes them they shall be shot." And it was done as he commanded. He then turned to me.

"And who may you be, young sir?" he questioned.

"You have no right to ask me," I replied. "I am an Englishman travelling in this country for my own pleasure."

"And what brings you, Senor Englishman, among thieves and gypsies?"

"That, Captain, is my own affair—not yours."

"Let me see your passport," said he.

I told him that I had none.

"It seems to me," he said, "that it will be my duty to apprehend you."

One of the familiars again came forward; he was the same fellow who had already pointed out Bermudez, and he seemed to know every thing. He held a paper in his hand; he looked at it and me attentively, comparing my personal appearance with what was there written. He then spoke apart to the officer, and showed him the paper. After some whispering the familiar came forward.

"Is your name Montagu?" he said.

I was so suddenly questioned that without thinking I answered—

"Yes."

"Then," said he, "you will come with us."

I was obliged to go. The following chapter will explain why.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

No. I.

IN the Royal Palace of the Inquisition of Seville, on the 10th day of August, 1734, present, the Inquisitor Dr. Domingo Abbad Y Huerta, officiating alone in his morning audience, having examined the information received against Edward Wortley Montagu, native of London in England, ordered that the above-named person be arrested and confined in the secret prison of this Palace of the Inquisition for the purpose of accomplishing fully the ends of justice, and that his trial be instituted in form, for which end let the necessary steps be taken.

Before me,

MATTHEO MAGRE,

Secretary.

TO FRANCISCO COLL, COMMISSARY,

1. On the receipt of this you will proceed to take prisoner on the part of this Holy Office, Edward Wortley Montagu, a native of London. He is a tall, long-faced person, with a commanding brow, pale, with a dark but slight beard, piercing eyes, and good presence; he speaks Spanish well, and is supposed to be wandering through the country parts of this province in a disguise; having secured him and divested him of every kind of offensive weapon, you will despatch him under good attendance to this Holy Office by the hands of Familiars, in such a manner that he cannot escape; taking measures in all the places through which he may pass to let it be known he is apprehended by this Inquisition.

2. Also, if occasion should offer, you will seize so much of his property as shall be sufficient for his maintenance, which you will transmit by those who have him in custody.

3. The prisoner being taken, you will inspect his person

and his lodgings, in order to secure a book about the size of the hand, in which it is confidently believed there are certain prayers and superstitious matters. This book you will despatch to us.

4. Also all papers and instruments found upon him, as well as those which may be found in his baggage, are to be seized. Care should be taken that he may have no time to conceal any thing.

5. You will then transport him to this city, which he will enter at dusk, just before the gates are shut. You will enter at the Gate of St. James's, and present the accompanying passport of the Governor to the officer of the Guard. God preserve you.

6. This letter is to be returned with a statement of all that may have been done agreeably to the above orders. With respect to which we trust in the guidance of our Lord.

By order of this Holy Office,

DOCTOR DOMINGO ABBAD Y HUERTA,
MATTHEO MAGRE, Secretary.

No. II.

In the Royal Palace of this Inquisition of Seville, on the 10th day of September, 1734, in the morning, the Inquisitor, Doctor Domingo Abbad Y Huerta, being at his morning audience, appeared according to summons, Padre Juan Baptista Lopez and Padre Augustin de Vinaros, and swore fairly to declare the truth. And first, Padre Francisco Ligés, Chief Abbot.

Questioned. If he knew or conjectured the cause of his being summoned to appear?

Answered. That he neither knew nor conjectured.

Questioned. If he knew or had heard that any person had spoken or done any thing which was or appeared contrary to our Holy Catholic Faith and evangelical doctrine

preached and taught by the Holy Catholic Roman Church, or against the just and free exercise of the Holy Office?

Answered. That about eight months since, or thereabouts, the deponent being moved by charity, did take in and receive into the Monastery of Mercy, at Biscay, one Edward Wortley Montagu, in the hope of baptizing him into the holy bosom of the sacred Catholic Church, the said E. W. M. then and there professing an ardent desire to know the true doctrines of the Faith. And the deponent from that time until the fraudulent flight of the said E. W. M., did teach him all the said truths and doctrines as well as he could. And the deponent verily believed that the said E. W. M. was then a sincere and worthy believer in the truths and doctrines. But on the eve of St. Epimachus last, the deponent happening by chance to enter the cell of E. W. M., found him seated at a table with some bacon before him, but when or how procured the deponent doth not know. And the deponent then and there informed the said E. W. M. that it was now the eve of a most holy festival, and that it was positively forbidden by the church that any such food or any flesh meat whatever should be eaten. The said E. W. M. answered that he meant to eat notwithstanding, and the deponent asked him whether he had a license so to do, or any infirmity; to which the said E. W. M. answered, mockingly, "I have a license from myself, and a sad infirmity called appetite;" and thereupon proceeded to eat the said meat. This is the truth according to the oath of the witness, and being read in his presence, is declared by him to be correctly recorded, and was thereupon signed with his name in his own hand. The deponent further states that he does not make this declaration out of malice; and secrecy being enjoined upon him he promised to observe it.

And second, Padre Antonio Mira being questioned, &c.,

Answered. That he supposed it to be for the purpose of

ascertaining whether a certain Edward Wortley Montagu had done ought which was or appeared to be contrary to our Holy Catholic Faith, and evangelical doctrine, concerning which this deponent testified that about four months since, being in the cell of the said E. W. M., this deponent heard him say that he was as great as God, and that he had a book, which, being put into the fire along with a crucifix, would remain unhurt, while the crucifix would be consumed, which words being uttered with much earnestness by him, the deponent was greatly shocked and frightened, and advised him to abstain from such speeches, as they were scandalous; and should they come to the knowledge of the Inquisition, would bring punishment upon him. But the said E. W. M. repeated his assertions several times; but at length desisted, and appeared somewhat alarmed at the rebukes which this deponent gave him, and turned pale. The book was a small book, about the size of the hand, but thick, and was read by the said E. W. M. in great secrecy, as if he were at prayer. The above is the truth, according to the oath of the deponent; and being read in his presence, is declared by him to be correctly recorded, and signed with his own hand. He further states, that he does not make this declaration out of malice, and promises to observe secrecy.

And third, Padre Juan Baptista Lopez, being questioned, &c.,

Answered. That he supposed it to be for the purpose of ascertaining the truth respecting the life and conduct of a certain Edward Wortley Montagu, concerning which this deponent testifies that during the whole period of his sojourn in the Monastery of Mercy, the said E. W. M., though often requested, did not once confess himself; but on being rebuked, and advised to confess, he broke out into blasphemies against God and his Saints, with such violence, that he appeared more like a demoniac than any thing else.

It being suggested to him that God did not prosper him, because he did not attend mass, or wear a rosary, nor hear sermons, nor confess, but swore, and blasphemed; and that if the Holy Inquisition knew of it, he would be apprehended, he replied that the Devil must help him; that he did not care for the Inquisition, and would not confess, and that God gave him nothing which the Devil would not give. The deponent had asked him why he did not confess, observing that to kneel at the feet of a confessor and relate his sins was to relate them to God; and the said E. W. M. replied that this was all babble, and he believed just as he pleased. Some one asking him if he was not afraid of dying, he replied that if he knew there was a tavern in the other world he should wish to die immediately. He declared it was nonsense to relate one's sins to a confessor, and that a man should tell of nothing but what he pleased. At one time he went to bed after tiring himself with swearing, and told the convent next day that a woman, a monkey, and a young man then in the house, had appeared to him in bed, scratched his face all over, and thrown him down stairs. The deponent believed that this had been done by the Devil, from his mentioning him so often.

The deponent further declared that on making a full confession last month of all his sins, and his own negligence in denouncing the said E. W. M., he was directed to give information of the whole to this Holy Office, and was refused absolution unless he complied, and that there were many more things to be told, which he could not recollect, as they happened long since.

The above is the truth according to the oath of the deponent, and is stated by him, not out of malice, but solely to discharge his conscience. It was read to him, and he declared it to be faithfully recorded, and signed it with his proper name.

And fourth, Padre Augustin de Vinaros being questioned, &c.

Answered. That he supposed it was for the purpose of giving information to the Holy Office respecting a certain E. W. M. On the evening of the last day in May, this person, being in company of the deponent, declared in conversation with the deponent, that he possessed the faculty of discovering the thief when a thing was stolen. This he had performed in the following manner. The deponent a long while ago had lost a certain rosary, and suspected four or five persons of the theft. E. W. M. said he would discover the thief. He then wrote the names of all the persons suspected, upon separate pieces of paper, and threw them into the fire. Those which contained the names of the innocent were consumed, but that containing the name of the one against whom this deponent had the strongest suspicion remained. Nobody was able to take this out of the fire except E. W. M. The paper was kept from consuming by the power of the words *Christo Senor Nuestro*, uttered by him; and it was drawn out from among the coals by the help of this expression: 1, *Ego Sum*; 2, *Factus est homo*; 3, *Consummatum est*. Besides this, he said, he knew another way of practising his divination; and this was, to collect the ashes made by the papers, and rub them on the back of his hand, where they would leave marked the name of the thief. This deponent thereupon rebuked the said E. W. M., who replied that what he had said and done he would say and do even before the Inquisition. Proceeding in conversation with the deponent, he told him that he had some instruments in his pockets which were useful for many things. He then drew from his right pocket a paper folded up, and containing two or three coils of something which the deponent did not see distinctly on account of the darkness, but felt and handled them. The deponent asked the said E. W. M. where he had obtained

the above knowledge. He replied that he had got it by studying a book of Magic which he possessed; that he had learned from this the secret of making himself invisible, and also to render a man invulnerable to thrusts with a sword. The said E. W. M. came to the cell of this deponent next day, and after some conversation gave him a slip of parchment almost a finger's breadth wide, and above a span long; this was slit through the middle lengthwise, and had written on it the following words:—*Ego + sum. Ecce + homo + Consummatum est +*. This was rolled up in lead with a small piece of bone, and the said E. W. M. told the deponent to wear it in the shape of a cross next to his skin, near the heart, and it would shield him effectually from all thrusts with a sword. It was exhibited by the deponent.

The said E. W. M. also gave this deponent another slip of parchment of half a finger in breadth and two yards long. At one extremity was drawn with ink a leg and foot, and at the other a heart with a cross above it. Other figures and letters were drawn in different parts. With this he proceeded to take divers measurements upon the body of the deponent, as from one shoulder to the other, from the shoulder to the chin and nose, &c. This he informed him would secure him from being wounded, if he used it in the following manner. He was to rub it with the wax which dropped from the tapers during the celebration of mass. This was to be done on nine several days during mass, keeping it under his cloak, and taking care that no one saw him. Afterwards it was to be worn in the shape of a cross next the skin near the heart. He gave him at the same time three bits of parchment, each about three fingers' breadth long, and one wide. Two of these contained each two lines of writing, and the other three. These were severally numbered on the back 1, 2, 3. To these was added another very small, also written over. He

informed him that by the help of these he could perform any kind of divination; and that if he wore the thinnest of these parchments upon his left little finger under a white stone set in a ring, he would be directed by it in the following manner. Whenever the stone turned red, he might play at any game which was going on, except dice or *quillas*, and be sure to gain; but if the stone turned black, he would lose by playing. Before any such use, however, was made of the parchments, he was directed to put them in the shoe of his left foot near the ankle, and to sprinkle them with the water used by the priest at mass. These parchments were also exhibited. The deponent requested the said E. W. M. to show him the Book of Magic, but he declined, alleging that the deponent could not read or understand it.

This deponent further says, that in consequence of these statements of the prisoner, the deponent one day assembled certain monks in his cell, among whom was the person whom this deponent violently suspected of having stolen the rosary aforesaid. The prisoner then said that each one present must put his finger into a cup of water, and that the water would blacken the finger of the thief; and he showed them a cup containing a quantity of clear water. They all agreed to the proposal, and the room was shut up, so as to exclude every ray of light. When the doors were again opened, they found every man's finger black but that of one. The prisoner perceiving this, and observing the agitation which he manifested, exclaimed to him, "You are the thief," and the said person in his fright confessed the robbery. And the deponent believes that this was indeed done by the power of Satan, and no other.

Questioned. If he knew or had heard that the said E. W. M. had any temporary insanity, or was given to wine?

Answered. That he knew not. He averred that the whole of the declaration was the truth, and not uttered by him

from malice or ill-feeling, but solely in obedience to his conscience and oath. Secrecy was promised by him, and he added his signature.

No. III.

FIRST AUDIENCE.

In the Royal Palace of the Inquisition of Seville, on the 10th day of October, 1734, Doctor Domingo Abbad Y Huerta being at his morning audience, ordered the prisoner to be brought from his cell, who, being produced, was sworn to declare the truth on the present as well as on all other occasions till the decision of his trial. He was also sworn to observe secrecy with respect to every thing which he might see, hear or learn, and every thing which should befall him.

Questioned. What was his name, age, occupation, birth-place, residence, and the period of his arrestation by the Holy Office.

Answered. That his name was Edward Wortley Montagu, aged twenty-two; of no occupation; native of London, in England; and that he was arrested six weeks ago by the Commissaries of the Holy Office in the ravine of Los Molinos.

Questioned. Who was his father, grandfather, paternal and maternal, and wife? Who were his uncles, brothers and children? What were their occupations, birthplaces and residences? [Here follows an account in answer to these questions, which I suppress.]

Questioned. What was the origin and descent of his ancestors and collateral relatives, and whether any one of them had been punished, or put under penance by the Holy Office of the Inquisition? [The answers to these questions follow here, but are not material, wherefore I suppress them.]

Questioned. If he could read or write, or had studied much, and in what science or faculty?

Answered. That he could read and write, but had not studied much in any particular science.

Questioned. If he had any dealings with persons of equivocal faith?

Answered. That he had lived for some time among the Gitanos.

Questioned. What were the events of his life? [The answers to this the reader may surmise, wherefore I suppress them as superfluous.]

Questioned. If he knew or conjectured the cause of his imprisonment?

Answered. That he knew not, nor could conjecture, unless it was for this, that he had fled from the Monastery of Mercy, at Biscay.

The prisoner was then informed that in this Holy Office it was not customary to imprison any person without sufficient information; that he had committed or had been seen to have committed some act which was, or appeared to be, contrary to our Holy Catholic Faith and Evangelical doctrine, which is taught and professed by our Holy Mother Roman Catholic Church, or against the proper and free jurisdiction of the Holy Office; for which reason he was to understand that it was in consequence of some such information that he had been apprehended, and on this account he was exhorted on the part of God our Lord, and his glorious and blessed Mother the Virgin Mary, to bethink himself well and confess the whole truth. Whereupon he was remanded to prison.

NO. IV.

SECOND AUDIENCE.

In the Royal Palace of the Inquisition of Seville, on the 10th day of November, 1734. Doctor Domingo Abbad Y Huerta and Dr. Bernardo Luis Cotoner being at their morning audience, ordered the prisoner to be brought

from his cell, which being done, and the prisoner present, he was—

Questioned. If he remembered any thing relating to his affairs which he was bound to state, according to his conscience?

Answered. That he had nothing more to say.

The prisoner was then informed that he had been already in a former audience exhorted in the name of our Lord and his glorious and blessed Mother the Virgin Mary, to be-think himself well and unburthen his conscience by declaring the whole truth respecting all which he had done, said, seen or heard, offensive against God, or contrary in reality or appearance to His Holy Catholic Faith, and Evangelical Doctrine, taught and professed by the Holy Mother Roman Catholic Church, or against the proper and free jurisdiction of the Holy Office, without testifying any thing false. By following this direction he would have his trial despatched with all possible brevity and mercy; but if not, justice should be executed upon him.

Answered. That he had nothing more to say. He was then admonished, and remanded to prison.

No. V.

THIRD AUDIENCE.

In the Royal Palace of the Inquisition at Seville, on the 10th day of December, 1734. The Inquisitors, Dr. Domingo Abbad Y Huerta, Dr. Bernardo Luis Cotoner, and Joseph de Otero Y Corsio, being at their morning audience, ordered the prisoner to be brought from his cell, which being done, and the prisoner present, he was—

Questioned. If he remembered any thing relating to his affair, which he was bound by his conscience to declare?

Answered. That he had nothing more to say.

The prisoner was then notified that the Promoter Fiscal

of this Holy Office had an accusation to bring against him, before which he would do well to declare the whole truth, as he had already been admonished, in which case he would more fully experience the mercy which the Holy Office extends to those who confess freely; otherwise the Fiscal would attend and proceed to the accusation; and justice be executed.

Answered. That he had nothing more to say.

Straightway appeared Dr. Francisco Gregorio, Promoter Fiscal of this Holy Office, and presented the accusation, signed by himself, against the said E. W. M., making oath that it was not done out of malice; which accusation was as follows :

ACCUSATION.

I, Dr. Francisco Gregorio, Fiscal of this Holy Office, appear before your Excellencies, and accuse criminally Edward Wortley Montagu, a native of London, in England, resident in this principality, attached to the secret prison of the Inquisition, and now present, stating that the said person, being a baptized and confirmed Christian, and enjoying the graces and benefits which such persons do and ought to enjoy, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but regardless of his own conscience and the justice administered by your Excellencies, has committed offences against our Holy Faith, by saying and performing things which savor of the heretic Luther, and by uttering superstitious and blasphemous speeches, and compacting with the Devil, and by blaspheming and denying God our Lord, seeking favor and help from devils, and by professing and practising various necromantical arts with insult to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, its sacred ceremonies, and the Holy Cross, and doing other things in the manner following:

1. The said prisoner, being in a certain Monastery in

the province of Biscay, did procure a dish of bacon, and being reminded to take heed, for it was a fast and such food was forbidden, did nevertheless proceed to eat the same, and mocked and derided the person who had so warned him.

2. Furthermore, the said prisoner being of a nation infected with heresy, it is presumed that he has on many other occasions eaten flesh on forbidden days, after the manner of the sect of Luther, and committed many other offences against our Holy Faith, besides knowing that others have committed the same offences; and the said prisoner having been admonished by your Excellencies to declare the truth, has not done it, but has perjured himself.

3. The said prisoner likewise declared that he possessed a Book, which, if it were thrown into a fire along with a crucifix, would remain unhurt, while the crucifix would be consumed.

4. From the above, it is to be presumed that the said prisoner has uttered many other superstitious and blasphemous speeches, and done many other things appertaining to the Devil; also, that he is cognizant of the commission by others of many such crimes, the whole of which he has maliciously concealed.

5. The said prisoner, while he resided in the Monastery aforesaid, could not be persuaded to confess, although he received many admonitions to that effect, but remained careless of the salvation of his soul. And the said prisoner being rebuked therefor, blasphemed God and the Saints with such fury and malice that he appeared like a demoniac. Being threatened with a punishment from the Inquisition, he replied that he did not care for the Inquisition, and that he would not confess; also, that he wanted nothing from God which the Devil could not give him.

6. He says that he does not fear God, and that if he

knew there was a tavern in the other world, he should not care if he died.

7. He said that a man ought not to tell his sins to the confessor, and that it was nonsense for a man to tell any thing but what he pleased.

8. Furthermore, it is to be supposed that the prisoner has committed many other such offences against our holy Catholic Faith, and uttered other blasphemies and heretical speeches, as well as known that other persons have done the same, all which he conceals like a bad Christian.

9. The said prisoner, on a time specified, declared that he was able, when any thing was stolen, to discover the thief, and, in proof of this assertion, wrote the names of certain other persons suspected of theft on papers, and, putting the papers into the fire, repeated the words: *Ego sum; Factus est homo; Consummatum est.* The papers were consumed, except that bearing the name of the thief. No one but the said prisoner could take this paper out of the fire.

10. Furthermore, he asserted that he could execute the above purpose by rubbing the ashes of the papers upon his hand, where it would leave impressed the name of the thief.

11. Continuing the conversation, he declared that he possessed certain instruments of use in various ways, and in fact showed something folded up, which he took out of his pocket; and, on being asked whence he obtained the knowledge of these arts, he replied that he learned them from a Book of Magic in his possession, which enabled him to do whatever he pleased. I request that he may be questioned with respect to this Book of Magic, as well as the contents of the above-mentioned envelope.

12. He told this person that he could learn from the same book to make himself invisible, as well as invulnerable to the thrust of a sword; and used various other

damnable speeches and devices, which I am prepared to prove.

13. He furthermore, by the help of a certain damnable device with water, and the assistance of Satan, discovered a theft which had been some time previously committed in the said Monastery.

14. For which reasons I request and supplicate your Excellencies to admit my charges as proved, or such a portion of the same as shall suffice for the ends of justice, in a definitive sentence, or whatever measure may be taken, and to declare my accusation fully proved; and the said E. W. M. guilty of the above-named abominable offences; condemning him to the heaviest punishments by law thereto affixed, and executing them upon his person and goods; by turning him over to the secular arm of justice as a punishment to himself and a terror to others. And I request that if necessary he may be put to the torture, and that the same be continued and repeated till he confess the whole truth of himself and others.

15. And I formally swear, that I do not present this accusation out of malice; but solely to accomplish the ends of justice, which I request at the hands of your Excellencies.

MATTHEO MAGRE,
Secretary.

The accusation having been presented and read, the said E. W. M. was formally sworn to declare the truth in answer to every interrogation relating thereto. The accusation being read over, article by article, he answered as follows:

1. To the first article, he confessed that it was true that he had eaten the bacon, but he had a license from the Abbot to do so, he being an Englishman and a visitor in the Monastery of Biscay; and being excused by him from conform-

ing to the rules and customs of the said Monastery, so far as relates to food.

2. To the second article, he said that being an Englishman, he had always eaten meat in his own country whenever he pleased, as he lawfully might do.

3. To the third article, he said that it was wholly false and untrue.

4. To the fourth article, he said that it was untrue.

5. To the fifth article, he said that he did not confess, being an Englishman and Protestant, and that he was entertained in the same Monastery with full knowledge of his country and religion. The remaining portion of this article he declared to be wholly false and untrue.

6. To the sixth article, he said it was false.

7. To the seventh article, he said it was false.

8. To the eighth article, he said it was false.

9. To the ninth article, he said it was wholly false and untrue. He confessed that he had said he knew a gypsy who pretended to have this power, but he never professed it himself.

10. To the tenth article, he gave the same answer.

11. To the eleventh article, he said it was wholly false.

12. To the twelfth article, he said that part of it was false and part of it was true. The true part of it was this. A certain monk in the Monastery had lost a rosary, and violently suspected another monk of the theft. The prisoner, at his request, desired him to ask the suspected person, together with four or five others, into his cell on a certain day. He did so, and the object of the meeting was then explained. The prisoner produced the water and declared it would blacken the finger of the thief. He then darkened the room, and introduced a quantity of ink into the water, for the purpose of discovering the said theft, as

he supposed the thief would be the only person of the party who would not dip his finger in the water. They all dipped except one, and all had their fingers blacked; the thief had wet his finger in his mouth, and it was not blackened. Then the prisoner knew that this one alone of all the others had been afraid to dip his finger in the water, whereupon he at once accused him of the theft, and he confessed it. But there was no witchcraft or sorcery; it was only an ingenious device to discover a rogue. He added that although he were put to the torture he could say nothing more.

The above having been read to the prisoner, was declared by him to be correctly recorded, and the truth according to the oath which he had sworn.

Signed by him,

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU.

MATTHEO MAGRE,

Secretary.

The Inquisitors then ordered him a copy of the accusation, that he might within three days make arrangements for his trial by conferring and agreeing with one of the lawyers who are counsel for those persons tried by the Holy Office, namely, Dr. Magrina, priest, and Father Geronymo Vidal, Jesuit; giving the prisoner liberty to make choice of either. The prisoner made choice of Dr. Magrina, on which the Inquisitors ordered him to be summoned. The audience then closed, and the prisoner being admonished, was remanded to prison.

Before us,

DR. DOMINGO ABBAD Y HUERTA,

DR. BERNARDO LUIS COTONER,

DR. JOSEPH DE OTERO Y. COSSIO.

No. VI.

AUDIENCE FOR COMMUNICATION OF THE ACCUSATION AND EVIDENCE.

In the Royal Palace of the Inquisition at Saville, on the 10th day of January, 1735, the Inquisitor, Dr. Domingo Abbad Y Huerta, being at his morning audience, ordered the above-named E. W. M. to be brought from prison, which being done, and the prisoner present, he was

Questioned. If he remembered any thing which he was bound to declare according to the oath he had sworn?

Answered. That he had nothing more to say.

The prisoner was then informed that Dr. Francisco Magrina, whom he had selected for his counsel, was present, with whom he might confer and make arrangements for his defence.

Dr. Francisco Magrina was then sworn in *verbo sacerdotis*, to defend well and faithfully the said E. W. M.; to inform him if his case was not on the side of justice; to do every thing which a good advocate is bound to do, and to preserve secrecy throughout.

Then were produced and read the several examinations of the said E. W. M., made from the 10th day of October, 1734, to the present time, with the accusation and the answers of the prisoner. These he examined, and conferred with the prisoner respecting his case, counselling him as to the best defence which could be made—to confess the whole truth, and, if he had been guilty of any offence, to beg for pardon, by which means he might obtain mercy.

The said E. W. M. replied, that he had already declared the whole truth, as appeared by his confession; that, beyond this, he denied every thing contained in the accusation, and, in consequence, begged to be acquitted and set at liberty.

The Inquisition then ordered a copy of the above to be

given to the Promoter Fiscal of the Holy Office, who requested that they might proceed to the proofs. The Inquisitor replied that the cause should be judged definitely, and the proofs on both sides received *salvo juve impertinentium et non admittendorum*, according to the style of the Holy Office; and the same was notified to both parties.

The Promoter Fiscal then declared that he reproduced the testimony which had been received and registered against the said E. W. M. in this Holy Office, which testimony he desired might be examined and ratified in form, and also that all other necessary investigations might be made and the testimony published; whereupon the audience closed, and the prisoner being admonished to bethink himself well and declare the truth, was remanded to prison.

MATTHEO MAGRE,

Secretary.

No. VII.

AUDIENCE FOR THE PUBLICATION OF THE TESTIMONY.

In the Royal Palace of the Inquisition at Seville, on the 10th day of February, 1735. The Inquisitor, Dr. Domingo Abbad Y Huerta, being at his morning audience, ordered the above E. W. M. to be brought from the secret prison, which being done and the prisoner present, he was

Questioned. If he remembered any thing which he was bound to declare according to the oath he had sworn?

Answered. That he had nothing more to say.

The prisoner was then informed that the Promoter Fiscal of the Holy Office had requested a publication of the testimony against him, before which it would be well for him to declare the whole truth, as this would cause him to experience more benignity and mercy.

Answered. That he had nothing more to say.

Straightway appeared the Promoter Fiscal, and requested publication of the testimony against the said E. W. M. according to the style of the Holy Office. The Inquisitor

ordered the publication to be made, concealing the names of the witnesses and other circumstances which might cause their persons to be known, according to the order and style of the Holy Office, which was done in the manner following :

Publication of the testimony against Edward Wortley Montagu, native of London, England.

A certain witness, sworn and qualified in the proper time and manner, in the town of ———, on a certain day of the month of September, in the year 1734, declares, &c. [Here follows the testimony of the first witness, before given.]

Another witness sworn and qualified in the proper time and manner declares, &c. [Here follows the testimony of the second witness.]

Another witness, &c. [All the other testimony repeated.]

The Inquisitor then ordered the prisoner to make arrangements for his defence; and admonished him and remanded him to prison.

No. VIII.

AUDIENCE TO COMMUNICATE THE PUBLICATION.

In the Royal Palace of the Inquisition of Seville, on the 10th day of March, 1735, the Inquisitor, Dr. Domingo Abbad Y Huerta, being at his morning audience, ordered the above E. W. M. to be brought from prison, which being done, and the prisoner present, he was—

Questioned. If he remembered any thing which he was bound to declare in discharge of his conscience, according to the oath he had sworn?

Answered. That he had nothing more to say.

The prisoner was then informed that Dr. Francisco Magrina, his counsel, was present, with whom he might communicate, and take measures for his defence. The publication of the testimony against the prisoner was then read to the said Dr. Francisco Magrina, who proceeded to

confer with the prisoner about his defence. Having done this, he received from the hands of the prisoner a sheet of paper, upon which he drew up articles of defence, which were then read to the prisoner, and he declared that he made a formal presentation of the same. Here follows the defence.

DEFENCE.

Although Edward Wortley Montagu has no necessity for any defence against the charges brought against him by the Promoter Fiscal of this Holy Office, nevertheless for greater security, and with an express declaration that his impeachment of the testimony of the witnesses against him is not occasioned by a desire to injure them, but solely to defend himself, he states the following :

1st. He confesses that he has committed an offence against the rules of the Church, but denies that he ought to receive any punishment for the same; which is the truth, because

2d. Although it be the fact that he ate the meat on the feast in question, yet it is not the fact that he did it through malice or with any desire to transgress the ordinances of the Church, but he supposed that he lawfully might do so, having a license from the Abbot; which declaration is the truth.

3d. It is not true that he was informed that he ought not to eat the meat, yet he who says he so informed him, suffered him to eat it notwithstanding; which is the truth.

4th. The third and fourth accusations are not corroborated by any witness, and are utterly false; which declaration is the truth.

5th. The sixth, seventh, eighth, and part of the ninth accusation are not corroborated by any witness, and are wholly false; which declaration is the truth.

6th. The eleventh and twelfth accusations are also false *in toto*, and are not corroborated; which declaration is the truth.

7th. These things that he has confessed to are harmless; which is the truth.

8th. Single witnesses to such grave accusations are not deserving of credit, insomuch as *non det fides testibus singularibus*; which is the truth.

9th. The prisoner suspects that the witnesses against him are acting maliciously, and under the command of their superior; which is the truth.

10. On the above accounts the said E. W. M. ought to be acquitted by your Excellency, and released from prison, experiencing justice at your hands; *vel alias omni meliori modo quod de jure sibi adaptari valeat; et verum.*

11th. *Ponit quod, omnia et singula, sunt vera; super quibus jus diei et justitiam ministrari pustulat; et verum.*

F. MAGRINA.

This being presented to the Inquisitor, was by him ordered to be put on file. Whereupon the prisoner, being admonished, was remanded to prison.

Before me,

MATTHEO MAGRE,

Secretary.

No. IX.

SENTENCE.

In the Royal Palace of the Inquisition of Seville, on the 12th day of March, 1735, at the afternoon audience for the determination of causes: present the Inquisitors Dr. Domingo Abbad Y Huerta, Dr. Bernardo Luis Cotoner, Dr. Joseph de Otero Y Cossio. Having examined the proceedings of the cause against Edward Wortley Montagu, now in the secret prison of this Holy Office, ordered unanimously, that he is to be confined for life in the said prison.

Before me,

MATTHEO MAGRE,

Secretary.

CHAPTER XXXV.

I HAVE plunged the reader so abruptly into the heart of the Inquisition that I suppose he will scarcely be prepared for it, nor would he be less surprised by the pile of legal documents—not the least value of which is that they are perfectly genuine—with which I suddenly surrounded him, and left him puzzled doubtless not a little at their professional jargon and pedantic forms. I will now endeavor to help him out of the maze into which I so unceremoniously thrust him, and when he reads or re-reads the preceding chapter, by the light of this, I have no fear but that he will more thoroughly understand the nature of the mysterious tribunal of which I was now the victim, than ever has been understood by Englishmen, or even foreigners, before. For in no work that I know of is there so complete, so circumstantial, and so accurate a narrative of the legal process of this ecclesiastical star chamber as in the present; and as every step in the proceedings is here minutely traced, the world can judge of that institution on grounds more authentic and distinct than have ever before been presented to its eye. Circumstances, which I shall probably at a future time disclose, put me in possession of these documents, and I have no scruple in making them public—not out of any hatred to the Church of Rome or its establishments, but simply as historical memoranda, well worthy the attention of the philosopher of every creed and kingdom, and valuable to all who make religious systems the subject of speculation or inquiry.

The reader already knows how suddenly I was snatched away from the dreamy vagabond sort of state in which I found myself at Granada. Though I am not usually cold-blooded, or quaker-like when wrongs are offered to me, I knew at once that resistance was hopeless; and I trusted

rather to the goodness of my cause than the vigor of my muscles. For I had no terror of any dangerous result. The charge was heresy—this the semblance of my captors at once signified—a charge which I dismissed with scorn, and which I had no doubt I could easily repel. Had they been alguazils, and had I been apprehended for murder, or some other offence against the criminal laws, such as my monks might easily have invented, I should probably have been not a little nervous; but to an accusation of heretical opinion, I was conscious that I was in no way liable; and therefore I bore my fetters without complaint. Strange and absurd it will appear that I reasoned so. I ought to have known that if they were capable of inventing a criminal charge against me, they were equally capable of sustaining one whose basis should be heresy—but in the confusion of the moment, I did not reason so, but in the other and foolish manner that I have mentioned; and I went my way with a cheerfulness of demeanor which seemed to surprise the grave and black-robed lictors of the church.

I was carried into a gloomy building as large as a barrack, with vast silent courtyards, dark porticos, and frowning arches; and through stone corridors, along which our steps were painfully and sadly echoed. On each side I saw small and iron-studded doors, leading to cells innumerable; but every door was firmly chained and locked, and double barred with massive bars. I was then led into a sort of dungeon, and having been stripped, I was clothed in a long, sad-colored doublet, and a man, who seemed a clerk, entered in a book an inventory of my clothes, telling me, at the same time, that I was now in the Holy Inquisition, and that there was nothing lost there, but that every thing should be restored to me when I went out, were it even of the value of the hundredth part of a farthing. I asked him why I was brought here, and demanded the name of my accuser; but he answered:

"Sir, you must observe a strict silence here, and ask no questions whatever. You must be as still as if you were dead; and indeed, while you remain within these walls, you are truly dead to all corporeal things. You must not speak, nor whistle, nor make the least noise that can be heard by any; and, if you hear anybody cry or make a noise, you must still be silent, upon pain of two hundred lashes. Your properest course will be to recline upon this mattress all the day until you are released, and thus you will escape all censure." I told him I could not always recline there, whereupon he added: "Well, you may indeed walk, but it must be softly, so that no one shall be disturbed in the least. This place is the Place of Silence." He then departed with the apparitors, and I was left alone.

This was a new scene in my eventful drama, which I now began to contemplate with feelings any thing but satisfactory. So long as I was in the open air, cheered by the sun, and breathed upon by the free wind, I could look forward without dismay to the prison which I approached; for it seemed to me that, after all, it would be but a temporary residence; but the scene had now become changed, and the prospect was any thing but agreeable. I had so long been a happy denizen of nature, and had been so used to trip over her hills and dales like some wild, free creature of the forest, that I cared but little for what ordinary men consider the worst privations. My clothes, my lodgings, or my food, were the least of all things in my thought; but liberty was a priceless gem, to which nothing else could be compared, and of this it now seemed that I was likely to be deprived for some unknown period, and for some unknown offence. In place of the glorious forest, or the sublime lonely mountain, I was in a little cell of ten or twelve feet in extent and so dimly lighted by one small grated window that, if you had a book, you could with difficulty read its pages. I was surrounded by a horrible silence, which ate

into the very essence of life and made me most intensely sad. I missed the rustle of the trees and the song of birds, the merry music of the rivulet and the sense of heavenly freedom, which, above all other sensations, is perhaps the most rapturous to the soul and heart of man.

The food with which they supplied me was frugal and monastic, or rather anti-monastic—for, in our convent, we fed luxuriously on all the dainties that can gratify hunger and thirst. A little wine and bread and half-a-dozen walnuts was all that the Holy Office supplied daily to its prisoners; but, as we had no exercise, our appetites were not great, and we remained in health on this slight refection. A week passed in solitude, during which I saw no one but my keeper. At the end of that time, he hurried one morning rapidly into my cell, and told me to make ready to go out. I hailed this as a sign of freedom, and, with boyish gladness, asked him, Whither? He answered: "You must go to audience." "What!" I asked, "to the king?" "No," said he, "but to my lords of the Holy Office." This reply damped all my courage. However, I prepared myself, and was conducted to the place.

It was a large, oblong chamber, not very well lighted. On the wall, at the extreme end, were: on the right, the Papal arms—the mitre and cross keys—finely carved and gilt; and, on the left, the royal arms of Spain under a naked sword. In the centre was a colossal carving, representing the crucifixion; and as it was finely painted, and all the deathliness and horror of the event were plainly represented, it struck the eye with a vividness that is but seldom felt at mere pictorial images. In front of this, before a long table, was a chair, in which sat an Inquisitor, and near him was a small crucifixion, placed upright, so as to be ever in his eye, doubtless that he might be filled only with the most holy thoughts. At the end of this table was a little bench, at which I sat, and near, at a small table at

my right, was a Secretary, who made minutes of all that took place.

The Inquisitor himself, whose name I afterwards learned was Dr. Domingo Abbad Y Huerta, was a middle-aged man, of a saturnine expression, a large and somewhat coarse mouth, a broad forehead, well developed, and a piercing gaze in his eyes, which had, at times, something sinister, and which seemed to search you through and through, though he never looked me once fully in the face during the whole investigation. There was an air of command in his features, habitual to one who had long exercised power of life and death, and his voice was clear, cold, harsh, and imperious. I was informed by the apparitor, that I was now having my first audience, and I was accordingly questioned in the manner set out in the legal document which is so headed. I observed that, however carefully the Secretary wrote down all my answers, there was an air of incredulity about both himself and the Inquisitor, as if they noted what they heard as a matter of course, without according the slightest particle of faith in its truth, or being in any way affected whether it made for or against me. However, I answered frankly and sincerely, for I was in no fear at all; and though I had seen something of the interior of religious life, the parting benediction or advice with which the Inquisitor dismissed me, seemed so sincere and well intended that, had I really any thing to confess against myself, I should have been tempted to do so. But I had nothing to charge myself with, and therefore I was obliged to appear contumacious to my judges—if, indeed, the Inquisitor ever condescended to think at all about me.

The next day I asked my keeper how long I should be kept in prison? I told him that I was wholly ignorant what charge of heresy or disbelief could be brought against me, and that it was useless for the Inquisitor to endeavor

to extort a confession of that of which I was wholly innocent. He told me not to be afraid; that the Inquisitor was a most holy and just man, and that all he did was intended for my benefit, spiritual and earthly; that if I answered freely to the questions put, I should receive the highest marks of favor and respect—the Inquisition never exercising its sovereign powers, except over those who were so obstinately wicked that they were insensible either to prayers or commands. He told me he had known persons to be confined there ten, twenty, and even thirty years, for refusing to make that full and open confession which the Church sought simply for their own benefit, but that nothing could be more honorable or expeditious than their mode of administering justice, when the accused dealt fairly with them.

A day or two after this I received a visit from one of the reverend Doctors of the place, accompanied by his secretary, who, with an air of intense kindness, asked me whether I was well? whether my keeper was kind to me? whether my food, my bed, and lodging were pleasant and agreeable? whether I had any complaint to make? for if I had it should be speedily inquired into and redressed—and, finally, if there was any thing appertaining to my spiritual welfare to which the Holy Office could in the least contribute,—I had but to name it, and it should be at once looked to; for the Church regarded with maternal love all its children, however erring, and never was filled with more heavenly joy than when she could see them repent and live.

To all these fine speeches I simply answered that I had committed no offence deserving spiritual chastisement; and that further, the loss of my liberty was the greatest punishment which could be imposed upon me. Wherefore I besought him that I might have a speedy trial, for I had no doubt I could make manifest my innocence the moment I saw my accuser. The reverend doctor parted from me

with a "God bless you, my son," which might have melted the heart of a stone, and in sooth I suppose it would have melted mine into water, had I not been thoroughly on my guard. Despite the vigilance of my jailor, I noted a hundred symptoms that I was in a place of torture. I could hear at midnight long and dismal groans, whose dying echoes were dreadful to the ear; in the day, when I was meditating, a shrill scream as if produced by a paroxysm of the direst anguish seemed to echo through my cell, as if conveyed by some strange passage with which the dungeon of the sufferer communicated with mine. The keeper stole often outside my door to see whether he could hear me say any thing, and to discover no doubt also whether I was communicating with the tenants of the next cells, or plotting against the ordinances of the place. Once when I asked him about Captain Bermudez, he smiled significantly, shrugged his shoulders, and signified that I was doing myself no good by inquiring after such a reprobate. To my inquiry as to what had become of the children of the Gitanos, he flew into a passion, and ordered me to mind my own business, or he would report me to his superiors.

In another month I was again summoned by an apparitor to the Second Audience, when another holy Doctor appeared on the tribunal. This audience ended as unsatisfactorily as the first, and I was sternly remanded to my cell.

The Third Audience was on the following month, and on this occasion there were three Inquisitors; the particulars of it are set forth in the legal instrument, and it certainly tried my patience to the utmost to hear such false charges. On this occasion I was furnished with the depositions, and the accusation against me; but the names were carefully suppressed. I became possessed of the authentic documents afterwards in a manner that will be explained. The countenances of the Inquisitors had now

grown dark and angry; and that accent of benevolence which on their first or second appearance they had used, was now changed into one of harsh and imperious terror, in which was developed the true nature of the men; hard, cold, cruel as steel. However, I did not heed them much, being convinced in my own mind (against all reason and experience as I now know) that nothing really could be done to me, as I was innocent. Some other formal audiences being had, which are mentioned in the document, I was visited by my counsel, Dr. Magrina, who told me that God was the first Inquisitor, for he had questioned Adam and Eve in the garden, &c., which precedent clearly proved the heavenly origin of the Holy Office, and the sublime nature of the duties imposed on its ministers. He used a great many sophistical arguments to induce me to make full confession, and appeared wholly to mock my protestations of innocence. However, he maintained appearances as well as he could, and he often spoke to me on other matters, on which we could converse freely without suspicion. He was pleased to say he felt the deepest interest in my welfare, and that if I would but embrace the pure and holy faith of the Catholic Church, I might be immediately appointed to a most honorable and confidential office in England on behalf of the rightful heir to the Throne. My connections and opportunities were hinted at, my supposed knowledge of the Court and Court intrigues would be beneficial to the illustrious family most deeply interested, and I might be dismissed at once with every token of dignity, if I did but prove the sincerity of my heart, and the falseness of the accusation, by consenting to be baptised in the Holy Catholic Faith. My answer to this impertinence may be surmised. I had not abjured slavery to a parent in order to assume it under a priest.

At last the final hearing came on. The defence of Dr. Magrina, I suppose, was in the usual style of these proceed-

ings. The result the reader knows. To me the sentence came like a sentence of death, and I was filled with horror. I am certain I should have infinitely preferred the stake itself, to perpetual imprisonment in this odious place.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A POWER was working outside the walls of this Royal Palace of the Inquisition, on which its sacred governors never calculated. The recent foray on the Gitanos, and the abduction of upwards of two hundred of their young ones, had driven this people into frenzy, which would have evaporated in mere talk (for the Gitano race are the most timid of all the people under the sun) had not the accidental arrest of Captain Bermudez supplied flame to what was already full ready to blaze forth. The gallant Captain had ostensibly done nothing to subject himself to the spiritual interference of the Holy Office. His crimes were, it was thought, altogether of a secular nature; and it was always the spirit of the Inquisition to meddle with nothing but their own affairs, and to let the municipal power exercise the laws upon those delinquents who had transgressed in worldly matters; reserving to themselves the whole jurisdiction over those who had violated conscience by some speech, or thought, or act, which was not directly cognizable by the civil courts. It would seem that this was not so; and that the Holy Office had received an accusation against the Captain of some spiritual transgression. I believe it was the abduction in early life of a novice, or a nun—for which they were now resolved to wreak full satisfaction on his head. Accordingly, although a band of soldiers had been despatched from Madrid for

the sole purpose of securing him and destroying his companions, the Holy Office with that air of superiority over the civil tribunals which they always exhibited, and never failed to carry into practice where they could, claimed full power over Captain Bermudez; and the soldiers of the king, after several ineffectual attempts to get into the stronghold of the bandits, were obliged to return the way they came—the gypsy Duke hinting pretty freely that their commandant had received a large sum of money as a peace-offering—the vulgar would call it a bribe—from Julian Romea, who acted as a kind of confidential clerk to Captain Bermudez. The bandits, therefore, being wholly unmolested, soon concocted measures with the Gitanos for a general attack on the Royal Palace. They waited for fully seven months, until all measures of precaution had been laid aside and the soldiers were safely barracked in the capital. Numerous meetings took place, and the Gitanos were rapidly instructed in the use of the trabucho and the pistol, though I believe nothing short of the terrible outrage perpetrated on them could have induced those people to lay aside their peaceful, timid habits, and enter on a course which must, necessarily, terminate in carnage. During these proceedings Dom Balthazar arrived from a distant quarter, no one knew where, but every one recognized his right to command. Balthazar, as we have seen, was no craven. On the contrary, he was a man fully equal to any emergency of this nature. His recognized position among the Gitanos entitled him to counsel, and even to command; and the gypsy Duke willingly surrendered up to another the leadership of an enterprise which was wholly repugnant to all his former instincts and habits.

Of the bandits, the one selected to fill the Captain's place was an arch but bold wag, who rejoiced in the nickname of St. Joseph. He had been a student for the priesthood, but having got a young Jewess in the family-way, he fled

into the mountains, and joined himself to some noble spirits, who with true cosmopolitan philosophy waged war alike upon Christian and Hebrew. The incidents in which he had been engaged, and his own profane comparisons of himself to the venerable sage, had got him the name in which he now rejoiced; and he was well and widely known for his unrelenting pillage of all holy ministers of religion, whom he usually shaved, or experimented upon in a manner absurdly ludicrous to all who could dissociate religious duties from the order of the priesthood, and who did not quite hold that every monk was a deity or an archangel. Priests and Jews were the chief game he hunted; and as luck would have it, he had had remarkable success in the chase. His bags were full of reliques, scapularies, holy beads, cassocks and other paraphernalia of priests; and though he had a large collection of breviaries, the only portion of them which he ever read were the legends of the saints, on which he bestowed unlimited jokes, and which he said were far pleasanter than the miracles of Ovid. The other consecrated trappings were subjected to unmerciful profanation. He would dress himself as a priest, and, entering a village, confess all the young women of the place, and return to his companions primed and loaded with extraordinary anecdotes, which he recited with an air so comical and waggish, that none could abstain from laughter. But with all this, the fellow, like *Mercutio*, was as brave as a lion.

Seven months passed, as I have said, before the banditti or the *Gitanos* took any steps in their meditated siege. They now put themselves under the leadership of *Balthazar* and *St. Joseph*, and the event was fixed for the first dark night. They had an emissary within the Palace, in the shape of a turnkey, who was a *Gitano* by blood, and whose fidelity the robbers insured by the promise of a purse of gold if he would open the gates and admit them. This

fellow was soon persuaded. He had originally been a robber himself, but a priest whom he had eased of some doubloons wrought a miraculous conversion in him, and after a probation of piety and religious exercises he was made an officer of the Inquisition, where he had, up to the present period, performed his duties with fidelity enough. But the fame of Captain Bermudez was so widely spread through the provinces that our new convert felt not a little inclined to seek adventures with him, and the old vagrant humor breaking forth, when the Captain himself was incarcerated, he determined to confer on him such a service as would insure enrolment in his band, and thorough reliance on his future trustworthiness. He got into communication therefore with the Captain, and an amicable negotiation was entered into between Bermudez, Balthazar, St. Joseph and Sylvetti, (so was the officer called,) which was satisfactory to all parties, and resulted in the arrangement which I have mentioned. The guard over Captain Bermudez was to be knocked on the head, the Captain himself was to be let loose, and taken into the quarters were the young Gitanos were huddled up, and where a party of the gang were to meet him, and, furnishing the urchins with torches and flambeaux, were to fire the Palace, and in the general confusion sack it of all it contained, and liberate the imprisoned heretics, out of whom they anticipated some fresh and desperate recruits to their ranks.

Every thing succeeded miraculously. A saint's night was chosen for the siege, when half the officers were drunk; for though the Spaniards are a sober people, there are certain holy seasons when indulgence is permitted; and the festival of a Saint is one of these. Sylvetti manfully carried out his project; and Captain Bermudez, to his unmitigated delight, found himself a free man—as free at least as he could be within the walls of a prison, though unconfined within any cell. He proceeded at once to the quarter indi-

cated. Sylveti opened the door, and let in the rabble; they entered silently, and then barred the huge doors. Now a terrible struggle arose. There were at least a hundred officers and warders within this vast place, and they were all well armed. The encounter was terrible, but numbers prevailed; and the Gitanos once heated by the sight of blood, and the certainty of conquest, grew perfectly wild and furious. Fire was applied in a hundred places at the same instant to the Palace; the most fearful hand-to-hand encounters took place; the work of pillage commenced; and though there was not much to seize, still to the Gitanos almost every thing was valuable, though the gentlemen of Captain Bermudez cared only for gold cups, or silver crucifixes. They got a few of these in the great chapel, and managed to sack some rich vestments, one of which gorgeously worked in gold St. Joseph wisely secured for himself; and having carefully packed up all that they intended to take away, they were preparing for their departure like men entirely satisfied with their night's work. But Captain Bermudez had not forgotten what he owed to me. It suddenly occurred to him that I also was in the Inquisition, and as he knew it would be impossible to find me, he proposed a general and instant liberation of all the prisoners—a part of the original plan which in the hurry and confusion had been well nigh forgotten.

It so happened that I was among the very first on whom the Captain himself accidentally dropped. I had heard the horrible uproar, but could form no conception as to its cause; but when the place began to fill with smoke, and the groans of the dying and wounded, mingled with the shouts, the blasphemies, and the execrations of the exultant victors began to swell into a tempest, coupled with the shrill screams of the children, who scarcely knew whether they were in the hands of friends or foes, I began to get alarmed for my own safety, and to regard the chances of

being roasted alive as not the least remote from possibility. I kicked against my prison door, and did all I could to make myself heard—but I did not know that my worthy keeper was then lying within a few yards of me with his throat cut from ear to ear, and his pockets rifled of the few silver coins which they contained. And now on all sides arose a terrible chorus of cries; the shriek of despair, the shout of vengeance, the accent of supplication, the howl of frenzy—for there were several in this odious place whom their wrongs had driven into madness. Hastily, at the head of a few chosen men, all of whom had keys, came Captain Bermudez along the arcades. I could hear each cell unlocked, and I was in an agony of expectation until my turn also came, for I could see a red glare now imaged in the sky which told me that this mighty prison was on fire. The Captain saw me, but could scarcely believe his eyes—so great was the change which a few short months had wrought in my appearance; nor was it until the torches shone full over me, that he was quite certain who it was. For my part I did not leave him long in doubt; for I rushed upon him and clasped his hand with thanks for my deliverance; a greeting which the worthy Spaniard received with his accustomed gravity.

“Come along, Senor,” said he, “and join us in liberating the rest.”

I gladly did so, and we went wildly from cell to cell. The vast quadrangles were now one vast Babel of confusion. In every place were men and women, dressed and undressed, who added to the tumult by their tears, their terrors, their amazement, and their joy. The subterranean dungeons were every moment disgorging fresh victims. There was feeble, querulous, weather-beaten old age, and youth in all its brightness, dimmed in the very vigor of its hopes. In one cell we found a Jew, nearly eighty years of age, with long gray neglected beard and haggard

eyes, who told us he had been taken away from home and wife and children fifty years before, and locked up in this hell ever since, enduring a living death; for he had never heard the least tidings of his family from that time to the present. The old man was like a mummy; it could be just said that he lived, but nothing more. He was like a toad disintombed from a hard rock, where he had lain buried for ten thousand years; the sight and hope of freedom was too much for him. He told his tale feebly, gasped for air at the end of it, and fell down, expiring in a few moments. In another place we found a priest, who had been originally immersed for some slight ecclesiastical offence; but when he was searched in the prison, a copy of *Spinoza* was found in his pocket, and, for this frightful crime, he was sentenced to a dungeon for life. He was a tall and noble-looking man; his eyes were full of philosophic calm and dignity; he seemed to treat all things as the result of destiny; and when we told him that he was free, and the manner in which it had been brought about, he mildly reproved Bermudez for so wicked a contrivance as an attack on the citadel of the Holy Office, and asked him how he hoped to obtain the intercession of the Virgin for his participation in this blasphemous outrage upon the sacred temple of her best-beloved ministers? So great is the force of custom on the mind that I have no doubt this man would subsequently surrender, and willingly submit himself to his allotted punishment.

And now a loud cry of the wildest exultation was heard. We turned to the corner from whence it came, and as we had nearly emptied the whole prison by this, I accompanied Captain Bermudez to the place from whence the noise proceeded.

"It is time," he said, "to prepare for flight. If we remain much longer we may be surprised."

We found ourselves among the *Gitanos*, who were danc-

ing wildly, like so many mad people; their joy knew no bounds. They had found an Englishwoman who knew their language, and there were loud plaudits. What icy chill was it that suddenly ran through my heart? I rushed into the middle of the crowd. The gypsies made way at once, when they saw who I was; nay, they began to congratulate me on the joy I should feel at being thus a party in the liberation of my countrywoman. She was lying on the ground, tenderly supported by some of the Gitanos. Her hair was loose upon her shoulders, and her appearance fair, but fragile in the extreme. Her eyes were closed; but, as I looked at her for a moment, she opened them, and with a bound, a superhuman exertion, she rose, and flung herself in my arms.

“O, Wortley!” she said, “are you indeed come at last?”

I was overpowered. Could this be Francesca? Could this be my innocent and noble wife? It was so. The sudden surprise had bereft me, as it were, of my reason; but I knew that it was she, and I folded her to my heart.

“She is my wife,” I said to the people; and many of them melted into tears. She meanwhile lay upon my heart bereft of sense and motion. Captain Bermudez instantly ordered a mattress to be brought forth, and when she was laid on it, he gave her over to the charge of the gypsies, and ordered a retreat. I walked by her side, holding her hand, and wondering what new revelation was now to come. Even at the moment I could not convince myself but that I was playing a part only in an incoherent dream.

With some difficulty we made our way from the burning palace. The whole city was now aroused; the guards and the authorities were there; but seeing a determined force of sixty men, armed with knives and pistols, and upwards of six hundred of the Gitanos, bearing sledge-hammers, pikes, guns, and swords, as they guarded their liberated

offspring, who clung to them with eager limbs; observing, too, that we were momentarily reinforced from the Albaycin by crowds of the female gypsies, who gathered around us with frantic cries of joy, almost all being armed with daggers, or other implements of offence; and that, among those whom we had liberated, there was a large number prepared to fight desperately for freedom, should any attempt be made on the part of the magistrates to detain them by force, they thought that moderation was the safest course; and indeed there were hundreds among the assembled citizens who could not but sympathize with the energetic means to which the Gitanos resorted; and few saw with sorrow the downfall of so horrible an institution as that which was now surrounded by the flames. Any notion of an attack upon us, therefore, if ever it was entertained, was abandoned when our numbers were discovered, and our resolution to defend ourselves to the last extremity could be traced in our determined, silent, dogged bearing. The crowd opened a passage for us; we passed in silence, but with vigilant eyes. I think I saw a movement made at one place towards Captain Bermudez by some of the magistrates; but that worthy, with a pair of pistols in his hand, looked steadfastly at the approaching party, and, without wasting many words, signified to them that an attempt on him must be the prelude at all events to their own destruction, and to the most deadly civil commotion that Spain had known since the days of the Moors. Our march was rapid and terrible; the few villages we passed through were evidently cowed and overawed by the imposing fierceness of our appearance; miles seemed nothing to us in our excited condition.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WE now mounted upward by the winding road of the Alhambra. The moon was bright in heaven; the snowy mountain peaks of the Sierra Nevada were one sheet of glittering crystal. The lonely Tower of Comares rose before us still and stately; the hills and valleys rich with fig and pomegranate lay in deep repose and shadow; but here and there we could see the soft moonlight imaged on many a fairy stream that flowed in silver from the emerald glens and gorges of the Alpuxarras. I was once again happy—or at all events indulging in a happy dream. Beside me, with her hand clasped in mine, was my own beloved Francesca beautiful as ever, though faint and thin; while in her eyes which now beamed on me with enthusiastic fondness, I read a world of love, as pure as snow; as undying as ever animated the heart of woman. We did not speak, for I could see how feeble she was, and I was satisfied to hold and press her hand, knowing that in each mute caress she understood the whole of what my spirit felt. And now we had passed that Moorish palace, and were ascending the higher eminence on which the gypsy tribe have made their dwelling for so many centuries, burrowing in the rocks and caves, and nestling amid fruits and flowers, with an Arab independence of the mere superfluities of life, which in my judgment is the surest proof of high organization. Of two men—one of whom is content with a handful of dates, while the other can do nothing without a beefstake—the first is certainly the greater. Suddenly there was a loud disturbance in our rear; and a tall horseman rode up, mounted on a powerful mule. Our eyes met. We both knew each other at a glance, though we had not met for some time. It was Dom Balthazar. Looking at the litter and at myself, he rudely demanded—

"What means this? and what brings this man here?"

I returned him a look of hate and scorn, but I disdained to answer. In a rough voice he called out to the bearers of the litter to halt, and they did so.

"Drag away that man," he said, pointing to me.

But now Captain Bermudez came forward.

"My friend," he said, "I don't know who you are, or what you want, but you had better go home, and become sober. You have no business with us."

"And who may you be?" asked Balthazar, with an angry gesture of hatred and rage.

"I am called Bermudez," answered the other; "who are you?"

"Whoever I am, it matters not to you," replied Balthazar. "I am in command of my brethren here, and this woman is my wife."

"Scoundrel!" I said, darting towards him, "how darest thou to say this? Thou the refuse and scum of mortals!"

He looked at me with a cold hate; and drawing his dagger, came to meet me. Bermudez flung himself between us.

"Senor," said he to me, "are you mad that you mind this varlet? You who have but just recovered your wife, and such a wife, ought not to be moved by this fellow."

"I tell you she is my wife," roared Balthazar, and he made towards the litter. As he did so, Francesca rose; she seemed imbued with new strength.

"Begone," she said, "torment me not. Are not all my woes and troubles from thee? What have I done that thou shouldst persecute me longer? Now I am with him again, and all thy malice shall be defeated."

She looked at me with all her innocent and loving heart in her eyes. She breathed her spirit into myself.

"Yes," said I, "Francesca, fear him not. But my hour is come, and I shall have vengeance on this villain."

"Sayest thou so?" he said, urging his mule still towards me as I supposed, and almost trampling down Bermudez in his way. The Gitanos seemed half disposed to aid him; they looked threateningly at me and the Captain, and one or two of them drew forth their long knives.

"No man shall lift his hand against Dom Balthazar," said one; "we all owe him fealty, and he has but to say the word and we shall obey him."

"True, my brother," he cried out, "but this is a traitor knave who has broken every law of the tribe, and deserves death. The woman is my wife, and I shall have her, or know why, in his heart's blood."

The gypsies were about to deliver over the litter and its burthen to Dom Balthazar, when Francesca sprang out of it, and placed herself beside me.

"Good people!" she exclaimed, "it is false—all false! here only is my husband," and she hung on my neck; "that man has always been my deadly foe."

"It must be true," said Bermudez: "men, come forward and arrest this scoundrel," and he called to St. Joseph, who was laughing beside him, in his usual wild way, and caring little what took place, so long as there were blows and fun.

A deadly fight appeared imminent. The Gitanos were evidently disposed to believe Dom Balthazar in preference to me, when the latter rode right against me, and lifting his dagger, aimed, I know not at which, but Francesca flung herself before me, and received the blow in her bosom.

Who can describe the yell of fierce revenge with which this diabolical villain at length accomplished the purpose of his soul? He raised his dagger, reeking with her blood, and shaking it in the air, kissed it, and ere I could recover from my stupor he was gone. Several of the gypsies pursued him, but he warned them off with some mysterious gibberish, which seemed to awe them all. The bandits then

took the chase, but all traces of Dom Balthazar were lost. For my part I was transfixed with deadly horror. I flung myself on the earth beside her, and groaned aloud. Some women now ran up to us; we gently lifted her on the rude litter, and bore her to the Albaycin—there was no other refuge for either her or me. She was placed in a cave which belonged to the Duke himself. It was trellised with myrtle, orange and other odoriferous trees; eglantine, clematis, and the wild vine lent their sweet shades over and about it. The Gitanos seemed to have forgotten their own troubles in this dread catastrophe of one so young, so innocent, so beautiful; and though the parents pressed their rescued babes to their hearts, and covered them with kisses and endearments, yet still I could detect many an anxious, pitying glance upon her who had but a moment ago shone like some lovely lily of the stream, but who now, with broken stalk and drooping head, was passing away into dark oblivion that is in death. The blood had ceased to flow, for they had bound up the wound; but when the leech of eighty years who knew the force of every healing herb and drug saw her, he shook his head, and intimated that all was over.

“O, my own, my loved, my long lost, lately found Francesca,” I exclaimed, “art thou indeed leaving me forever? For this have I endured sleepless nights and days of agony? for this have I abandoned home and friends, and all that reconciles to hated life? Thou who art the spirit of my own soul, art passing away; thou knowest me not, thou canst not give me sign or token that in thy heart I still am loved; neither canst thou open wide the mystery that has so long concealed thee from thy husband-lover. Oh, wake! wake! look upon me once again before thou departest forever; let those sacred eyes shine upon me, and speak; let me know what thou hast endured, that if I live I may at least avenge thy wrongs. Ah, poor child! a sad and

wretched destiny has thine been. Torn in earliest youth from all that could make thee happy, thou wert brought up alone, and far away from all the sweetest sympathies of life. For a brief space thou hadst a dream of light and beauty—for a brief space the hallowed paradise of love was opened unto thee, and we did walk together in its gardens; but a hand and sword of fire expelled us, and since then our wanderings have been wide and many. For me the glory of my youth and hope is gone; for thee thy life is ebbing fast, and thou knowest not that I am beside thee. Speak, speak! wake! or I shall go mad—if indeed I am not already so with many woes—but this, the darkest of them all,” and I flung myself on the earth beside Francesca, hopeless, nerveless and heart-broken.

In an hour my sweet wife revived, in an hour the soft and star-like light of those heavenly eyes was again cast upon her husband-lover. But death was in their mild beam. Her hours were numbered; before the Morning Star glittered on high, she would be far away—far, far away in the Unknown and Silent Regions, whither I could not go. While she was here, she was mine, and no man, no power could come between her and me; in a few fleeting minutes I should no longer have dominion over her. She would be the inhabitant of another realm—the subject of another sceptre, the lonely denizen of another sphere, into which no mortal foot could enter. She stretched forth her feeble hand, and touched my brow, and head, and cheek. The magic of her touch penetrated me, as the touch of Alla penetrated his apostle, Ahmed, the Ambassador of the Most High. It ran through my being. It was like the hand of Death—but the hand of Death guided by undying Love.

“Oh, Francesca! Oh, my wife! is it thus that we meet again—meeting but to be separated forever? Thou knowest my agony; yet see it not, but pass in peace.”

“Wortley,” she said, “my own love, better is it that I should die at once, than live longer to be the sport of chance. From my childhood upward, what have I known but wretchedness? I am one of those doomed to be unlucky—nay, look not so, for there are many who are fated to be unhappy. Well did the Wise Man of the Hebrew people say, ‘The race is not to the swift; nor the battle to the strong.’ Every day I have lived I have felt this to be the truth. I am the daughter of ill-luck. It is better that I should pass away.”

“O, Francesca, sayest thou so? Is this the justice of Heaven—to give to one the happiness which it withholds from others?”

“I know not,” she answered; “I cannot penetrate the secret ordinances of God. I believe, I know, that He is Most Just. But I know also that some are fortunate, and others are unfortunate; that there are many who pine and toil, and are unhappy all their lives, while they possess the noblest attributes of mankind; while there are others who reach the proudest heights of mortal glory, yet are the lowest and most vicious of human beings. But God judges not as we judge. He alone is Wise and All-knowing—but we are only poor blind moles, who see nothing truly. Glad, therefore, am I, that I am passing away—for I am of the unlucky; nor can I bring to others that which I possess not myself. But thou, mine own, shalt be soon separated from her, who gave thee no enjoyment.”

“O, Francesca, say not so. Thou wert my joy, my life, my heaven on earth. Thou also didst first reconcile me to existence; thou alone didst first teach me to believe in a God of Justice. Until I knew thee, I was as one who wanders in a desert, who had no thought of God or the Future. But when I learned thy gentle virtues, then was I convinced that it was not chance, but a Supreme superior Power that made thee what thou art; the type of all that is pure, holy,

sacred and exalted; and knowing thee, I first began to know what God was and is."

She paused, and seemed buried in thought. Perhaps it was weakness.

"Wortley," she said, "I am dying. In an hour I shall be no more. The dagger has pierced me to the heart. We shall be separated soon forever."

"Oh! not forever," I cried, "say not, that it is forever."

She faintly smiled. "No," she answered, "not forever—we shall meet again above. But hearken now to what I say. Thou wouldst know my history since we met; in brief have it, for I cannot hold out long."

I begged her to hoard her strength; I endeavored to cheer, to comfort her, to give her hope; all my exertions were vain.

"I am dying," she said, "dying fast. I feel my strength momentarily going. The gate that lets my spirit out is open. Hearken to me before I die."

"Thou rememberest our last parting—alas! we dreamed not that it was our last. I sat up for thee late that night. I counted the slow hours. I had got for thee the little supper which thou wert wont to have; I prepared it as of old with my own hands, and sat by the fire, murmuring the old ballads which we loved so well. The hours passed, but thou didst not come. I heard St. Paul's strike twelve—the long funereal sound went into my soul like a death-knell. Never before hadst thou been absent from me so long—never before had I so waited for thee in vain. The fire was dying out, but I heaped fresh logs on, and strove to sing, and strove to while away the lonely moments over the songs of Tasso; but an unknown gloom seized me. I could no longer read or sing, or do otherwise than think; and all my thoughts were now grown dark and melancholy. One o'clock, and thou wert not returned. The sound entered my heart like a knife. Two—three—struck, and

then I thought thou hadst gone home with one of thy friends, and so I considered no more about it, but retired to bed. To bed—but not to sleep. I tossed all the remainder of the night uneasily on my pillow. In the morning I was up by six. He will return early to breakfast, I said, and I prepared all for thee. The little bird sang in his cage; the little geraniums put forth their flowers; but bird and blossom were unheeded when thou wert away. Six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve. Oh! weary, weary, were those long hours! I now began to get alarmed. It was evident that something unusual must have happened. Thou wert not wont to leave thy poor bird thus for any length of time—thy poor lonely bird, Francesca, that always pined when thou wert away. I strove again to divert my thoughts by reading—but I could not. I seemed encircled by a dark cloud; my eyes saw blood; my heart felt instinctively that there was something nigh which would appal me. I strove to eat a morsel of breakfast, but it was like a lump of fire in my throat. I could not swallow, so I went into a corner and cried. Yes, Wortley, I cried for a whole hour. This relieved me. At the end of that time, I heard a knock at my door. Judge of my delight, my rapture, when it was a message from thee—a message from my own loved one, who had not forgotten me.

“Thou hadst been to Twickenham—thou hadst sought and seen thy father. Thou hadst confessed all—he had forgiven his prodigal son, and all was well. Thy mother had joined her tears with his and thine; never was there a more happy union. It wanted only my presence to make all perfect. I was to come at once. Thou didst apologize for not hastening to accompany me, but thy father could not bear to part with thee—to leave his sight after so long an absence was more than he could endure. Fancy my joy. Conceive the heartfelt transport of my soul. Nay,

Wortley, my own darling love, blame me not that I believed this tale. I was so sad, so excited at thine absence, that I would have believed any thing that purported to come from thee. In a few minutes I was ready. A hackney-coach was at the door. I kissed the bed where thou hadst slept; the glass that thou hadst touched. I am going to him, I said; we shall be happy and united for evermore. Away, wild thoughts! torment me not; with Wortley's love, my life is heaven; earth a paradise.

"I gave my glad news to the woman of the house, and descended the stairs. The carriage was empty, but there was a man with the driver. The latter touched his hat. 'He is a friend, my lady,' he said, 'who has asked me to give him a lift on the road. May I do so? If not, he shall go down.'

"I was so happy myself that I could not deny any thing that another needed. 'By all means,' I said; 'I shall be glad to serve him in his necessity. Drive on.'

"We went on rapidly. I did not know the road to Twickenham, nor did I suspect any thing. I lay back in the coach, immersed in happy, golden dreams. I was to see my husband; to embrace my new parents; to take a recognized place in society. For thy sake, my Wortley, I was pleased. I cared not for the change on my own account; I was happy with thee in a garret, or anywhere; I required not any thing but thy heart. That was my world; it was for that alone I lived. We stopped at a house on a lone heath. It was a large house, but there was an air of desolation about it. I had heard of thy father's parsimony, and I supposed this desolate, wild place was in accordance with it. But I wondered, as we drove up the bare avenue that led to it, that I saw thee not. I hoped for thy welcome presence. I thought thou wouldst rush to meet me; but the friendly eye and smile greeted not thy fond wife. Presently, I thought, presently I shall be in

his arms and shall forget all. We stopped at the door, and the man who had come with the driver dismounted and knocked. It seemed a long while before it was opened. I was amazed to hear the sound of bolts and locks. It was slowly unbarred; it seemed a massive door, and moved heavily on its hinges. A servant came out and bowed. I descended and entered. As I did so, the man said, 'This is the mad lady,' and disappeared. The door closed on me, and I found myself in a vast and cheerless hall."

Here she paused; exhaustion seemed to come upon her; she was half fainting; when one of the Gitanos gave her a cordial, which revived her. She endeavored to collect her thoughts; but I could see the damp dews of death upon that sainted brow. Oh, how I cursed my fate! I writhed in agony, but I repressed my feelings and was still. I wonder my heart did not burst in twain. Would to God that it had!

"My own Wortley," she said, "I have but little to add. I was a prisoner. I was locked up and treated as an insane person. When I spoke of you, I was laughed at. When I endeavored to interest the woman who waited on me with some allusions to the past, I was treated as a hopeless lunatic who was not to be noticed or listened to; but every word was to be regarded as an idle raving. I would willingly shut it out from memory. To me it seemed an age; but I know not whether it was weeks or months. It was all oblivion and death so long as I had not thee. What weary days and nights I passed! What dreary hours did I go through! What spheres of lonely, desolate thought! I sighed only for thee. I thought only of thee. I suppose I was punished because I never thought of God. But thou wert my God. Alas! I ought not to have made any mortal so. Yet even still as I tread the dark bridge that leads to Eternity, I see thee—only thee. Thou art my only star—my only hope—my only heaven! Ah! me. What speak

I? God forgive me; but, Wortley, thou art my very soul forever and ever."

She revived again, and resumed; but her voice was now more faint and sad than ever. The dark enemy of life had made rapid approach within the last few minutes.

"One night, midnight it must have been, I was suddenly called up and forced to dress. My clothes were huddled on; my trunk packed with the little that it contained; and I was put into a carriage. A man was inside, but I noted him not. We drove off rapidly. We drove for several hours until the stars sank one by one out of the heavens, and the morning dawned, bleak, cold, and gloomy. I was utterly weak and nerveless. A feather would have knocked me down. I now scanned my companion. He had remained silent all the night, muffled up in a large cloak, but it seemed he did so rather for warmth than to conceal himself; for I could observe no attempt to screen his face. Thou wilt wonder who he was. It was Dom Balthazar. [A cold pang shot through my soul, but I remained outwardly unmoved.] I looked at him long and earnestly before I could be positive that it was he. At length, he looked at me steadfastly, saying:

"'Do you know me?'

"'Yes,' I said; 'you are Balthazar, the gypsy.

"'The same,' he answered. 'Hast any thing to say to me?'

"'Why am I here? Where is my husband?'

"'These are questions I cannot answer now. But you are going to your husband. He has left England in search of you. I only heard so last night. The moment I did, I resolved to place you in his hands without further delay.'

"'Balthazar,' I said, 'this is a lie. You do not mean to take me to my husband.'

"He swore that he was telling me the truth; he swore it with such awful oaths that I half believed him. Alas!

what will not powerful hope persuade the heart? Even when we sink into the abyss of waters, and all around is tempest, we do not quite despair of succor. I remained silent in meditation. The man also spoke not. We changed horses, and got to the river side; I suppose it was somewhere below London. I was now passive in his hands. As we approached the place, he drew a pistol and said:

“‘You know me; I shall have no noise made. Your true policy is to be silent; if not, you shall. I will do you no hurt unless you compel me; but if you do, I shall shoot you on the instant, and I have prepared measures so that it will appear you did it yourself.’

“I was terrified by his threats. I have since known that they were foolish, and that I ought to have despised them and called out at all hazards; but, dear Wortley, all my courage was gone. I had had neither food nor sleep. I was beside a reckless, deadly villain, who I knew would stop at nothing to gain his ends. I hoped to find some one in the ship who would defend me from him. I went on board, or rather I was taken on board, for I was so weak that I could hardly walk. I was carried down into a cabin, and left alone with a woman; but I fainted, and when I recovered I was in bed.

“I remember but little more. A long time passed—a long and gloomy time. I took no heed of it. Whether it was days, or months, or years, it was all the same to me. I was in a convent. I was surrounded by women who besought me to take the veil, and spoke smooth words. But I distrusted all their arts. Instinct whispered to me that they were my foes, and I hearkened not to them. They told me that thou hadst perished at sea, and that it was thy dying command that I should take the veil; I believed them not. I had now become so suspicious in all things, that I trusted no one. Hour by hour this wretched impor-

tunity continued; my life was all miserable. At length I said: 'Why should I be a nun? I have no faith in your religion; I have a religion of my own. Your creed is all show; my creed is of the heart within.' What more I said I know not, but I was soon after taken to the Holy Office, as it is called. I had spoken blasphemy; those to whom I had spoken it revealed it in confession, as they were bound to do. The Inquisition never pardons words like these; I was brought before them, and mildly questioned. But thou knowest their manner—the mildness of the dove—the poison of the serpent. I answered little; I learned that I was condemned. I found by their questions, and by the papers which they sent me to my cell, that I was unknown; I had been given over to them under a false name. Had they known who I was, I suppose they would have sent me elsewhere; they would scarcely have risked placing me so near thee. I bless God that they did so, for to die thus in thine arms, my husband, is the sole pleasure I have had for years. Oh! better is it so to pass away than to have lived a prisoner in a cell alone."

Again she fainted; again the woman gave her that vivifying cordial, and she strove to sit up, but she could not. She opened her eyes, but saw me not.

"Wortley, my husband, where art thou?" she said. "I cannot see thee."

"I am here, Francesca; here by thy side;" and I guided her hand to my face.

"O, my husband! bless thee—bless thee! But the last minute is come. Would that I could see thee once again."

She stroked my face with her poor, feeble hand, as well as she could, and fell back heavily on my arm. I laid her gently down on the bed. All the women were dissolved in tears. Her eyes were closed. We thought her gone forever. But it was not so. She opened them in a little time,

and looked at me. A holy and immortal light beamed out of them.

"God be blessed," she murmured, "He has heard my prayer. My husband, I see thee; kiss me once more—thou knowest not how I have loved thee," and a smile came over that innocent face.

I bent to kiss her; and as I pressed my lips to hers, her spirit parted. A bright and heavenly splendor illuminated her face for a moment. It was like the Aurora light of the northern heaven. It gleamed and was gone. She was no more on earth. She was in the Infinite and Eternal.

What more occurred I know not. I fell down stricken to the heart. When I regained my sense, they told me that she had been buried a week. It was so. Fare thee well, Francesca—mine own—my holy one—but not forever. In another Land of Beauty we shall meet.



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Now there remained but one duty, and that was vengeance. This I had sworn to have, and I did not like to break a vow which I had once made. I inquired for Dom Balthazar; to my amazement I found that he had not left Granada. I had supposed that he was far away, and that I should have had great difficulty in tracking him; but here he was within my reach, apparently determined to fight it out whenever I felt inclined to give him the opportunity. Single combat with this wretch was not what he merited. I resolved to kill him unrelentingly the first moment I could do so. On further inquiry I found, however, that although he had not indeed left Granada, he was con-

ceeded in the Sierra Nevada, and was in hourly communication with the Gitanos. Some business of the last importance detained him, it was said: he was hastening to conclude it by every means; and I was assured by my informant—one of the band on whom I could rely—that he was in agony of fear lest he should fall in with me, for his conscience, perhaps his instinct, told him, that when we next met, one or both of us must fall, and that our encounter was to be war to the knife. I communicated with Bermudez, and sought his advice and assistance. That grave commander mused and hesitated.

“My friend,” he said, “that you are right in killing Dom Balthazar cannot admit of any doubt. All the Vatican priests will absolve you, and even the Holy Office will give you absolution for so virtuous a deed. There are two ways of killing a man—one is that in which whilst you destroy him, you perish yourself; the other is that in which while he perishes, you yourself get off scot free. If you are for the first of these you will have no trouble; you have only to denounce him to the police as a murderer, and he will be garroted, but you will be again locked up for life in the Inquisition, or probably put to death for having been mixed up in our little siege of Troy. For my own part I don’t approve of the first mode at all; but I prefer the second course, which is the pleasantest in the end.”

“Captain,” I answered, “I have no desire to bring myself within the hands of the priests again, and time presses. We must all depart from this place, and speedily, or the whole country will be upon us for our late affair. But justice imperatively demands that the man shall die; and if I cannot myself find him, I must then denounce the murder to the authorities; so that I destroy him, I disregard what happens to myself. There are some things for which I wish to live, and I will live if I can; but be it life, or be it

death, Balthazar must perish. We two cannot live on the same earth."

"I think," replied the Captain, "that it is always better to live than go into the grave. It is a cold and lonely place; or if you have companions they are but a poor set of worms. I applaud your resolution to keep yourself in a whole skin; and I equally think that Balthazar must die. Indeed, it is now come to this that one of you must cease to live for the security of the other. Neither of you can sleep in peace. The next question is, How he must die? I know a friend who, for a small consideration, will stab him when you say the word. Nay, for one like me, he will do it out of pure pleasure."

"That would not do at all," I answered: "I mean to stab him myself."

Captain Bermudez opened his eyes and laughed. He shook my hand.

"By the Holy Virgin! you are right," he said. "How came I not to think of it? Body o' me, but I grow as dull as a monk."

And the gallant fellow laughed again, and rubbed his great hands, and flung his arms around me, and kissed me on either cheek.

Disengaging myself from his embrace, I inquired—

"Can you bring me to the place where he is concealed? That is all I want."

"I do not know that I can," he rejoined. "The Sierra Nevada is no small mountain, and it is full of nooks and corners, and caverns since the hiding days of the Moors; so that you might search for a hundred years and not find your man. But fortune always leaves a door open. I will put one of my best scouts upon his scent, and if the wit of man can find him, he shall be found. Confide in me, Senor, and all will be well. To an old dog you need not say *tus, tus*. We shall ourselves leave this place in a few days to

let our recent little pleasantry blow over; but here, there and everywhere you may command us."

I thanked the Captain, and waited eagerly for our next meeting. He came to me on the following day about sunset. His eyes sparkled; I knew that he was successful.

"Senor," he said, "I have found your man; he is hidden in the Mulhacen. From all I can discover he leaves Granada in a day or two, never to return. He intends, we are told, to sail over to Africa. Now, therefore, is your time, or never. You can have two of my men as guides, and my best mules or horses for your expedition. But you had best set out to-night."

I thanked him with all my heart, and immediately got ready. I borrowed a pair of pistols and a dagger, of finest keenest steel, from Bermudez, and wrapping myself up in a large cloak I started with my companion for the bandits' quarters. We reached them about nine o'clock, and Bermudez added to the scout, who had discovered the retreat of Balthazar, our old friend Julian Romea, who willingly joined me in my holy expedition. They put up a quantity of provisions, and we proceeded on our way at midnight. We took several mules, and three noble Andalusian steeds.

I was now going on the most just and honorable expedition that ever man had taken. The career of Balthazar seemed to have been that of a villain from his cradle. By his own account, he had dealt in blood and murder ever since he could do any thing. Poison and the knife were familiar to him. He was in truth a wild beast let loose upon society. He had come in my path, and crossed me from the basest and most mercenary motives; he had vowed enmity against me without a single act of provocation, and he had carried out that enmity by driving me from the gypsies, where I had so long been domesticated, by plotting against my Francesca; by forcing us to flight;

by procuring my own confinement and her abduction; and finally by his cruel murder of my innocent wife in my very presence. My own fate would doubtless follow, unless I purged the earth of such a wretch. His destruction, therefore, became my duty. I thought of Akiba, and the similarity between this portion of our lives, and though my moral feeling made me admire that astonishing sacrifice of himself to duty, which Manasam's life had developed, my judgment and my heart rebelled against any consideration operating in this case on the side of mercy. "Is not revenge the law of nature?" I asked. And I thought of the swallows and sparrows which I had seen and noted so many years before, when the guilty were punished even to the death, by the instinctive justice that was in the very birds. "Had Manasam been a man," I said, "he should have smitten his brother to the heart, if in truth he knew that his brother was a party to that foul and cruel wrong." He should have acted like the wise and learned Akiba, who destroyed all his foes, and in their blood appeared the spirit of the murdered.

My companion, Julian, strove to amuse me, or to lead me into conversation, but I was too much absorbed in thoughts like these to attend to him, or to answer his remarks. The moon shone above us as an orb of silver splendor, and lighted up the whole mountain with a soft and gorgeous loveliness; but a sad and melancholy halo seemed to wrap all things, and when I gazed upwards to the stars they seemed to gleam over me with a cold, reproachful glance, which penetrated to my heart. But when I looked before me, I knew that in the mountain dwelt that fierce, relentless tiger, who had destroyed my hopes of earthly happiness forever. I was resolved that no feeling of pity or compunction should stay my hand until it was red with his life-blood. We passed over the smaller hills, that seemed like seas suddenly petrified, and reached a

gentle slope, which is the first table land. We rested our mules beside a little spring, whose waters sparkled like diamonds over the green grass; and as the sun now began to rise, we could now clearly see the distant peak of Mulhacen, where I knew my enemy was sleeping. How calm and holy it looked! the abode of innocence itself could not be more still. While we refreshed ourselves, a huge viper stole out of some adjacent brushwood. He fixed his dark eyes upon us and hissed fiercely, a greeting which our guide repaid by thrusting him through the stomach with a swordstick. Here a curious incident occurred. A little bird no bigger than my finger had watched our proceedings very attentively. No sooner was the viper disabled than it flew up with the feathers of its neck standing on end; it flapped its wings, and piped a strange and shrill note of exultation. Every time that any portion of the venomous beast writhed convulsively, the bird shrank back in deadly fear; soon, however, it returned to the charge, and pecked the viper with its beak, after which it would rise into the air three or four feet, chirping loudly again and again. I do not know what the serpent could have done in its lifetime to the little bird, or what was the feeling of hatred we had gratified by killing the viper; but it is certain that I never beheld such an amount of delight in any thing before.

"It is a good omen," said my companion, and I hailed it as such. We mounted our mules, and proceeded onward in silence.

The sun had now fully risen, and revealed to us the wild and ragged aspect of the mountain. We could no longer see the summit, for each separate table land hid all that was above it; but we could form an idea of the vast extent over which we traversed. On every side were awful chasms, deep down into the base of the mountain. I looked into them, and longed to fling my foe headlong from their tops, and so suspend him half-alive on one of

the naked crags that rose up out of the bottom, until he was devoured by snakes, or cats, or vultures. We crossed a pass scarcely two feet wide, on either side of which yawned one of these frightful abysses, but I scarcely saw them. On and onward seemed to be the only thought of my heart, and I believe I should have walked with naked foot over a red-hot plank of iron spikes, without feeling pain, if I had but beheld Dom Balthazar at the other end, so ardent was my thirst for vengeance. The eagles rose and screamed above our heads. I hailed the tutelary birds with joy, and in their shrill clang I recognized, as it were, a voice from heaven urging me to go on, on.

We were here met by a caravan of donkey drivers, descending from the higher points of the mountain with their panniers of snow. We stopped and questioned them. My guide was the spokesman. Lifting his sombrero, and bowing profoundly, he asked whether they had met any one that morning on the upper hills. They answered no, but on the day before they had seen a tall, dark man with a great beard, who seemed watching the distant city with a large glass, and was so intent that he did not even see them pass. We bade them good-bye, and rode on. This was Balthazar; I knew him by the description. He was then evidently alarmed. Probably he was even now on the alert. Speed was necessary—in rapidity of movement was my only chance. We urged on our mules more quickly than ever. The Andalusian horses which up to this were led by a youth belonging to the band were tethered here, so that we might have them fresh for our return. The boy stayed with them to watch.

The snowy region now appeared. We had got to traverse a terrible wild of rocks and precipices, flung as it were by the careless hand of some Titan upon the ascending slopes. It was as if a thousand Stonehenges were here all massed into one confused ruin. We saw innumerable

snakes and vipers, and disturbed a vast variety of birds, whose shrill and angry cries disconcerted us a good deal. They protested against our intrusion on their domains. They seemed to hate the face of man. Had they but known his heart as intimately as I have, they would have had bitter reason to loathe his presence.

From this place we could see an immense rock, that rose towering to the right. My guide pointed it out.

"In yonder nook," he said, "the man you seek abides. If you speak, let it be in whispers. The thin air carries the voice far, and your approach may be known before you are quite ready. With a good rifle from yonder elevation, the gypsy thief might easily shoot you to the heart. He always goes armed."

With what a fierce exulting joy I fixed my eyes upon the accursed dwelling of my foe. In an hour we should be there; in an hour I should grapple with the destroyer of Francesca, and rid the world of his presence forever. Oh! that I had done it on that well-remembered night, when his life was in my hands, and a touch of the trigger would have prevented all these miseries I had undergone; would have preserved the life that was dearer to me than mine own; and given me happiness for all the future. It was not to be; and it was now too late to repine. We dismounted again under the covert of some of the vast firs with which the place was filled; our mules were sadly tired; we ourselves also were in need of refreshment, and we were quite sure that if Balthazar had not already escaped, and were in the mountain, he could not now elude us. We let our mules browse freely, and gave ourselves up to the necessary indulgence of food and rest. The sun was now in his zenith; all was still and bright; but the mountain air cooled the beams that otherwise would have struck death. We bathed our feet and brows in a gushing tarn, and were again ready for the saddle.

"It seems to me," said Julian, "that the greatest caution is now requisite. If we proceed further at present, we shall one and all of us be picked off by this fellow's bullets, as easily as a child may fling a stone against a wall. With the elevation that he commands, and the front we shall present, escape would be hopeless, and from what we awhile ago heard, it is evident that the gypsy will not be caught napping. Indeed, I should not wonder if he has already discovered our approach with his telescope, and only waits until we are within a safe distance for his rifle, to rid himself of all further apprehension or pursuit. What say you, Senor?"

There was no disputing the sagacity of my companion's remark. To wait was evidently the wisest and safest course for ourselves; but was it certain that while we were so dilatory, the foe, supposing that he had discovered our pursuit, would not make off by some other route, and rid us of all further trouble about him? Besides, I was now in a state of wild and savage excitement. I felt as a hound feels when he scents the track of the game. I longed to see his blood, to dabble my hands in it, to see it flow on the stones. I was become a perfect wild beast in my thirst for vengeance. While my judgment, therefore, for a moment approved of the counsel of Julian, my passions stood up against it, and after a brief pause I decided to proceed.

"Julian," I said, "I must go on. I should drop dead if I were to remain here inactive until evening; the very anxiety of the delay would kill me. Whatever be the risk I shall proceed. I feel a presentiment that I shall not die, but that he will fall. Meanwhile, my friend, now that I have my eye upon this tiger's den, suffer me to proceed alone. I shall rejoin you when all is over."

Julian shook his head.

"No," said he, "I will not consent to this. How know we that Balthazar has not friends with him who would over-

power you with their numbers, and murder you in cold blood? And you are as yet only twenty-two. I pledge my honor to you that, if he should be alone, I will not interfere with your just revenge; it shall be a fair combat between man and man. But if he has companions, I and my brother here will aid you to the last gasp, and it shall not be one life that they shall take, but three."

He said this with such a determined resolution, that I saw it would be useless to argue him out of it; I seized him by the hand and thanked him. We said no more, but got into our saddles and proceeded.

I felt at this moment as if every nerve were iron. I sat upon my mule stiff as a statue of cold steel. I could not feel my heart beat or my pulse throb, so calm and passionless was my condition. I went upon this, the final stage of the hunt, as a judge goes upon the judgment-seat to condemn some hideous criminal to death for murder. It was not as if I were going to rid a human being of life; but to trample out the existence of some noxious and pestiferous beast, the foe alike of God and man, whom it was a positive blessing to the earth to slay. I could now no longer judge of time or space. I knew not whether I rode or walked; I only found that I was impelled along towards the lair where my foe was harbored.

From this reverie I was aroused by a sudden cry from my companion, and looking up I saw Dom Balthazar, who was standing with his back against a steep precipice, and almost before I had seen him, my hat was pierced by a bullet, and in a moment after, my mule fell dead beneath me from a second shot. Julian instantly dismounted to give me up the creature which he himself had ridden, but before he could do so, the mule reared on its haunches, and fell shot through the very brain. Balthazar again aimed at us the fourth time; but Julian now fired, and this or something else unnerved him for the moment, for his shot passed

harmlessly over our heads, and he retreated behind his rock, apparently for the purpose of loading again. We now lost no time, but charged up the slope. To our surprise, no fifth shot was fired, but when we reached the place, we saw Balthazar already half a mile off, mounted on a splendid mule and fully armed. The creature seemed to know the road well, and went forward with a sure foot; but as it was necessary for his rider to get into the route by which we had ourselves ascended, he came gradually nearer and nearer to us, as he made the circuit, and when he was within pistol range, I fired, but missed, and the mule alone was hit. She reared and threw him, and then fell; but he was evidently unhurt, and he stopped to unstrap the carbines from her side. We now rushed down upon him, and were so close that he lost his coolness, and he ran off, leaving his fire-arms behind him, but still formidable with a sword and dagger. He descended the mountain with the speed of a hunted deer. We pursued him, but not with equal quickness, for we were a good deal fatigued by our long journey. Quick and quick, almost as the very thought, he rushed headlong, leaping wildly over all impending obstacles, and we could see he distanced us considerably. At length he got to the place where we had left the Andalusian steeds tethered. Balthazar immediately perceived the value of this discovery. Striking down with a terrible blow the boy who attempted to prevent him seizing the horses, he unsheathed his sword, and having hamstringed two of these splendid creatures, he mounted the third, and disappeared almost in the twinkling of an eye. Here was a catastrophe wholly unexpected—the very means we had provided for our safety being used against us by this vigilant knave. One mule only remained, and this I mounted, determined to overtake him or perish. Lashing the beast into a fury, we went along with a terrific speed, such as I had never before seen put forth by such a

creature; but I had made it mad, and it scarcely knew what it did, or whither it was borne. I myself was perfectly insane. We crossed fearful chasms, and rattled down the steep mountain side, as you may see the burning lava dash when all Mount Etna is in flame and the moon is red as blood. Fire flashed out of every flint—dust and smoke were mingled; through stream and underwood we rushed. The whole scene before me seemed to wave and roll and whirl. The distant Vega stretched out like one vast boiling ocean, and was now near, now afar off; now clothed in blackness, now mantling with sunny light. I saw a hundred mocking fiends between myself and Balthazar; a hundred figures seemed to rise out of the very stones, and laugh me to scorn, and struggle to impede my wild pursuit. Methought also that I heard borne backward by the breeze the disdainful shouts of my foe, as he urged on his fiery courser, and bade defiance to all my threats.

Hope arose within my heart. We were approaching the place where Captain Bermudez and his friends were lodged, and I doubted not that a bullet from some friendly hand would stop the course either of the horse or his rider. My mule was now getting beat; the steed of Arab blood had distanced her; and, albeit occasionally I caught a glimpse of Balthazar, I was guided in my pursuit rather by the thunder of his flying courser than by any other indication that I was on the right track. Though I could see from afar off that we were right in the bandit's course, no sign of stoppage was presented. On the contrary, Balthazar appeared at the extreme end, having safely passed through the bandit's bivouac. I urged my wearied mule more and more, but more and more she faltered in the race. At length, as I galloped madly down a narrow bridle-road, through which I could still hear the far-retreating echoes of the Andalusian's hoofs and iron shoes, the mule staggered, groaned, and would have fallen headlong had I not

supported her with a tight rein, and checked her terrible course. Scarcely had I stayed her and dismounted, when she fell dead before me; her heart was broken in the fearful race. I lost no time in pressing onward. The first person I saw was Captain Bermudez. In a few moments I told him all. He chafed furiously over his hamstrung steeds, nor was he less enraged about that which Balthazar was so unceremoniously using; but he ordered out the finest stallion he possessed, and forcing some wine down my throat, he mounted me again, and bade me God speed!

"I would have shot the fellow as he passed," he said; "but I know revenge is sweet, and I would not deprive you of the heavenly morsel," and I was glad he would not.

Now I was mounted like a king. Never was a nobler steed than that which my friend Bermudez owned. His Arab blood was imaged in his eye, so bright, so calm, so noble, yet so full of orient fire. He might have carried Mohammed, when that Mighty Prophet bore at Bedir the thunders of the God of Truth, and gave the first blow to that widespread atheism of the East, which had so long developed itself in idol worship and sorcery. Such a steed was Pegasus, when, with wings flashing ten thousand splendors, he soared in heaven, and every tenant of Olympus envied his haughty rider. Such a steed was the bull-headed horse that carried Alexander to conquest, and bore him safely through a thousand perils. He was dark as night; his coat was smooth and glossy as opal or Venetian glass; his arched neck was like the horse in Job, clothed and girt with thunders; his haughty nostrils breathed ethereal flame. Nay, by the gods, I do not exaggerate. No praise can be too great for me to give this splendid animal. I have loved and honored the horse ever since that day for his sake, and I never until then appreciated the deep wisdom of Swift's adventurous traveller, who, like Ulysses, though he had seen and known the customs of so many

strange people, yet found all the virtues under heaven only in the horse. In a few words Bermudez told him what I meant—that I was following a fiend, and must perish or destroy him; and he patted his neck and pinched his ears, and bade him be my friend in all I did. Right well, O noble Selim, didst thou understand thy master's words. He pawed proudly ere I mounted him; he turned upon me his eyes of full and bright intelligence, and when I was seated on his back, he moved forward with a stately grace that passed almost from a trot into the speed of a lightning flash. A moment since I was with the bandits—and now where were they?

On, on, and we were at Albaycin. The perforated caverns of the Gitanos, crowned with Indian fig-trees and shrubs of emerald-green, passed before my eyes like a quickly-moving panorama. I had a short glimpse of hundreds and hundreds of dark-eyed children rolling before their mothers' doors, or crowning each other with flowers; but, like a flashing meteor, I was there and gone; and, though my brethren rushed in crowds to see me, attracted by the thundering noise of my horse's hoofs, I can only recollect all that then occurred like a nightmare dream. I had now wholly lost sight of Dom Balthazar, but some of the Gitanos had pointed out the road that he had taken, and it was that precisely which I supposed he would pursue. It was in the direction of San Roque, from which, as I supposed, he might possibly obtain a passage on board ship, and thus effectually baffle me for the present. Now I had got outside Granada, and was in the glorious Vega, over which I passed like fire, inquiring of every passenger whether a flying horseman was in front, and receiving satisfactory proof in every answer that I had followed the right course, and must soon overtake my man. The crops were in full perfection, and might easily have afforded him a hiding place, for they were full seven feet high; but

I was so careful in my inquiries, and the answers to all tallied so well, that I had no doubt he was still in the high road ahead, and he had already slackened his horse's speed, so confident was he that my mule had failed, or speedily must do so. Now I passed La Mala, and over that wretched road and gloomy country which lies between that and Huelma, passed in less than twenty minutes, cheering my noble steed, and patting him on neck and head, until I felt that in every nerve and vein he fully sympathized with his rider.

Yes, by Alla! it was a glorious hunt. I likened myself to an avenging Angel pursuing some odious demon. My brain swam with hot excitement—a thousand glorious purple flashing thoughts darted across it, as I beheld the earth and heaven, the mountain and the river, dance as it were before me, or commingle into one mighty chaos, through which I saw only one distinct being, and that the object of my pursuit. The splendid epic recollections of the past rose before me, and I was by turns every god and hero I had heard or read of, from the Orient Rustam to the Western Rinaldo. Now I was Jove, following the Titans with avenging thunderbolts, and hurling the awful lightnings of the spheres; now I was Apollo in his sun-gleaming chariot, riding in the path of heaven; now I was Phæthon, whirled onwards in a track of flame; or Hector, following the flying Greeks, and dealing death at every stroke; or the swiftly striding son of Peleus, when he came forth like a tempest to wreak revenge for the slain Patroclus; again I compared myself to the Erynnés, that chased the murderous Orestes, and on his guilty eyes waved their flickering torches; or to Medea, when having slain her fated offspring by the son of Æson, she rose in dragon-harnessed car and soared homewards through the startled heaven

Away; away; away; and as my gallant steed heard the

word, he seemed to fly over the ground. I had no need to guide him with the rein, or urge him with the heel. With the quick intelligence of his kind, he thoroughly understood my motive and my heart. Yes! thou glorious child of the desert, I see in thy shining eyes, and haughty neck, that thou also dost hate this accursed wretch; thy blood is up against him; thou knowest that he has wronged me, and that he merits death. Even now thy brain pants with the anticipated rapture of my revenge. Thou shalt be known to all time; thou shalt be honored as the most glorious steed. Away; away; away; and like a comet we were borne, scarcely touching the ignoble earth, but armed, and winged, and swelling with exultant joy and hope, we outstripped the very winds in speed.

What object stops me in my path? It is a woman and a child; they are lying straight before me. Are they asleep or dead? Stay, stay, thou noble steed. Let us not trample down the slumberers. Mayhap the fiery heat has stricken them, and they are resting fatigued after a hard day's wandering. Stay, stay, and I reined him in, but gently, gently, for his Arab blood was up, and it was with difficulty that he could even stay himself. But when the beast of noble heart saw my object, and that in the narrow path we must crush the prostrate woman and her babe if we stopped not, he needed no further word from me, but gradually subsided into a gentle trot, and from that into a slow but haughty pace. No, not even for my sacred vengeance will I forget the rights that even the lowliest claim. She was lying in the middle of the bridle-path—it was no better. A deep wound was in her head, from which the blood was flowing freely. She was a beggar—God help her!—and had wandered hither from Gibraltar with her babe. She told me she had seen Dom Balthazar, and had endeavored to get out of his way, but failing, she had lifted her hands to warn him, but he had ridden her down with the relentless fury of a beast of prey. Good heavens! how

my rage rose! The baby was killed; its brain was spattered on the rough stones; she herself, in striving to protect the innocent infant, was hurled against a heap of rock and rendered senseless; but the rider laughed, she said, and heedless of her screams, urged his reeking steed yet faster. I could not linger long—but I endeavored all I could to soothe the poor mother's heart. I had a few silver coins which I bestowed on her; but she regarded only her dead baby, with a kind of stupor of grief, that filled my heart with black, undying rage. On, Selim, onward yet—onward! onward! brave and gallant steed; let us stay the mad career of this un pitying demon.

The sun was setting as I rode into Huelma, and baited for a short space at the solitary inn. I inquired after my flying foe; he had passed through the town an hour before, both horse and man evidently fatigued, but had only stayed two or three moments to procure some wine and brandy, and a draught for his panting steed. He had told the people he was an Englishman pursued by robbers, but nobody believed his story; and when I briefly mentioned his crime and my pursuit, concluding with his wanton murder of the innocent child, I was hailed with shouts and *vivas*, and God bless you, quite sufficient for my vanity, if vanity I had. From this place to Alhama, which is the next town, is fifteen miles, and these I got over so rapidly, though the town itself is on the summit of a mountain peak, that I learned that Dom Balthazar had but left at one gate of the town as I entered at the other. It was at this time nearly night; but still I determined to go on until I came up with him. There was a steep descending road of some miles, through horrible passes, and even deserts, bounded on the one side by the sea, and on the other by a secluded valley, where witches might have dwelt and held their horrid orgies. The moon was up, the stars were overhead, and I could see before me to a great extent. Judge of my joy when, about four miles in front, and in

an open path, on which the light descended brightly, I saw Dom Balthazar riding leisurely down the incline, as if there were no such creatures as Arab steeds and avenging Englishmen in existence. The sight drove me mad with excitement, and though I was now sorely fatigued, the hope that this desperate pursuit was drawing to a close revived me with new vigor, and patting the neck of my glorious horse, he rose under me with redoubled energy and power, and visibly gained on the retreating enemy. Oh, blessed moon, still shine on me as now, and soon shall I overtake this flying assassin! and ye, O stars, lend me still your virgin light! Francesca's name crossed my lips, and at that blessed word I felt new courage, new hope, new certainty. I was within a mile of Balthazar before he knew that I was nigh.

Oh! how he fled! God in heaven, there is indeed a conscience and a fear even in the most hellish-hearted. Aye, aye, disguise it from thee as thou wilt, O wicked one, thou knowest in thine inmost soul the mighty power of Heaven and truth and innocence. Thou mayest laugh their holy names to scorn in thy drunken moments with thy mad companions, but, when thou art alone at midnight, with the stars of light above, the solemn silence of the hour around, the visible presence of the Infinite and Unknown above thee, over thee, and all-embracing, then indeed thou confessest their power, and art constrained to bow before their awful sanctity. So felt this horrid wretch. Casting one quick and fearful glance backwards, he saw the Just Avenger on his track. I could feel magnetically that he shuddered even to his heart's core. I could feel as it were in my own vital being that a mighty arrow had gone forth from me and smitten him with icy coldness. He fled, but his steed evidently flagged; and when my glorious Selim knew that the hated enemy was at hand, he snorted like a mighty spirit of thunder, and redoubled his fierce pursuit. He tore up the earth, he flung the stones beneath his feet

like so many straws, the ground flashed in the dark night as if the Cyclops were beating it with their steel hammers. The rapidity, the dreadful energy of his wild course was something supernatural. He seemed animated by a spirit which belonged not to the earth. The whole landscape ran past me; it whirled in mine eye and was gone. I was no longer master of myself. The demoniac wildness of my horse entered into and became part of my own being. I was the Wild Huntsman of the Black Forest. I was bent on Death, and I fled with the speed of Death. I lifted up my eyes to heaven, and the stars themselves whirled by and were outstript. I was close upon him, and my heart began at length to beat.

The final struggle evidently was at hand. I knew that we must meet for life or death in less than half-an-hour, and I rejoiced that the encounter was so near. Balthazar had evidently no relish for fighting. On the contrary, the moment that he heard my horse's hoofs, and, looking back, guessed, by the uncertain light, that I was on his track, he urged on his jaded steed as hardly as he could, hoping to reach Velez, where he might probably claim the aid of the authorities, and involve me in fresh troubles. He reckoned without his host in this. I gained upon him so rapidly that he struck out of the high road and fled across the country, making towards the terrible deserts of the Sierra de Tepida, where doubtless he hoped, from his knowledge of the place, to bewilder and mislead me. The sky now became overcast, and I lost sight of him for some time; I could not even hear his horse's hoofs upon the soft herbage, but my steed knew, as if by Divine instinct, that I was pursuing him to death, and I left to him to follow in the other courser's footsteps, and admirably he did so. His sagacity was perfect. The first moment that the moon emerged from behind the cloud I saw we were close upon Balthazar, and a more rugged, wild, or lonely scene could scarcely be presented than that which met my eye; for it was nothing but

a medley of rocks and tors and hissing mountain-streams, with scarcely any vegetation—the very place that a bravo would select for a murder or a novelist for a ghost story. Nature herself seemed to have heaped every given accessory about it that could lend to solitude and desolation their most imposing features.

“In this place,” I said, “shall this man die; and fit it is for such a fiend. The vulture and the wolf shall have his body; as for his soul, the devil will take care of that.”

His horse was now wholly knocked up, and could not move a foot farther. All further flight was useless. He whirled round and faced me. He was deadly pale; but his eyes were an image of hell fire. In his hand he held a sword; he had no firearms: this was perhaps lucky for me; but Satan generally deserts these fellows in the end, and they want the very implement of devildom which would serve them most. His courage was as usual unflinching, and as he could not murder, he resolved to fight me. He remained on his steed awaiting my attack. He had not long to do so. My horse was already going at a furious pace, and I resolved not to check him. On the contrary, I had no doubt I should bear him down like a whirlwind before me. So far, therefore, from reining in my steed, I urged him still more resolutely with voice, and hand, and heel, and rode him right against Balthazar. The shock was dreadful. He flew out of the saddle like a rocket, and fell heavily on the ground. As he did so, the sword which he held still in his hand entered his heart, and he was dead in an instant. Thus perished Dom Balthazar. I left him to the wolves, and rode back to Granada, much more satisfied than when I left it. I was cool enough to lead back to Captain Bermudez the footsore Arab, which the dead devil had run away with; and we both rejoiced merrily over many a flask of sunny Val de Penas.

THE END.

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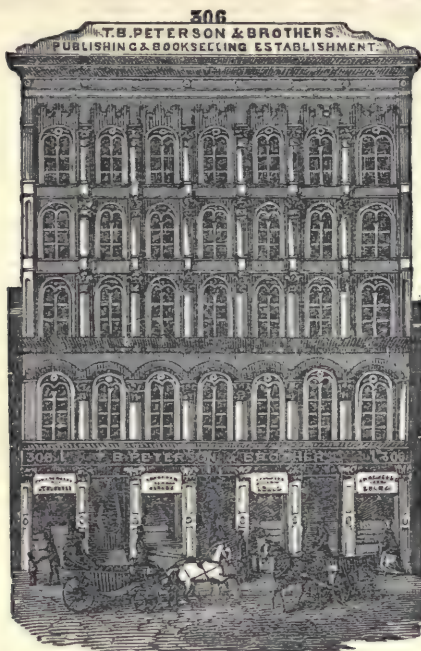
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